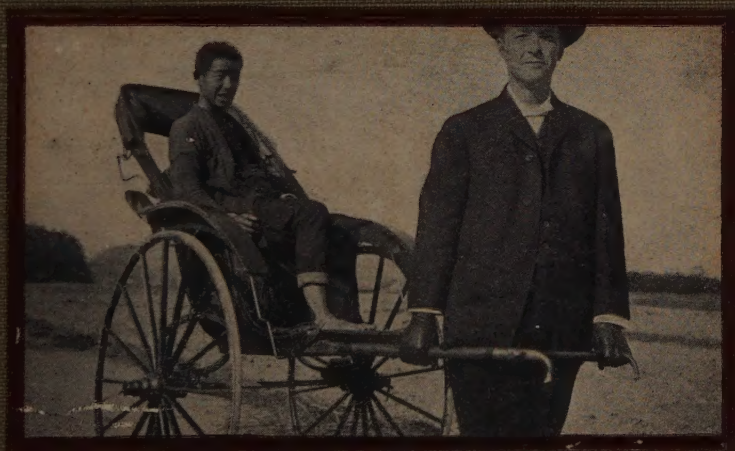


Daily Notes
of
A Trip Around
the World



VOL. I.

—
Hawaii, Japan, China, The Philippines,
Ceylon.

DAILY NOTES

OF A

TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

BY E. W. HOWE,

Editor of The Atchison Globe, author of "The Story of a
Country Town," "A Moonlight Boy," etc.

VOL. I.

HAWAII, JAPAN, CHINA, THE PHILIPPINES, CEYLON.

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To readers of The Atchison Globe, who have been kind
to the author thirty years, this book is
respectfully dedicated.

PREFACE.

THESE notes of a trip around the world were written every day as the journey progressed, and sent back to THE ATCHISON GLOBE, of which paper I am editor, as my part of the daily work.

The journey began October 26, 1905, and ended March 10, 1906. If the record is of any interest, it is because it shows what a plain traveler actually sees, hears and experiences during a hurried trip of about thirty-one thousand miles.

Altogether, I was a passenger on twelve different steamships, and on railroad trains in eleven different countries, and suffered neither accident nor delay.

My daughter accompanied me, and we had no plans when we started except to go around the world. We spent about \$3,500. Our time in Europe was brief, as we hurried in order to catch a big ship on which to cross the Atlantic in March, but, speaking for myself, I saw about all I cared to see of the Hawaiian

Islands, Japan, China, the Philippines, the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, etc. The best part of our trip was where we expected most difficulty: in India, and Palestine, and on the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Ocean, and the Red Sea.

Wherever we went, we found English spoken, good hotels, traveling easy, and conditions in the main pleasant. But to me the most enjoyable part of it all was getting home.

E. W. HOWE.

Atchison, Kansas, October 1, 1907.

DAILY NOTES

OF A

TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

FRIDAY, October 27.

When a man starts on a trip around the world, his neighbors say to him:

"What a good time you will have!"

I haven't had a very good time, so far, although I rather enjoyed the trip last night between Atchison and Topeka, because Dad Griffith, the Santa Fe conductor, sat with me part of the time, and told me how he quit smoking. He quit fifteen years ago, and his wife praised him so much that he has never smoked since—in her presence. When away from home, however, on his run, he smokes as much as anybody, but always fumigates himself before returning to his family. He has been a sneak fifteen years, and does not enjoy his wife's praise. When the subject of smoking comes up, Mrs. Griffith says any "respectable" man can quit the vile habit, and Dad is compelled to take it. He says that nearly every day he resolves to confess to his wife, but she is so proud of him that he has put it off fifteen years. I have two favorite theories: one is that no man ever really quit smoking,

and the other is that every man who goes to sea suffers from seasickness.

At Topeka, while standing on the station platform, waiting for No. 9, the Flyer (due in ten minutes), two railroad men carrying lanterns met in front of me.

"How is No. 9?" one man asked the other.

"Fifty minutes late," was the reply.

"Well, that means an hour and a half," the other said, and he made a good guess.

We were to get breakfast at La Junta, Colorado, at 9:30. I am accustomed to breakfast at 6:30, and this morning No. 9 was two hours late. Then I made another discovery: Passengers for the West set their watches back an hour at Dodge City. That meant breakfast at about noon. Thereupon I said to myself:

"That good time the neighbors talked about—I am still looking for it."

I awoke this morning in the Arkansas valley, where the people depend for prosperity on hay, politics, and the underflow. While lying in bed, the train stopped at a little town, and I counted thirty-two windmills on one side of the train. These windmills are used to pump water from the underflow. The Arkansas river is so dry that wild ducks in great numbers fly along its course, looking in vain for a pool in which to swim. People living along the river say there is plenty of water, but it flows underground; therefore the importance of the underflow.

Soon after crossing the Colorado line I began seeing

sugar-beet factories, immense brick structures which look like cotton mills. An occasional elevator is seen, and these seem to be devoted to alfalfa seed. That's the crop out here: sugar beets and alfalfa. And it is a pretty good crop; the country is undoubtedly prosperous. Long before reaching La Junta, mounds or buttes begin appearing in the distance. This means that we are approaching the mountains. When we left La Junta, a curve in the track showed that the train was being pulled by two enormous engines; and behind the engines were seven baggage cars and nine coaches. . . . Soon after passing La Junta, stunted pine trees appeared on top of the mounds or buttes: another evidence that we are approaching the mountains. And beside the track I saw occasional bands of sheep; range sheep. At other places I saw burros; mountain canaries, the brakemen call them. And away off in the distance I can see, indistinctly, something that is either a cloud or a mountain.

Last night a railroad man came into the car, and took my railroad tickets and Pullman tickets. I should have given him my money and my watch had he asked for them, for I have learned to trust railroad men. A good many years ago, I bought a long tourist ticket from Paris to London, by way of Switzerland, the Rhine, the battlefield of Waterloo, etc. The foreign railroad man taught me to trust his brethren everywhere. When I first started on the long tour, with its many changes, I would collect my baggage,

and attempt to get off every time the train stopped, but a railroad man would shove me back. When I finally arrived at a junction point, a railroad man would appear at the car door, and pull me out. When my train departed, the same man would shove me into the proper car and close the door. I couldn't speak a word of his language, and he couldn't speak a word of mine, but he took the best possible care of me. All this impressed me so much that I turned myself over to the railroad men unreservedly, and enjoyed my trip without the slightest care. At one place, no train was waiting when the railroad man pulled me out of the coach, and I judged that the train on which I should resume my journey was not due for some time. I therefore concluded to go up town and look around, knowing that the railroad man would look after me. The town was Lausanne, and after I had looked about for an hour or two, a railroad man came up hurriedly, and began pushing me toward the station. It seemed that he had considerable trouble in finding me, for he was in a hurry, and pushed me along rapidly. Arriving at the station, he shoved me into the proper coach, handed in my baggage, and closed the door. I visited a great many points of interest, necessitating a very circuitous tour, but I never missed a connection; the railroad men took care of me, and they found me very willing and appreciative. The trip included a trip over the Alps, by stage, and when the tourists arrived at the place where they were to change to stages, they dashed up to the stage station, and secured all the seats. But I knew the railroad men

would look after me, since I had a ticket, so I was very deliberate and waited. When it was time to start over the Alps, and it was found I had no seat, the agent ordered out a carriage, and I rode in it all day, alone, while the piggish passengers, the passengers who didn't trust the railroad men, were crowded into the stages, inside and outside. . . . At Wiesbaden I met an American, and we determined one Saturday night to go to Mayence. The time card we carried showed a train to Mayence at 11 p. m., so we went to the station, and waited for the 11 o'clock train. Presently a railroad man came in and tried to turn us out. I was anxious to go, for I had confidence in the railroad man's judgment, but the other American believed that he could speak German, and talked with the railroad man, who was gesticulating violently. I felt there was something wrong, the other railroad men had known their business so well, but my companion translated the railroad man's talk to me, and said the 11 o'clock train was half an hour late. My companion would jabber a while with the excited railroad man, and then gravely translate to me.

"He says," the American translated to me, "that he has an uncle in Iowa, and is always pleased to meet Americans."

At another time, the American laughed heartily, after jabbering with the now thoroughly excited railroad man, and explained to me that they had been exchanging German jokes, the point of which would be lost in translating.

But I was satisfied something was wrong: when a

railroad man acts as that railroad man acted, I have always found it safe to conclude that there is something wrong. But he disappeared presently, and remained so long that I wondered what had become of him; I wondered, too, that he did not return and exchange some more jokes with my companion, who could speak German. And the 11 o'clock train was evidently more than half an hour late, for it was after midnight when the railroad man came back, accompanied by a man who could speak English.

"He has been trying to tell you," the new-comer said, "that on Saturday nights the 11 o'clock train to Mayence is abandoned."

I thought something was the matter, all the time. But the foreign railroad man didn't lay up my companion's stupidity against us; he shoved us out of the station, and up the street to a very good hotel, where we secured rooms, and went to bed.

Ever since that trip, I have trusted railroad men implicitly; if you have a ticket, they'll get you to the place named on the last coupon.

At Trinidad you begin to see patches of snow in the foothills; that which seemed to be a cloud or a mountain, two hours ago, has turned out to be a mountain, and the train will cross it at Raton, at the highest crossing made by any transcontinental railroad.

When we left Trinidad, two big engines pulled the train, while a third big engine pushed behind.

"This," the brakeman said, "is railroading."

The track up to the divide is almost as steep as a stage road. I looked out at a milepost just now; 641 miles from the Missouri river, and three engines doing their best.

It is strange to see the Santa Fe track, which I have always associated with the prairie, twisting and turning in the mountains, with three engines attached to one train. The railroad laborers are Mexicans, and great gangs of them are employed in making improvements.

SATURDAY, October 28.

When I awoke this morning, I looked out of the window and saw a village of Pueblo Indians. The houses were of adobe, or dried mud. There was no railroad station at the village, as these Indians buy little, and have little to sell except crude pottery, and pictures of themselves. The railroad ran down a dusty valley, and through this valley ran a poor little stream. The Indians utilize the water in a crude way, for irrigating, and raise a little corn and wheat. They have horses and cattle and sheep. The Pueblos are known as "the village Indians"; wherever you find them, you find them living in villages of adobe. The Pueblo Indians are a very old people, and have improved so little that in building its stations the Pueblo towns were not considered by the Santa Fe; the Pueblos do not travel, and ship neither stock nor grain. If you want to visit a Pueblo village, you get off at a white .

man's town, and drive back to the Indian town. It has happened in a few cases that the railroad has built a station near an Indian town, as at Albuquerque, but this was accidental; the Pueblos have no stores, no travelers. There are a number of different tribes, and they have strange customs and beliefs; they have weird ceremonies, and a good many romances have been written about them. It is known that the Pueblos lived here during the days of Coronado and of the Montezumas. The Pueblo villages I saw from the train were built against the side of a hill, a few houses standing on top of the hill. Back of the villages, a mountain range. The houses were apparently square, and very low. At one of the villages, a number of men were threshing wheat with flails, or clubs. Not far away we passed a siding, and standing on a track were cars marked "Zuñi Mt. R. R. Co." You needn't go to foreign countries to see strange sights. I left Atchison at 7:50 Thursday night; when I awoke Saturday morning, I was among these villages.

Before breakfast Saturday morning, I had crossed the continental divide. . . . How many different religions there are! Every tribe of Indians has one of its own; the half-civilized men everywhere have different religious beliefs. The Pueblos have a religious ceremony in which snakes are introduced.

This is an ideal country for building a railroad: the soil is red, and the richest of it makes good ballast. Still, the country seems to do very well; and I judge

the railroad is doing well too. A while ago I counted fourteen telegraph wires paralleling the track.

A man living where land is worth a hundred dollars an acre cannot understand where the prosperity of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona comes from. Travelers through Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming travel rapidly for hours without seeing a single improvement; nothing but mountains, hills, sage-brush, rocks. But there are lumber, coal, minerals, cattle, sheep, and health resorts, so that altogether the country does surprisingly well. Already I am beginning to hear that ominous cough on the sleeper. The train on which I am a passenger is a heavy one; probably a third of the passengers are health-seekers. The standard Pullmans are not much crowded, but the tourist sleepers are packed.

The Indians and Mexicans are the laborers of the country, receiving \$1.40 a day. The Pueblo is a good worker, but after drawing a week's pay he longs to journey to his adobe village, and show his money. If fifty Indians are employed regularly in a lumber camp, fifty more hang around as substitutes. The Navajo Indians also work, but no other Indians are so highly thought of out here as the Pueblos. The Navajo women have always made and sold blankets, and now the men are going to work in sawmills.

I have an ambition to write a letter every day of my journey, but find that writing on a railroad train,

with a pencil, is slow work. At home, I use a typewriter, and find, since beginning these letters, that I have almost forgotten how to write. Besides, when I write, I cannot look out of the car window. Even in this desolate country, there is a great deal to see. For example, in Arizona, the section-houses along the railroad are built for Mexican section-men, and built after the Mexican fashion: these low houses are covered with a continuous roof, leaving two open passage-ways through the house. Occasionally there is an Irish or a Swedish section-house, but not often. The Mexicans look very much like negroes, except that they have straight hair. (NOTE.—If I were a negro, I would give a thousand dollars to be a Mexican.) . . . In the valleys they raise a little corn, and you ought to see it: it looks like doll corn. I wish I had brought a Kansas ear along, to show these people. . . . In twisting around the valleys of the foothills, I can often see the engine of the train, and that is always an interesting sight to me. Following the engine are seven baggage, express and mail cars; that also interests me. The brakeman says that in an hour or two our train will be divided into two sections. There is but one standard Pullman on this train, but there are three tourist Pullmans, two chair cars, and two ordinary coaches. All are crowded, except the standard Pullman on the rear of the train. Travel is becoming an American habit. Travel is cheap, and many people who have the means travel all the time. I heard a man say to-day that he could travel all the time on an income of two thousand dollars a year. I believe

he could do it by economizing. The facilities for handling tourist travel are becoming better every day, and cheaper. Think of traveling from Atchison to San Francisco for \$25! On this route, the time required is two days and twenty-two hours; if you leave Atchison Thursday evening at 7:50, you will arrive in San Francisco at 6 o'clock Sunday evening. Passengers in the tourist sleepers do not pay seventy-five cents for meals; they take lunches, and facilities are provided in the tourist sleepers for making tea and coffee. You can travel very cheaply, if you care to. In a few years the trip around the world will be easily, quickly, and cheaply made. Facilities for tourists will be provided everywhere, and prices lowered. There is rest and recreation in travel. It is restful to see things that are "different." It isn't necessary to spend a great deal of time in seeing a "sight." I saw a number of Pueblo villages this morning, while traveling forty miles an hour. I had no desire to stop; I have the "idea." I once visited the battlefield of Waterloo, from Brussels, in four or five hours. I know as much about the field as the ordinary traveler cares to know.

The train has been following a considerable stream for more than an hour. The stream seems to be a quarter of a mile wide. It does not contain a drop of water. The underflow should be looked after. No living thing in sight for hours; nothing but desolation of a red sandy color. But this is a fine country compared with the desert we shall pass through in California.

Elsewhere I have quoted a brakeman as saying that a Pueblo Indian is superior to a Navajo. I have just returned from the smoking-room of the sleeper, where I met an Arizona man who says this is a mistake. The Arizona man is connected with a big lumber concern, and he says the Navajo is the aristocrat of Indians; the Navajo has brains, whereas the Pueblo has not. The Pueblos intermarry with the Mexicans, whereas the Navajo is very proud of his ancestry, and is very exclusive; there is a sort of caste among the Navajos, as there is among the people of India. A Navajo says he is better than the white man; that his is the True Religion, while that of the white man is mere mummary. The Pueblo Indian admits he is inferior to the white man, and is indolent and timid. A Mexican works in this country for a dollar a day; a Navajo receives a dollar and forty cents a day. I never knew before that there was a man on the face of the earth so inferior as to be inferior to an Indian, but here seems to be a well-attested case; my informant is an employer of labor, and pays Indians \$1.40 a day, and Mexicans only \$1. . . . This country was settled long before the State where we live. Santa Fé, through which I passed last night, is one of the very oldest towns in the United States. The Aztecs, a very ancient people, lived not far south of here; many of them found their way into Arizona and New Mexico, and fought the fierce Apache for the right to live peaceful lives. The Cliff Dwellers were Aztecs, or closely allied to them, and there are cliff dwellings in this section in a fine state of preservation. Any Santa

Fe agent will supply you, free, with a fine story of the Aztecs; a fine story of Montezuma, an early Mexican king. Some scientists claim that the very earliest civilization sprang from Mexico and the region through which I am now traveling; I read a magazine article only a few days ago attempting to prove this. Travelers by the Santa Fe line may stop at certain stations and visit the abandoned homes of the Cliff Dwellers. The history of these people is shrouded in as much mystery as the history of the ancient Egyptians; nobody knows when they lived—it is only known that they lived a long time ago. At some of these cliff dwellings may be heard to-day the rumble of trains on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway.

SUNDAY, October 29.

At Williams, Arizona, where I changed cars to go to the Grand Canyon, I began seeing Japanese; a great many are employed in the West, principally as waiters and railroad laborers. Being compelled to wait several hours for the train to Grand Canyon, I dined at a Chinese restaurant, a clean, satisfactory place. . . . The town of Williams is wide open. In the evening, I walked around, and found gambling and music in all the saloons. Women mingled promiscuously with the men, and drank and gambled as recklessly as the most hardened. One young woman sang, with piano accompaniment played by a nervous genius ruined by drink, and I have not heard a better soprano in some time.

The branch of the Santa Fe running to the Grand Canyon is sixty-three miles long, and runs through a barren country, so far as traffic is concerned. There are two mining camps on the way, but the mines produce no ore. Somewhere in the East there are stockholders who expect to get rich from these mines. There is no such thing as a ranch between Williams and the Grand Canyon. Two sheep-herders with their flocks make headquarters in the country, but when they shear, they drive farther south, to the main line, so that the Grand Canyon branch has no source of revenue, except the travel to the Grand Canyon, which now amounts to fifty or sixty passengers a day. The round-trip fare is \$6.50, and no passes are issued. In addition to two daily passenger trains, a freight train is devoted entirely to hauling water and supplies to the two Harvey hotels, as there is no water at the canyon, or between Williams and the canyon. True, there is the Colorado river, but it is a mile below the rim of the canyon, and therefore water is hauled in tanks from Williams, sixty miles away. It is said that it costs the two Harvey hotels at the canyon eighty dollars a day to secure a water supply. But this is only a small part of the expense of operating the canyon branch. Four work trains are constantly employed, with five hundred Japanese and Mexican laborers. The cost of these seven trains, and the expense of five hundred laborers, must be paid out of the passenger travel, and by thinking of the future. Travel to the canyon has doubled every year since the branch was opened, four years ago, so that the Santa Fe officials probably

know what they are about. The El Tovar, the new hotel, was lately completed at an expense of a quarter of a million dollars.

There are two hotels at the Grand Canyon under Harvey management: El Tovar and Bright Angel. The last named is the old hotel. Originally a log cabin, when travel was very light, because of the tedious stage journey from Flagstaff, it has been added to as the resort became better known, and is now a collection of log and frame houses and tents, capable of accommodating a good many people. The Bright Angel is the popular price hotel, with lunch-counter annex; a room may be obtained for seventy-five cents, and the lunch counter enables travelers to live as cheaply as they please. The conductor of the train told me that the other day one hundred W. C. T. U. excursionists visited the canyon, and they all stopped at the Bright Angel. The total receipts from the party amounted to \$22. W. C. T. U. women do not drink, as is well known, and it seems from this that they do not eat. . . . A livery stable is also operated here, where horses may be hired for the ride down Bright Angel trail. This trail runs down into the canyon, and a toll of \$1 for horse and rider is exacted by the company which built the trail. No horseman is allowed on the trail without a guide. There is an extra charge for guides and horses. The trip down the trail to the river and back is made in nine hours. Down in the canyon is a collection of tents, where the travelers stop for lunch and the noonday rest. There is a little

independent hotel here, and its water supply is carried from the river on the backs of burros. While I was loitering around Bright Angel this morning, I saw the men start a water train down the trail: a mule and six burros. Presently a cowboy on horseback followed, carrying a long whip. When it is time to water unemployed horses, mules and donkeys, they are started down the trail. They go to the river, drink their fill, and return. A mule always leads these expeditions, because of his superior intelligence. The cowboys I saw around Bright Angel reminded me of the Buffalo Bill article. At Bright Angel, also, are kept buggies and light wagons, in which passengers are carried to various sightly places on the rim of the canyon. . . . Around the hotel where I am staying, I saw the city-bred cowboys and girls getting ready for the trail by putting on all sorts of outlandish hats and costumes. . . . I say girls; not many girls—mostly elderly women who have accumulated money. They say here that more than half the women who visit the canyon come on life-insurance money. The present life-insurance scandals will badly cripple the women; the scandals will discourage husbands from taking out policies. The next crop of rich widows will be considerably lighter. But I am not grumbling at the rich widows. They are welcome to their money. If women have sense enough to take care of themselves, and live longer than men, they are entitled to all they get. But the large number of rich widows should set the men to thinking, and cause them to eat and drink less.

Next to the canyon itself, the great sight here is El Tovar, the new hotel, lately completed at a cost of \$250,000. It is a palace of logs. I have been around a good deal, and have never before seen anything like it. It is operated on the American plan, and the price is \$3.50 a day. If you want a room with bath, you pay more; up to \$15 a day. And when you consider that the water is hauled sixty-three miles, the extra price is not unreasonable. While taking a bath this morning, I made a calculation and came to the conclusion that I used sixty cents worth of water. To wash your face and your teeth you use four cents worth of water; a drink costs half a cent. At breakfast I was ushered into the most impressive dining-room I have ever seen, probably seventy feet long, and forty wide; mission furniture; a huge stone fireplace at either end, with a bright fire burning in each. The ceiling, pine logs, improved a little, I should say, by oiling them, and giving them a darker and more agreeable color. There is no flat ceiling over your head; the ceiling is composed of the logs supporting the roof. And the breakfast here in the wilderness was equal to that served at the best Chicago hotels. The meal was served by girls: some of them young and good-looking; all of them neat and polite; all of them dressed in black. No exchanging of jokes with the men; everything in the best of taste. . . . And my enthusiasm about El Tovar is not due to any special attention paid me by the management. Nature has done so much for the Grand Canyon that I am glad to find that man has done a notable thing on the rim of the canyon, and

that notable thing is El Tovar. I have read or heard that Tovar was one of Coronado's generals or captains; Coronado himself was remembered in naming one of the great California hotels, so one of his aides was honored here. There are larger hotels than El Tovar, but none that are more impressive, or equally impressive, in my judgment. On the second story, there is a "well" looking down into the office; the columns here, and in the office, are huge logs, and the paintings on the walls are masterpieces by Moran and others, the subjects being appropriate to the locality. There is a smoking-room adjoining the office, and this is as wonderful as the dining-room. On the walls of the smoking-room are animal heads: elk, moose, buffalo, etc., in addition to old Spanish firearms. All over the house is the dark mission furniture. The floors are polished, and the rugs are made by the Navajos. From the floor over the office, through which there is a "well" looking down into the office, there is a gallery looking into the smoking-room and the dining-room, both on the first floor. The main building is three stories high; I know, because my room is on the third story. I don't seem to look good to hotel clerks; they always send me away up. . . . The outside of the hotel is as impressive as the inside, and the "effects" are produced, in a rugged way, with heavy timbers. The hit of the recent exposition at Portland was the forestry building, built of logs; the architect of El Tovar must have had the same general effect in view, and he has succeeded admirably. The hotel is located on a high point, and

is beautiful any way you look at it. Wide porches surround it, the log effect always present. The railroad station is located in a narrow valley below the hotel, and when you arrive at the canyon at night, as I did, there are so many electric lights in the hotel, and about the grounds, that you seem to be approaching a city. At no hotel in Chicago can you get as much for your money as you can get at the El Tovar, sixty miles from Williams, Arizona, and Williams is nowhere. . . . I arrived at the Grand Canyon late at night, and went to bed at once. Soon after daylight the next morning I awoke, and sat up in bed to look out of the window. Before me lay the Grand Canyon, or a part of it; that was my first view. . . . As men grow older, they are more easily moved to tears. I have a friend who is an elderly man, and tears come into his eyes when I go to see him, and when I leave him. I am beginning to notice that I am more easily moved to tears than I formerly was, though no one ever catches me at it. Once, not long ago, when I was particularly nervous, a particularly annoying thing caused me to hurry away to a lonely place, and for a moment I was in danger of crying like a child. The incident frightened me; I kept thinking: "You're getting along; you're getting along." I am becoming so old that I can crack my fingers. . . . I am thinking now of a coming event that causes me to "fill up," as the women say. Next Tuesday evening I shall be a passenger on a ferry-boat. The boat will land at San Francisco. On the dock I shall pick out two happy youngsters: my children—Mateel and Eu-

gene, whom I haven't seen in two years. If I don't have tears in my eyes, it will be a wonder. . . . And I am thinking of another incident that will move me: In ten days I shall be a passenger on a steamship entering the harbor at Honolulu. On the tender that comes out to meet the ship will be a young man; a good-looking young man, a young man of promise, I think, if I may be pardoned for expressing the opinion in this public manner. As the two vessels meet, the young man will anxiously look over the passengers along the rail of the ship, seeking his father. I haven't seen him in two years, and I am fond of him. He will probably find me in my room, to which I have retreated, and he will probably find me bathing my eyes. . . . It is human things of this character that move me. The great things of nature and art impress me, but only the incidents of life affect me deeply. I have never stood in awe before a great picture. A funeral impresses me more than a masterpiece in art; a crying child, the unhappiness of people, the ordinary affairs of men,—these are the things that make the cold chills run over me, or make my knees weak, as if standing on the brink of a precipice. . . . I was not greatly impressed, therefore, with my first view of the Grand Canyon; principally because I did not see it first from the most favorable place. After walking and driving to the various places along the rim, and viewing the canyon from different points of advantage, I find it growing on me. Had I not engagements ahead I would remain another day. And if I should remain over another day, I should probably

long for a stay of a week. . . . No picture, no description, can give you an idea of it. . . . In the first place, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is 217 miles long: El Tovar is built at one of the notable spots along the river's course. A photographer can stand on one of the high spots along the rim, and take a dozen notable pictures; but the canyon is 217 miles long, and there are two sides to it. What can art do with such a canyon as that? And it should be remembered that the canyon is not straight; it is as crooked, on an immense scale, as Crooked creek, out near Parnell. The Wind and Green rivers, in Wyoming, pour their waters into the Little Colorado; the Little Colorado empties into the Colorado, and the Colorado empties into the Gulf of California. And scenery every foot of the way; wonderful scenery for 217 miles, and marvelous scenery at thousands of points. That is a summary of the tremendous story. And then think of a picture on the wall, 10x18 inches, labeled "The Grand Canyon of the Colorado river"! . . . From rim to rim, the canyon is thirteen miles wide; from where I sat two hours, and looked at the canyon, the depth to the river was a little over a mile. The first ledge of rock on the rim is a thousand feet thick, and it is of limestone—white, of course, with green pines above it. The next ledge is of sandstone, a red or bronze; iron discolorations. These are the colors, with their variations: white, gray, dull red, bronze, brown, etc. This red sandstone, beginning just below the white rim, continues apparently to the bottom; to the igneous rock, which means the rock below which man knows noth-

ing. If you dig a great hole into the earth, many thousands of feet deep, you will encounter rock which tells a story to geologists; they can tell when and how it was made. But after a time you will come to the igneous rock and continue in that until the heat drives you out. How far this igneous rock continues, no one knows; there is no hole in the earth below it. The coal shaft at Atchison is pretty deep, about 1,200 feet. Multiply its depth by five, and you get an idea of the depth of the Grand Canyon. . . . Standing on the rim of the Grand Canyon, and looking into it, you see fantastically shaped mountains below you, and between you and the river, which may be seen at different points; at one place I saw it at five different spots. This river is a stream two or three hundred feet wide; deep, and flowing swiftly, with many rapids, yet from the top of the canyon it seems only a few feet wide. The general shape of the canyon is like the letter V, wide at the top and narrow at the bottom; but the canyon is always twisting and turning, in its immense way, although pursuing the same general course—from the north to the southwest. As you stand on the rim, and look down, you see below you mountains of queer shape. One is called "The Battleship," and there is a marked resemblance to a battleship. Another is called "The Alligator," because of its resemblance, in huge outline, to an alligator. One towering point is called "The Queen of Sheba." As many grand names are heard along the Grand Canyon as may be found in the register of a breeder of fancy stock; one of Warrie Guthrie's watery-eyed bull calves

is named "The Duke of Gloucester." . . . How did all this happen? I have heard, and have read the story, but have forgotten. Only trained geologists can understand it. And they do understand it, perfectly.

. . . A California man who sat with me on the rim, and looked at the canyon with wonder, said: "Well, the Lord may have done the work in Palestine in six days, and rested on the seventh, but he worked several million years overtime here." . . . A Wise Man who accompanied me from the hotel, and who was looking into the canyon, knew all about it. But he talked in an unknown tongue to me. I couldn't follow him, and finally I became more interested in a gold tooth in his lower jaw: I wondered how a dentist had managed to build it up. . . . Another man who sat near me, was much impressed. For half an hour he looked and said nothing. Then he began a conversation with himself. He said: "Suppose you should have a runaway up here, and your wagon should fall over the cliff, what would happen?" Then he walked to the edge of the cliff, and looked down; the depth was over five thousand feet at that point. "I tell you what would happen," he said: "You'd break your wagon, sure." I can understand that sort of science all right.

MONDAY, October 30.

I left the Grand Canyon this morning with regret. It is not so highly colored as represented in pictures, but in other respects you will find it more wonderful

than you expected. *McClure's Magazine* lately printed a series of pictures of the Grand Canyon. They were so highly colored as to be caricatures. The coloring in the Yellowstone Canyon is very much more decided than in the Canyon of the Colorado, but in immensity there is no comparison between the two. They say no one is ever disappointed in the Canyon of the Colorado. If this is true, no greater compliment can be paid the great show place.

At Williams, Arizona, I first saw an oil-burning locomotive. Oil is cheaper than coal, and there is no smoke. The oil, of course, comes from California, not very far away from here. I also saw another new thing at Williams: two shaving-cups in a barber's case bearing the same name. While being shaved at Williams, I amused myself by looking at the cups in the barber's case. One of the cups was marked: "Ed. De Forrest; No. 1." Another cup was marked: "Ed. De Forrest; No. 3." Are there three Ed. De Forrests at Williams, and does No. 2 shave at another shop?

Arizona undoubtedly has a favorable climate for consumptives, but I imagine they find trouble in securing accommodations. A hotel proprietor told me yesterday that he received letters every day from persons suffering with "throat trouble." They never call it anything else—and he advises them not to come to Arizona, although he knows consumptives find Arizona a blessing. He says he does not want consumptives

as guests, because other guests object to them. He has gone so far as to induce two physicians to give him a written opinion that consumptives should remain away from Arizona.

I fear these letters are not very good. You are familiar with the old saying that a man should keep a letter a week before mailing it, and then burn it. I feel that way about the letters I have sent *THE GLOBE*. And I am not at all certain about the figures I have quoted. Many of them were obtained in the smoking-rooms of Pullman sleepers, and this information, while as entertaining as a magazine article, is likely to be unreliable.

On the sleeping-car on which this is written are a father and a mother with five noisy children. The father and the mother are, at this writing, sound asleep, and the other passengers are taking care of the children. Their berths are, of course, near mine, and I fear trouble to-night. The children are entirely neglected by their parents. When not asleep, the parents read. The parents are rather nice-looking people, but the children, because of neglect, look like immigrants. A man went through the car just now, carrying one of the smallest of the children, and amusing it by jumping it up and down in his arms. "It will be your turn next," he said to me, as he passed. I couldn't do anything with a baby, now: I am out of practice—my youngest is nineteen; when my turn comes, I shall arouse the parents.

The eldest of the five noisy children on the Pullman has been hanging around me, and trying to look through my valise. Two of the smaller ones are crying. I hope these people will leave the train at some junction point, so I asked the boy: "Where are you going?" He replied with great promptness: "We are going to China." A light dawned on me: his father is a missionary. As soon as I can collect my nerve, I intend to ask the boy if he is going on the "Siberia."

The only exercise I have is walking to the dining-stations. The Pullman on which I am a passenger is the rear car of the train, and the train is so long that the walk to the dining-station is a good deal of exercise.

People are so busy looking for water out here they have shortened many of the names of the towns for popular use: they say "Flag," instead of Flagstaff; "Albuqu," instead of Albuquerque; "San Bedo," instead of San Bernardino; "Los," instead of Los Angeles; "Frisco," instead of San Francisco, etc.

In the smoking-room, where I went to smoke after dinner at Seligman, a traveler was telling of an experience he once had in India. He was walking along the streets of Bombay, with a party of friends, when he saw a crowd of people surrounding an Indian juggler. The juggler had a piece of ordinary rope, about fifteen feet long, which he threw into the air. Very much to

the surprise of the travelers, the rope remained upright in the air. Then the juggler called a little Indian boy and the boy climbed the rope; then the juggler produced a sword, and cut the rope at a point about three feet from the ground. Then the rope came tumbling down, but the boy had disappeared! How did the juggler perform the trick? This question was discussed in the smoking-room a long time, but no conclusion was reached.

"How much did you give the juggler for performing the trick?" I asked the traveler.

"O, a mere trifle," he replied; "a few pennies."

"Well," I replied, "I am going to India, and to Bombay, and if the juggler will do that trick for me, I shall be more appreciative; I will give him a million dollars."

I am becoming more and more convinced that the father of the large family is a missionary: the only thing his five children have to play with is a Bible. Every little while the father calls the oldest boy to him, and demands that he read a chapter. As I write this, I can hear the boy droning away: "And the Lord said unto Moses," etc.

The blow has fallen. The father of the big family of little children is a missionary, and he will sail on the "Siberia" next Saturday, at 1 P. M. The oldest boy came out to the smoking-room, to which I had retreated to avoid the noise, and he told me his father was a missionary, and that they would sail on the

"Siberia," on which I am booked. I shall therefore have their company for nearly a month; until we reach Shanghai. I know the names of three of the children already: Louise, Dorothy, and Henry George. The oldest boy is named Henry George; and they do not call him Henry or George, but always Henry George. All the children were born in China, where their father's work has called him for the past twenty years.

TUESDAY, October 31.

Usually, when I travel, the Pullman sleeper is the rear car of the train. In the smoking-room of this car I nearly always meet a tall, angular man who is connected with the railroad; a head man of the track department, as a rule. Occasionally the conductor comes in and gives him a telegram, which the man reads in an indifferent way, and then puts in his pocket. I met such a man in the smoking-room last night, who advised me to get up early this morning, and see the pass over the Tehacipi mountains. Therefore I dressed at daylight, and spent an hour on the rear platform. In crossing the mountains, there are eighteen tunnels in eighteen miles. In getting off the mountain, the train winds around a distance of fourteen miles to make three miles. During this twisting and turning, the track crosses itself, by means of a trestle. Finally it reaches the San Joaquin valley, down which the train runs nearly all the way to San Francisco. I have always had great respect for the

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, but I respect it still more since I have seen the western end of it; its mountain crossings, its Grand Canyon, and its fruit country. Last year, the Santa Fe frequently handled one hundred and eighty carloads of oranges in one day; its average for three months was something like fifty carloads of oranges daily, and the orange crop is larger this year than it was last year. The largest locomotives in the world are in daily use on the Santa Fe, on the mountain sections. A few years ago, the largest engine was capable of hauling only ten loaded freight cars over the heaviest grades; now the heaviest locomotives haul thirty-four loaded cars up the same grades. I haven't much part in it, and possibly the reader of this hasn't, but we are a wonderful people; as I travel about and see the great things Americans have accomplished, I find myself shrinking up, from modesty—I suppose I am thinner than ever, since seeing the western end of the Santa Fe.

Tourists are pouring into this country on the \$25 rate. The railroad men say many of the tourists have very little money, but they want to see the land so widely advertised. Not only the railroads advertise California, but every California town has its advertising bureau. California is as well known as Uneeda biscuit. Advertising will do anything, save pay taxes, or bring the dead to life. Tourists have come to California, and, becoming stranded, have been compelled to hustle. They have discovered one thing after another, and made the State more attractive than before;

they have sold town lots and tracts of dry land to other tourists. Even the Mojave desert has been utilized; mines are being opened there.

Imagine spending a night and a day in a small room with five noisy and impudent children. That's what I am doing. The missionary has no notion that his children are a nuisance; neither has his wife. Every moment they can be heard; the passengers are greatly annoyed, but can do nothing. Last night, after I had gone to bed, the missionary, having coaxed the children to bed, proceeded to amuse himself by telling the conductor about his "work" in China. . . . On this sleeper there is a Japanese woman, with two little girls. Her children are splendidly behaved, and under control. As soon as the missionary civilizes the Chinese, he will probably try to civilize the Japanese. In all seriousness, the missionary's family is a thousand years behind the Japanese family. If the missionary will civilize his own children, he will never be missed in China. Yet think of the tired, hard-working people who have been bully-ragged to give money with which to send this missionary to China! . . . There is another man on this car who has a suspicious look; I think he is a missionary also. He is a thin, cadaverous man; so thin, indeed, that the bows of the spectacles he wears wrap twice around his ears. He is smooth-faced, and watery-eyed, and his teeth are wide apart in front. Will this man be a passenger on the "Siberia," also? I think so, for the

"Siberia's" passengers are already collecting in San Francisco; I have met several in this train.

Beside the track at a station where we stopped just now was a flat car, with four huge tanks built thereon. "This car is equipped for grapes only," a sign on the car stated. California is making a desperate effort to convince people that wine is as important as Kansas flour. F. D. Coburn's celebrated booklet, "The Beef Steer and His Sister," which is devoted to the virtues of milk, does not seem so important out here.

Beside the track is a collection of large buildings. It is a winery; it is almost as large as a Kansas City packing-house. It is only one of a number of such establishments at Fresno. Near the winery just mentioned is a yard filled with tanks for crude oil: they work both the top and bottom in California. There is a great variety out here. In Kansas, we have grain and stock. In California, they have these, and, in addition, many other things: raisins, oranges, lemons, oil, plums, olives, nuts, lumber, gold, silver, copper, ostriches, camels, etc.

When the train stopped at Fresno the missionary's three eldest children climbed off, and raced up and down the platform. When the train started, the passengers managed to catch the children, and put them back on the train. The missionary, who was in the smoking-

room, telling about his "work," laughed heartily when told of the incident. . . . I must be careful of what I say about the missionary; he will get even with me by praying that I go to the bad place. I do not wish to be unjust to anyone, but I have never seen such indifferent parents as the missionary and his wife. If my children should annoy others as these children annoy the passengers on this Pullman, I should die of humiliation.

I have been talking with the missionary in the smoking-room. He came in there, carrying the baby. I found him rather interesting; but I had to take care of the baby while he talked. The baby was restless, and rolled everywhere, and as the father paid no attention to it, I was compelled to care for it, to save its life. The missionary's trouble seems to be that he is easy-going, and does not realize that he has five children. Presently the other four came in, and the father read a chapter out of the Bible to them, but Henry George ate a match, and there was a slight disturbance; not much, however, for a passenger took Henry George out to administer an antidote, and the missionary continued telling me how he was civilizing China: a little slowly, perhaps, but he was greatly encouraged. . . . This man has certainly made a bad impression in this car. Is he doing any better in China?

Beside the railroad track is a wagon road, and the road has been covered with straw, to keep down dust. That is another new one on me.

When the train stops at dining-stations the missionary goes out and eats his fill, but his wife and children dine out of a lunch basket. I heard the missionary's wife say a while ago that her health is not good, and I am almost ashamed of what I have said about her children, but it is all true. The baby cries by the hour, and when Henry George speaks to a passenger, he says: "Say, fellow, what town is this?" When I reach San Francisco (we are due there in three hours), I intend to give both my children a good whipping, to make up for those I neglected to give them when they were little.

When I came in from lunch, the missionary's wife was telling a gentleman and his wife about her husband's work in China, and how he was sorely in need of funds, although Americans spend money freely on football, theaters, etc. She was quite a good talker, but the children interrupted her rudely. "Dorothy," she would say, "when mamma is talking, little girls should not be naughty"; or, "Henry George, how often must I tell you not to tease the baby?" or, "Louise, I am astonished at you!" (NOTE.—I have been astonished at Louise since yesterday at noon.) The woman's talk did not impress me favorably; it seemed pitiful.

At Stockton, the river running along the valley becomes important, and some pretty large steamboats are seen. An hour and a half out of San Francisco an arm of the bay is encountered, and real ships are

seen. Then the train leaves the bay, and comes through mountains that seem as wild as those in Arizona. Suddenly the bay reappears, and the train halts at Port Richmond, exactly on time. Everybody hurries out for the ferry, which makes a run of forty-five minutes to the great ferry-house, one of the sights of San Francisco. From the bay at 6:45 P. M. San Francisco looks like a world's fair at night. The pilot whistles for the landing, and throws out a search-light looking for it. He creeps in carefully, the landing-stage is thrown out, and the hundreds of passengers hurry off the ferry. My reception committee met me very much as I expected, and we hurried away to the hotel.

WEDNESDAY, November 1.

We visited the office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. this morning, and found Chinese and Japanese transacting business at the counter. It begins to "look different." When we came out, I said to Mateel:

"Did you notice who paid the money for the tickets?"

"Yes," she said; "you did."

"Well," I replied, "the rule is, the one who pays for the tickets is the head of the expedition. You are to pretend to like everything I do. I brought you along because of your education: you are not supposed to have a good time. When I see anything strange, I shall ask you about it, and you will be supposed to reply promptly, because you are a graduate of Mrs. Sommers's select school in Washington. I was

compelled to pay a good deal of money to put you through that school: it was necessary to secure a letter from Beriah Wilkins to get you in, and you ought to know a lot. The man in the steamship office said we should be in Colombo three days. Where is Colombo?"

We are hustling, and trying to insure that as many friends will gather at the dock to see us start, as gathered to see Jim start. We have a pretty good prospect: several formerly of Atchison people have called, and they have promised to wish us *bon voyage*, and pronounce it in the way Atchison people do.

Speaking of a trusting spirit, I have one. My trunk was packed for me in Atchison, and I do not intend to open it until after I am at sea. I brought a suitcase with me for present necessities, but very heavy clothing for the return trip on the Atlantic, and very light clothing for India, are in the trunk. By the way, the young woman who accompanies me spent the summer at Portland, Oregon, and has not had any hot weather. She will have plenty of it before her return. On the P. & O. steamer the weather will be so hot in January that we shall be compelled to sleep on deck. I do not know just where this hot weather will be encountered: my college graduate has gone out. My impression is that she has gone out to buy a geography, and possibly a guide-book. I think she is beginning to regret that she didn't pay more attention to geography at Mrs. Sommers's school in Washington, and

less to art and architecture. When she was graduated she took part in a Greek play, and her simple gown cost me eighty-three dollars. I am about to realize on that education.

As this is a sort of letter home, I suppose no one will object much if I say Eugene is a fine young man. He is only nineteen years old, and for a year past has been a reporter on the Portland *Oregonian*, the leading paper of the Northwest coast. His sister is disposed to find considerable fault with him, but I take his part; a boy of nineteen who can hold a job like that, is all right. And there is another Victor Murdock in my family at Honolulu: he has just resigned a good position on the San Francisco *Chronicle*, to accept a better one in Honolulu. Neither of these young men was graduated from an exclusive Washington school, and it is true that they occasionally use big words that do not mean what they think they mean, but they have good positions, and every Saturday night they get a pay envelope. . . . I remember that Mateel used to "pick" at Eugene when they were little. I once took these two on a trip when they were almost babies, and the girl was always chasing the boy with a wash-rag. We went out to Wyoming, and when we arrived there the boy was so dirty that Mrs. B. B. Brooks, our hostess, was compelled to put him through two waters, and blue him, to get him clean. Mrs. Brooks, poor woman, had no boys: only girls. These girls used to follow the Atchison boy everywhere: they had never seen a boy before, as they lived on a ranch

in Wyoming. Every time I looked out of the door I saw the boy running to one of the irrigating ditches, where he had water-wheels in operation, or gopher-traps set, and behind him, stringing along from the one two years old to the one of nine, were the Brooks girls. Last summer these same girls, now students at Wellesley, visited the Portland Exposition, and when their father delivered an address as Governor of Wyoming, the Atchison boy made a report of the affair for the *Oregonian*. . . . Those boys of mine have done so well that I shall be compelled to take chloroform to keep from talking about them. The nineteen-year-old one has always had a habit of doing whatever I suggested: I think he regrets he is taller than I am; he knows I do not like it. When he was twelve years old, I suggested that he learn to set type. He worked so hard that I begged him to quit. He has not amounted to much yet—I heard him say a while ago that he had never ridden in a hack except when Isabel Walker once took him to a leap-year party—but he has plenty of time ahead of him. When he first began as a reporter on a strange paper, his work was so bad that we at THE GLOBE office almost screamed when we read the papers he marked and sent us. But we noted that within a week or two he seemed to be doing a little better. In a month he was a good deal better, and he is better now than he was then. If a young man will improve every month nothing can keep him down. If the young man will continue to take my advice, I shall make him President yet. I do not know a great deal, but I have had a great deal

of experience. I have been through the woods: I know the places to avoid. Jim, the other boy, is also disposed to take my advice, and I suppose I shall have to make him President first, but he shall have only one term, for he was very tough when little. I used to discover that he hadn't been at school for a month, and when I reprimanded him for it he would run off, and I had to advertise for him in the paper. But he's all right now: he has already advanced to a place where he is able to ride out in the customs boat to meet incoming ships at Honolulu. . . . I am enjoying my visit with the children, after a separation of two years. We have two connecting rooms, with a bath between. In my room there is one of the new double beds: I sleep in one, and the young man sleeps in the other. Girls always have the best of it, so the girl has a room to herself. Another reason I am taking her on my trip is that so much attention is paid to women. Usually, when you engage passage on a steamship you must bribe the purser, in order to secure a favorable seat at table. But this time I paid no attention to that matter: the fact that I had a woman with me insured us good seats. Had I traveled alone, I should have had a bad seat. The worst seats are always given to men: when I went to Paris with the boy, we did not look up the purser, and were given such bad seats that we filed a round robin, and it worked. . . . Here at the hotel, We Men, as we call ourselves, are thoroughly under the control of the girl. She bosses us, and we eat and sleep and take recreation as she directs. Every little while she dresses

preparatory to going out; she has, no doubt, been looking over the drygoods advertisements in the papers. (NOTE.—In the morning I always buy the *Chronicle*, because Jim used to work on it.) And as she puts on her gloves, she says to me: "Have you any money?" Of course I have money: if I hadn't, I shouldn't be staying at the Palace Hotel. But I shall have a good deal less before my return. When I went into the steamship office this morning, I was lopsided from carrying money in my right-hand pants' pocket: but when I came out, the bulge in my right-hand pants' pocket had disappeared. . . . I don't sleep very well here, and as I lie in bed at night, with the young man in the bed beside mine, I think over the time when the children were little. Possibly you haven't come to that. I remember when the girl had scarlet fever, and that the complications were very serious: so serious that we didn't think she could ever get well. A while ago she told me she was having trouble with her eyes: that complication is still showing itself. . . . And the boy used to come home at night looking like a tramp, carrying a lot of squirrels. And his sister would say it was a shame to shoot them. But I thought it was pretty good for a boy of eight to find them, and hit them. One night he didn't come in to dinner, and I found him in front of the fire in the next room. "What's the matter?" I asked him. "I hurt myself," he said. He had fallen out of a tree, but had said nothing about it, until questioned. . . . How things come to me as I lie in bed! When they met me at the ferry, and we walked up the street, arm

in arm, I asked them: "Well, how do I look? Do I look pretty thin?" They said: "No-o-o," in chorus. I wonder what they said about it to each other when they were alone.

I met the missionary on the streets to-day. Henry George accompanied him. The missionary complained that when he went to claim his baggage he found that storage charges amounting to \$9.70 had accumulated. Here's a chance for a missionary tea: the great need of the workers in China is more money.

On my way to the hotel I stopped to look at a collection of flowers at a street stand. Three dozen carnations sold for ten cents. I bought a quantity, and the street boys were rather disposed to guy me as I carried them along. Flowers are all right if you pay high prices for them.

When I reach foreign lands it will not be necessary to hire guides: my daughter's education will be of some use to me then. She speaks all languages: at least, I suppose she does. She was at Mrs. Sommers's school long enough to acquire them. She is absent just now, having gone out with Mr. and Mrs. Perkins to visit Golden Gate park. If it turns out that she does not understand Turkish, I shall write to Mrs. Sommers, and demand the return of some of my money.

Ever remark the difference in the weight of a man's baggage and the weight of a woman's baggage? The

girl turned up in San Francisco with exactly the same amount of baggage I have: a steamer-trunk, and a suit-case. I thought to myself: "The girl hasn't a thing to wear." But every time she has gone out, she has worn a new gown and a new hat. As I see her things lying about, they do not seem to amount to much, but she can combine a few of them, and make a new suit. I don't know exactly what is in my trunk, but if I have two suits I am doing well. My winter overcoat weighs more than all the girl's clothes put together. . . . She had the same knack when she was little. She once accompanied me to a summer resort, and I was immensely proud of her clothes, when she went out to play with the children. When we began packing to return home, I couldn't get a part of her things into the trunk, so I put them into a bureau drawer, when she wasn't looking, and left them, and she never missed them.

THURSDAY, November 2.

While waiting in a bank to-day to have my letter of credit written up, the president said to me:

"There is the strenuous life, as represented by Theodore Roosevelt. Then there is the simple life, as represented by Charles Wagner, and there is the Equitable Life." (It seemed to be a San Francisco joke.) "At Honolulu," he continued, "you will find the equitable life: the life lying midway between the strenuous and the simple, which, I should say, is about the right thing."

Here is the form of a letter of credit:

“SAN FRANCISCO, November 2, 1905.

“E. W. HOWE, traveling: You are hereby authorized to draw at sight on this bank to the extent of one thousand pounds sterling, at any time within six months from this date. And this bank agrees with the *bona fide* holders and indorsers of all drafts drawn in terms of this credit, and bearing your signature as below, that such drafts shall be duly honored on presentation. All said drafts are to specify that they are drawn under letter of credit No. 7311, dated November 2, 1905, and the parties negotiating drafts shall certify on face of same that the amount thereof has been duly indorsed on back of this credit.” (Signature of bank president and bank accountant, and signature of holder.)

On a separate sheet is given a list of the banks whereat the letter of credit will be honored: in England, Ireland and Scotland, at banks in twenty-three principal cities and towns; in France, in seventeen principal cities and towns; in Germany, fifty-nine; in Switzerland, twenty; in Belgium and Holland, ten; in Austrian empire, fourteen; in Italy, eighteen; in Turkey, Greece, Egypt, South Africa and Monaco, twenty-one; in Spain and Portugal, twelve; in Denmark, Russia, Sweden and Norway, twelve; in United States, forty-one; in Alaska and Northwest Territory, four; in Mexico, fifteen; in Hawaiian and South Sea Islands, six; in the Philippines, three; in Cuba, Porto Rico and West Indies, eight; in South and Central America, nineteen; in Canada and British Columbia, thirteen; in China, Siberia, Japan, India, Java, Sumatra, and Straits Settlements, twenty; in Australia and New Zealand, eighteen.

I have called on several big men to-day, and my calls were brief. I remembered an experience I once had with Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press. I was one of a committee appointed to call on him, and some of the members of the committee were very long-winded. Finally there was a ring on Mr. Stone's telephone. He excused himself, and talked over the telephone. His conversation ran something like this: "Yes; all right. Well, I have a committee of gentlemen in my office now, but shall be at liberty in ten minutes. Good-bye." Of course the members of the committee took the hint, and Mr. Stone was soon relieved of their presence. Afterwards I learned that he had a private arrangement whereby his clerk, when he saw a visitor was becoming tedious, and had transacted all the business under discussion, rang a bell, and Mr. Stone had a supposed conversation like the one I have quoted. This apparatus is called "The Walkout," and is supplied by any telephone company. It is said half the busy men in the cities have them.

FRIDAY, November 3.

Last evening, we were going out to hear "Traviata." I wore a colored tie, and the young lady said to me: "Haven't you a black tie?" As soon as the young man caught me alone, he said, referring to the incident: "She is beginning on you, too." At the theater, when the young lady took her hat off, I noticed that she had

her hair "done up" in the fluffy way young girls are just now affecting. I really admired it; it looked well, but I said to her: "Haven't you a comb?" The young man was amused, and said: "You got back at her all right. You will have to assert yourself on your trip, or you will come back as meek as I am. I shouldn't dare act as I do here, if you were not around."

In a big city, people look at you as if they were thinking, "He may be all right, but probably is not." Letters of introduction do no good: in a strange city, there is nothing coming to you except what you pay for, at rates slightly higher than citizens are charged. But I rather enjoy being among total strangers. On the streets of San Francisco, I meet streams of people: all strange, and yet looking like people I am familiar with. In China, I suppose the people will look upon me with the contempt with which I look upon the Chinese in Chinatown: I suppose the children will run after me, to marvel at my strange dress and strange actions.

When people call to see us at the hotel, we are notified in our rooms by telephone, and Eugene and I invite them to come on up, but the young lady says this is very improper; she says we should meet them in the palm garden, where an orchestra plays. And the rooms have looked pretty tough when some of the visitors called: we have things scattered everywhere, and the beds are never made until late.

We had a delightful caller last night: Leigh H. Irvine, of the San Francisco *Call*. He has written a book about Hawaii, and he delivered a delightful lecture about the islands. He also told us a good deal about leprosy. If you catch leprosy, you don't know it for seven years. We have caught fleas in San Francisco: if we catch leprosy in Honolulu, we shan't feel so smart. They say if you once catch fleas, you think you have them forever: months after you are rid of them you will think you feel a flea away down under your clothes, and become uneasy. When the young woman suddenly disappears, I know she has gone to look for a flea; when the young man feels a flea, he proceeds to undress, and look for it, and any ladies present are compelled to retire. Yesterday his sister was upbraiding him for not taking a bath. "Huh!" he said; "I have been in the Sutro baths three times." A boy takes his bath by going in swimming.

Mr. Irvine informs us that a sort of paw-paw grows in the Hawaiian islands that cures dyspepsia when everything else fails. He says that is the place to live to a ripe old age. His dream is to go there some day, live to be a hundred and twenty years old, and then blow away, when he is tired of the delights of the islands.

Here is a copy of a United States passport, one of which was sent me at San Francisco:

"UNITED STATES OF AMERICA; DEPARTMENT OF STATE. *To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:* I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit E. W.

Howe, a citizen of the United States, accompanied by his daughter, safely and freely to pass, and, in case of need, to give all lawful aid and protection. Given under my hand and the seal of the Department of State, at the city of Washington, the 23d day of October, in the year nineteen hundred and five, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and thirtieth. (Signed) ELIHU ROOT.

"Description: Age, 51 years; stature, five feet ten and a half Eng.; forehead, high; eyes, brown; nose, Roman; mouth, regular; chin, ordinary; hair, brown; complexion, dark; face, smooth. Seal and signature of holder."

The young man was disposed to sleep late this morning, so we went to breakfast without him: we travelers around the world didn't propose to wait for a plug reporter. When we came back at ten o'clock, having taken a little sight-seeing trip, he was still sound asleep. If I could sleep like that I should give up the trip around the world.

I sent my baggage to the steamship, and will ride to the dock in a street car: I shall thus save several hundred dollars on hack fare. A hackman charges a steamship passenger as much as he charges a bride and groom when he drives them from the church to the train. When I arrive at the ship, I shall find my baggage in my room. . . . The young man has gone out to buy steamer-chairs; chairs on which passengers recline on deck. The Educational Bureau has gone downstairs to write a few parting notes on the fine stationery to be found in the palm room; the paper in the rooms didn't suit her. . . . A lot of violets have

just arrived for the Educational Bureau; I have arranged for mine to be sent to the ship. . . . Prospects are good that a pretty fair crowd will assemble to see us sail. We have worked hard on this feature, though a few of those who have promised, may disappoint us. . . . The porter has just arrived and taken the baggage away with him, after wishing us a pleasant journey. I seem to be about to start.

SATURDAY, November 4.

When we left the hotel for the Pacific mail dock, the clerk directed us to take a certain car and get a transfer. When paying the conductor and getting a transfer, I asked him to notify me at the transfer point. "You can't go wrong," he said; "all the people on this car are going to the Pacific Mail dock." We were not so very exclusive, for the car was crowded; mostly with Chinese. Which reminded Mateel that before starting she called on a lady to say good-bye, explaining that she was going around the world. "So many are going now," the lady replied. . . . We entered an immense building and away down at the further end we got our first glimpse of the "Siberia," on which we are to live a month and two days: one of the newest and best of the Pacific Mail fleet. The dock was already crowded with drays, wagons, carriages, and foot passengers, as the ship was advertised to sail in an hour and a half. We walked up the gang-plank to the steerage deck, and then up a stairway

to the main deck, where we began looking for our rooms. Mine was No. 24, and was very favorably located amid-ship, with a door opening on deck. Mateel's was also an outside room, No. 7, but her door opened on an inside hall. Both rooms had been decorated with flowers by Eugene: we remarked that he climbed out of bed particularly early that morning. I suppose people will say the boy never thought of that; they will say, no doubt, that some woman suggested the idea to him. A boy never gets any credit. In order to gain admission to the ship, he had probably gone to the general offices of the company, and secured an admission card. Eugene didn't appear for half an hour, and when he did come, he rode in a carriage! . . . There were thousands of people on the dock; mostly Chinese and Japanese. The ship was to sail at 1 P. M., and no visitors were allowed aboard after 12; at 12:30 officers went about the decks ordering all visitors ashore. . . . At 1 P. M. two clerks were busy selling tickets to Chinese steerage passengers, who went aboard the ship by means of a gang-plank near the stern. At 1:20 this plank was drawn in, the lines cast off, and a tug began pulling the ship into the stream. There was a great waving of handkerchiefs back and forth. Dick Nickle appeared at this time on the roof of the dock with a camera. Mr. Nickle formerly lived in Atchison; he is now port warden of San Francisco. If he secured a picture it will show a young woman loaded with flowers, and a thin man standing by her side. . . . Away down at the extreme end of the dock, among the thousands of Chinese, we saw Eugene; he was the last

one of our friends we saw, and he waved a handkerchief until our ship began moving with its own power, and passed out among the shipping toward the Golden Gate. . . . In working its way along at half-speed, the ship used its whistle a good deal. In case of fog, we shall hear a lot of this whistle. It is terribly hoarse and seems to have a bad cold. . . . The ship gains speed, and by the time we pass out of the Golden Gate it is using its full power. The day is bright, but the wind fresh, and already the ship is gaining "motion;" dipping and rolling. A Chinaman comes along beating a gong, announcing that lunch is ready. The young lady goes downstairs, and reappears within twenty minutes. By this time we are outside and the "motion" is very pronounced. She is not doing very well, and shows it. After returning from the rail and wiping her mouth with a fluffy handkerchief, she said:

"I thought so; the first one on board to get sick."

So far as I noticed, she was the only passenger who was "sick over the rail," as they say here, although a good many were sick during the night, in their rooms. At 3:30 P. M. the pilot went off, and we were out of sight of land. A pilot-boat, No. 9, sent a little row-boat off, and the pilot stepped into it from a rope ladder that had been let down the side of the ship. . . . Great flocks of sea-gulls followed us, and every time anything was emptied from the kitchen they dashed at it, and fought and cackled. . . . At 4 P. M. I took the young lady to her room, and she did not reappear until the following evening, when the sea was

much smoother. I was sick, but managed to stagger about until five o'clock, when I went to bed with my clothes on. The sea is always rough two days out of San Francisco, but they tell us that the next five days to Honolulu will be very pleasant. . . . During the night the wind blew fiercely, and not one passenger out of ten appeared at dinner; about midnight a big wave washed over the lower deck, and flooded some of the rooms. . . . There is an indescribable smell about a ship that brings about seasickness. Take a Holland herring that has been pickled in salt two or three years, fry it in rancid butter, and the smell given off in the cooking will give you an idea of what I mean. That is, I think it would, for at home I have never known anyone to fry Holland herring in rancid butter.

SUNDAY, November 5.

This morning I got out of bed at 5:30; I had slept a good deal, but was very tired of being in bed. When I went on deck, daylight was just appearing. I stumbled into the smoking-room, determined to smoke, but was soon as sick as ever, and went out on deck, to get the fresh air. Here I found several Chinamen scrubbing the decks. I determined to throw the cigar away, but was befuddled, like a man under the influence of opiates, and, instead of throwing the cigar away, threw my hat over the rail into the sea. It took a flip-flop on top of an immense wave, and disappeared. Whoever finds it may have it. Then I determined to

go back to my room and look for a cap that had been packed in my trunk. But the trunk was under the bed and troublesome to get at. So I resolved to go to bed instead. . . . When you are in bed, and seasick, your bed seems to fall out from under you; gently, but you seem to be just above it, chasing it. Then, when the ship starts upward, you float upward just above your bed. When you lose this sensation, you are no longer seasick. I noticed, also, that at a certain place on the downward motion, I was also gently shaken three or four times. Then away down in the ship was the constant beating of the engines: *chug*, *chug*; *chug*, *chug*; the downward stroke a little heavier than the upward stroke. . . . My steward is a Chinaman, and I like him, but he cannot coax me to eat; at the first five meals on board I ate nothing, save an orange and a bowl of soup. I heard in my room, somehow, that I had been assigned a seat at the captain's table, but did not see it until Monday morning. . . . Occasionally I would get out of bed and stagger over to No. 7, where Mateel was sicker than I was. She said she was able to sleep a good deal, and that the stewardess was giving her every possible attention. . . . At 5 o'clock this afternoon, while standing at the rail, she surprised me by appearing on deck. We walked about until after dark, and we had a bowl of soup on deck. I kept mine down, but she didn't fare as well. I took her to her room at 8:30, but I lounged about the smoking-room until nearly ten, feeling miserable.

MONDAY, November 6.

I am "at" myself this morning, and, in company with the young lady, appeared in the dining-room for the first time. The other passengers looked at us in an amused way, as if they would say: "Well, they are pretty bad!" And I think we were; I think we were the last to appear. The steward did not know us when we appeared, and we were compelled to give him our names. He consulted his list, and we found we had been assigned to the captain's table, Nos. 78 and 79. . . . The sea is very calm, as was predicted for the second day out, and all the passengers are on deck, loafing about in the lazy way common to travelers at sea. On the forward steerage deck are hundreds of Japanese passengers, and the cabin passengers lounge about on the two decks above, and watch them a good deal. The costumes worn by women in "The Mikado" are very pretty, but the costumes worn by Japanese women of the lower class are ugly and dirty, as are the women wearing them. . . . On the rear steerage deck are hundreds of Chinese passengers. They seem to be eating most of the time. A half-dozen of them sit around a board on which has been placed a big pan of rice; every man has a bowl and two chopsticks. Filling his bowl from the pan, he proceeds to shovel the rice into his mouth. On the board in the center there is a large bowl full of meat chopped into squares, and occasionally the Chinese take a piece of meat, dexterously lifting it from the bowl to their mouths with the chopsticks. There is also a bowl of gravy on the board in the center,

and before being eaten the squares of meat are dipped in the gravy, or grease, or whatever it is. The Japanese eat in the same way. On board are kitchens where food is prepared in the native Chinese and Japanese way. With ten or fifteen exceptions, all the steerage passengers are Chinese or Japanese. Several of the first-cabin passengers are Japanese gentlemen, and I hear them speaking English. . . . All the members of the crew are Chinese, and they are not allowed to land in San Francisco. The waiters wear long blue gowns, and are very polite and efficient. All of them seem to understand English. On English and German boats, there are religious services on Sunday in the main cabin, but if there were any on the "Siberia" yesterday, I did not hear of it. The bar in the smoking-room was open as usual yesterday, but it was not patronized much; nor is it any other day. The smoking-room is operated as a sort of club: if you buy a cigar, you sign your name to a ticket, giving your stateroom, destination, and amount of purchase. At the close of the voyage you redeem these tickets as you do at the end of a month in a club. On German boats you pay as you go. I have seen no gambling, as is the rule on the Atlantic. . . . The missionary is on board, with his wife and children; this morning I heard the familiar, "Henry George, let Dorothy alone!" Either because the ship is so large, or because the captain has suppressed them, I do not hear much of them. . . . The Japanese being at one end of the promenade deck and the Chinese at the other, results in a good deal of discussion as to their

relative merits among the cabin passengers, who hang over the rail and look at them hour after hour. Very much to my surprise, I find the Chinese the more popular. The Japanese are active, capable, and disposed to "stand up for their rights," while the Chinese are more docile. A conductor on the Grand Canyon branch told me that he once put a Japanese laborer off his train, for some violation of the rules, and the Jap promptly called him the fighting word. All over the west where Japanese are employed, it is well known that the Japanese will fight at the drop of the hat, while the Chinese will submit to any abuse. The Japs are the "Yankees of the Orient," as has been frequently stated.

The ship is crowded, and I have two gentlemen in my room: Dr. Freeman, a Canadian, who is *en route* to work in a Methodist hospital in China, and the other a Mr. Macauley, a traveling-man of the better class who sells Carter's ink. He lives in Boston, and "makes" Paris, London, Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, and on around the world. He is an experienced traveler, very polite, and full of information. . . . While I was laid up in my room, a Mr. Watson, of Greeley, Colorado, came in with a letter of introduction from a mutual friend at Denver. He is going around the world with his wife, but will devote ten months to it, whereas I am going hurriedly, and we shall leave him at Honolulu, much to our regret. About a quarter of the passengers will leave us at Honolulu, and those remaining on board

will have rooms to themselves for the remaining three weeks of the voyage. I do not, however, object to my room-mates. Indeed, while I was sick, they took care of me, and were very polite and agreeable. When I was unable to go over and inquire how Mateel was getting along, they did it for me.

On the Atlantic there is seldom an hour when you do not see a sail or a steamer, but the Pacific is very lonely; so far we have not seen a vessel of any kind. We have seen no sign of life, except that a single albatross has followed us night and day. Early in the morning I see the huge bird flying leisurely about. The bird is the subject of a good deal of talk among the passengers. Some say it rests among the rigging at night, but members of the crew know nothing of this.

The story of my throwing away my hat has been noised about the ship, and several gentlemen have offered me hats to use until we get to Honolulu. I have accepted one, but it does not "look well" on me. I spend a good deal of time in front of the glass, trying to decide whether the borrowed hat looks better than the cap I found in my trunk. Some days I decide on the cap, and some days on the hat. Neither looks very well on me.

There are almost no young girls on board; the passengers are mostly elderly people. Mateel's room-mate is a Mrs. Frazier, whose husband is an American mer-

chant in Yokohama. We have an invitation to visit them. Mrs. Frazier is accompanied by her pretty little daughter, about seven years old. The stewardess has told Mrs. Frazier and Mateel all about Alice Roosevelt, who was a passenger on the ship's last voyage to San Francisco, when it broke the Pacific record. Mateel is infatuated with the stewardess, who has been very kind, and I shall remember the stewardess when I divide my money with the crew (in the way of tips) at Hong Kong. But I do not like the deck boy; I shall give him a swift kick instead of a tip. I have no particular reason to dislike the deck boy; I just naturally don't like his looks. The Chinaman who has charge of the bar in the smoking-room also meets with my displeasure; in a yellow sort of way, he looks like a man I hate at home. The other members of the crew, from the captain down, suit me.

I hope I am not vicious, but a fight happened this morning that pleased me: one of the little boys on board whipped Henry George over a game of shuffleboard on the upper deck. Henry George went bawling to his mother, of course.

An officer has just come into the smoking-room, and posted the run from yesterday at noon until noon to-day: 378 miles. The "Siberia" is not a flyer; some of the Atlantic steamers do better than five hundred miles in twenty-four hours. At noon to-day (Monday) we are about seven hundred miles from San

Francisco. While being shaved this morning the barber told me that the ship would probably arrive in Honolulu between six and eight o'clock Friday morning; that it does this as regularly as clockwork. In that event it will depart about six o'clock in the evening; possibly a little later. That will give us ten hours of daylight in which to look at Jim. I should like very much to remain there several days, but if I do not proceed on this steamer, I must remain at Honolulu eleven days.

At one time this morning seven games of fan tan were in progress on the Chinese deck. The Chinese are inveterate gamblers; when not eating, they are gambling. Some of them go about with their bodies bare from the waist up, and barefooted. Those who are not barefooted wear wooden shoes.

It is very rare to see a Japanese who is bald, but baldness is very common among Americans; the three men in my room are all bald.

There was a little excitement shortly after noon to-day: the lonely albatross which has been following us, has a mate; two are now following us. A while ago, a basket was thrown overboard, and it floated as far as I could see. The birds apparently paid no attention to it, though they hovered in its vicinity and disappeared for a while. Hour after hour, day after day, these birds soar in the wake of the ship. I cannot

help wondering when they rest, and what they find to eat. I shall look up the albatross in the bird book. I have been thinking all afternoon that the first albatross must have had a good time welcoming his friend, but they do not seem at all sociable; anyway, they are never anywhere near together.

As I was leaning over the rail a while ago, looking down at the Chinese, my attention was attracted to a very old man who was being "doctored" by a fat Chinaman. The fat doctor was painting the old man's eyes with a little brush. Afterwards the old man paid the doctor a few small coins, and the fat doctor didn't seem satisfied with the amount he received. Later it developed that the old man is blind; he stood at the rail, motionless, for a long time, and when he went away, another Chinaman led him. The old man is probably returning to China to die. The missionary tells me that the lower class of Chinese have no conception of heaven; they all expect to go to hell, but they believe that, if their friends burn money, they will get the money, and be able to bribe the devil with it, to relieve their torture a little. This poor old wretch, after years of hard work in America, is returning home, hoping to find friends who will save him from the terrible fate of being a moneyless ghost. What a cold reception a blind pauper, and a stranger at that, will receive in poverty-stricken China! Why even the most ignorant men torture themselves with this devil belief, is a wonder to me.

What is there in nature to suggest it? Why do men of intelligence continue to frighten old men and children with the belief that after death they are to burn forever and ever with literal fire?

TUESDAY, November 7.

I am on friendly terms with the sea this morning, but I am more than ever convinced that I do not like it. The weather is fine, and there is very little motion, but I have a consciousness that a very little would send me to bed again. I do not like the smell of my room. The door is open all day, but when I step into it for a moment, the smell almost "gags" me. The room is very clean, and this is true of the ship, but in the fine assembly-room above the dining-saloon an odor arises from the cooking that nearly overwhelms me. The Chinese servants are the best I have ever encountered, and the food is liberal and dainty; we have strawberries, raspberries, cantaloupe, and everything else to tempt the appetite, but I do not like the bill of fare; I long for something to eat from home. Last night I fell asleep in a chair on the upper deck, and, in a lazy way, dreamed I was on the porch at home; the rush of waves I thought of as evidence of storm, and I thought of going upstairs to close the windows. When I awoke, I regretted that my dream did not include something to eat at home.

At a restaurant in Butte, Montana, I once found this maxim heading the bill of fare: "Your way is the right

way." That is the rule on the "Siberia;" you do as you please—your way is the right way. This morning I found a bathrobe in that wonderful trunk of mine, and, putting it on, went into the wash-room. In the wash-room I patronize—there are several on the ship—there are four bath-tubs and two showers. There is no crowd; no rush. A Chinaman scrubbed me and rubbed me, and I felt like a new man; until I got a whiff from the cooking. Then I felt a little older than ever, and a little thinner.

The gentleman who sits at my right is an Englishman, from London. He is making a tour of the world with his wife. He seemed acquainted with the fact that many of the flowers on the table had been sent to the young lady accompanying me, and remarked that it was a very pretty American custom, unknown in England. If I do say it myself, we did get a good many flowers. They were placed on the dining-room table, and were there to-day—when we were a thousand miles out. The cards of the donors are still attached to the flowers, and we intend to save these as souvenirs of the trip. . . . On my daughter's left sits a woman who is believed to be an actress. She is well-behaved, but the women do not like her. This morning at breakfast a gentleman sitting opposite the actress attempted a conversation; he was merely being civil, but the manner in which his wife reprimanded him, without saying a word, was very amusing. When I see the man and his wife standing alone on deck, and

talking excitedly, I know they are discussing the actress incident, and that the husband is apologizing. Everybody knows everybody on board ship, but men accompanied by their wives must not speak to actresses. The actress at our table is as well-behaved as any woman on the ship, but the other women act as though they knew something against her.

A Chinese servant has just gone through the smoking-room distributing tracts. One of them is entitled "America's Crisis," by Uriah Smith. Mr. Smith is of the opinion that Saturday is the Lord's day, and that the custom of observing Sunday is barbarous. No one pays any attention to the tracts; the card games continue. Near me an American is jawing an educated Chinaman because he did not play trumps at a critical moment in the game. This educated Chinaman, by the way, is one of the most interesting characters on board. He does not talk pigeon English, but as good English as anyone. He has just completed a tour of America, and says Niagara Falls is the most interesting thing he saw. The captain likes the Chinese better than he likes the Japanese; we Americans are becoming jealous of the Japanese.

From watching the Chinese steerage passengers on the lower deck, I have come to the conclusion that they like the poorer quality in everything. They prefer poor meat to good; everything they have seems to be inferior, and they prefer it. Certain thrifty ones

among the Chinese passengers have things to sell; a while ago, a Chinaman appeared with a lot of roasted chickens. They were little chickens; they looked like bantams, killed while in poor condition. These chickens had been dried and imported from China, whereas fat fresh ones might have been obtained for less money in San Francisco. These chickens were chopped up with a hatchet and sold to the waiting mob. With every lot of chicken went a piece of liver and a little bit of gravy. . . . Still, these Chinese are not so remarkable: there are people in our country who prefer a cheap show to a good one. There are thousands of Americans who will not attend a dramatic performance unless it is a poor one; who will not attend a concert unless it is a poor one. In Chicago there is a theater devoted entirely to drink plays; where the hero is a noble man, except that he is a slave to drink. The hero is always an intellectual giant, and a phenomenon in every way, but, alas! he has the drink habit. These plays are patronized entirely by drunkards; by men who drink to excess. These plays apologize for wife-beatings, but they are popular. . . . The Chinese passengers in the steerage seem very kind to one another. They seem to eat in messes. Five or six of them squat around a lot of food, and, in their way, are as polite as we of the first cabin. I often go down to see them eat. They are very kind to the old blind man, and lead him about every day. I gave the old blind man a dollar to-day for luck; before leaving San Francisco, I tried to buy a copy of *The War Cry* for luck, but couldn't

find one. I put a dime in a Salvation Army mission box, but it did me no good; I was seasick just the same. Buying a copy of *The War Cry* always brings me luck. . . . Several of the cabin passengers have gone down to the steerage deck, and patronized the gambling games, but they soon lost their money. One Chinaman who was running a gambling game also had a bucket of peanut candy, and occasionally he would stop dealing long enough to make a sale.

I had an unusual experience yesterday afternoon: I went down to afternoon tea. Five meals a day are served on board, and one is an afternoon tea, at 3:30. It is patronized mainly by women, and only two tables are set. The women sit about and have a great time drinking tea and eating wafers. This was my second experience of the kind. A year ago last summer, while I was in the North Woods, I attended an afternoon tea. Afterwards I amused the ladies by letting the guide shave me on the porch: they said they never passed a barber shop without longing to go in and see the performance. So they sat about while the guide shaved me, made comments, and had a good time.

Speaking of gambling, the Chinese have a game of matching coins. The "dealer" lays down a coin, covers it with his hand, and lets his opponent guess as to which side is up. The human judgment is so poor that the man who guesses always loses his money.

Everywhere about the ship this "notice" is displayed: "Life preservers will be found in each state-room. To adjust life preservers: Put arms through shoulder-straps; tie long strap around waist and button short strap across chest."

Then what, I wonder?

The lifeboats hanging at the sides of the ship are ready for trouble; each boat is supplied with bread and water. The passengers often discuss this question: "How would the Chinese crew act in case of panic?"

By consulting the passenger list, I find we have 138 first-cabin passengers, their destinations as follows: Honolulu, 46; Yokohama, 24; Kobe, 1; Shanghai, 24; Hong Kong, 43. After leaving Honolulu, we shall have a light passenger list—84, and after leaving Shanghai we shall have but 43.

The sailors were busy to-day putting up awnings on the upper deck, in preparation for the warm weather we shall encounter three days before reaching Honolulu.

To a man living in Kansas the ocean is always wonderful. Think of a ship starting from San Francisco, sailing straight away for fifteen days at an average speed of nearly four hundred miles a day, and encountering only one lonely group of islands. When you think of this and of the numerous other seas and oceans, it is easy to conceive that three-fourths of



ON THE PACIFIC—OUTWARD BOUND.

the earth's surface is covered with water. The entire earth's surface was originally covered with water, and there is a good deal left. You needn't worry about it, but the earth's supply of water is slowly, though surely, diminishing; the sun every year takes a little more water out of the oceans and seas than gets back to them. Away out here is where the rains come from. Our rains at home come from the Gulf and the Atlantic, and every year the floods pouring into the Gulf of Mexico are a little less than the quantity of water taken out by the sun, and distributed as rain and snow. In three or four million years, a man will be able to jump across the Missouri river at Atchison; but that is a matter for some future editor of *THE GLOBE* to worry about—I shall not. . . . I should like to find a book, simply written, devoted to the ocean; those I have met have been beyond my understanding. Why is the ocean salt? The Educational Bureau does not know. As I supposed, she purchased a little book of facts in San Francisco, and to-day I caught her studying it. We could not make much out of it. There is so much to know, and so little time! I have remarked that guide-books are always lame on the places you intend to visit.

The old men in the steerage going back to China to die, continue to interest me. I often wonder, when I am lame and blind and sick, and start out to find a better place in which to die, shall I go steerage? . . . Among the old men is an Englishman,

formerly a teacher. In his old age he went to Florida, believing it to be an earthly paradise. After trying it seven years, he gave it up, and is now going to Honolulu, which he has heard has a climate particularly agreeable to the old. The venerable white man attracts attention, standing down among the Chinese, and I frequently talk with him. He is intelligent, and has a liberal education. He told me to-day that the mistake of his life was in neglecting to marry when young; he believes that had he married when young, he would now have children to care for him. He took me in to see his bed in the steerage, and we sat on the edge of it, and "talked." He had a good many books, and said he was anxious to reach Honolulu, in order that he might learn how the Russians are getting along. I remember his saying that the snow-sheds on the Southern Pacific interfered with his reading.

In the book of information which the Bureau of Education purchased at San Francisco, and which purported to tell all about the world, we found a little map of Kansas, and it was a source of satisfaction to pick out Atchison; and also Effingham and Nortonville. But we could not find Singapore.

I have said elsewhere that there are five opportunities daily to eat on this ship. I find that there are really seven: Coffee and a roll in bed as early as you please; breakfast at 8:30; beef tea at 11; lunch at 1; afternoon tea at 4; dinner at 7:30, and a night

lunch at 10:30. This is a discovery of the Educational Bureau, in which I am not interested. In addition to the above list you can "piece" between meals; that is, you can get something to eat any time you call for it. But in spite of this liberality on the part of the management, I eat only twice a day, and by that plan I eat too much. I wish I could have an Atchison breakfast at 7 and dinner at 5, as I have been accustomed to, instead of a Chinaman's breakfast at 8:30 and a Chinaman's dinner at 7:30.

WEDNESDAY, November 8.

There was another slight diversion this morning: rain fell at 6 o'clock, which I enjoyed almost alone, as none of the other passengers were up. I enjoyed the rain: the kind of water I am familiar with, cistern water, falls during a rain. . . . The water on board is very bad; it assists in disordering the stomach, so I drink bottled mineral water, purchased at the bar. . . . After the rain the sun came out, and the weather was very warm.

Every day the passengers take what they call a "constitutional"; a walk about the deck. Ten times around the deck is supposed to represent a mile. The girl and I vary the monotony of the "constitutional" by going once around the deck on which our rooms are located, and then climbing the stairs to the upper deck, where the captain's bridge is located. There we make another round, and then descend to our own deck,

walk around, and up the stairs again. The passengers sit about in steamer-chairs, and they are a polite and interesting lot. Some of them never appear at the table; at least, I never see them in the dining-room: I see them only on deck, sitting in their chairs, and wrapped in blankets. Two fine-looking old gentlemen always sit together, and talk and sleep and read. There are several stout elderly ladies, and several who seem to be invalids. I have not met many people; I do not "make up" with strangers very well: Mr. Macauley told me this morning that it is said of me among the passengers that I am the most solitary man on board.

When you get on your back at home you can have funny dreams, but you can have funnier ones when you are at sea, and not doing very well. Last night I got on my back, and dreamed that the room steward aroused me. I knew, as you do in dreams, that I was to leave the boat. All the small boats hanging over the side had disappeared, save one, and into this I climbed, with Mateel, who was waiting for me. The boatswain has amused me ever since we started; he is a fat, good-natured Chinaman, who seems to be good to his men, and very lazy himself. The boatswain seemed to be in charge of the little boat, and I remember hearing the captain say the boatswain was a good sailor. The eyelids of every true Chinaman seem to be swollen from a bee-sting. Another member of our crew was a little Chinese sailor I had noticed working about the ship, and whom I had mentally

dubbed Shorty. The little man carried a knife in his belt, and an iron pin, used in untying knots. These two, the boatswain and Shorty, made up our crew, except the room steward, who devoted most of his time to looking after the two passengers. Time passes rapidly in a nightmare, and the room steward served us many meals; stale bread out of one box, and stale water out of another box. And I became so tired of it! The boatswain and Shorty had rigged a sail, and we sailed and sailed; I didn't know where we were going, and didn't care: I only knew I was tired of that stale water out of the box forward, and of the stale bread out of the box aft. And so we sailed and sailed: always at night. I wasn't hungry or thirsty; there was plenty of water in one box and plenty of bread in the other, such as they were, but I wanted a change. . . . At last, a peculiar thing happened: we seemed to be floating down the Missouri river. I kept thinking: "This is a land of plenty: why doesn't the boatswain land, and get some fresh water and some fresh bread?" But I couldn't talk to him, and so we sailed and sailed, and we had seven meals a day: stale bread out of one box and stale water out of another. Shorty and the stateroom steward were always busy, as I had seen them on the ship, scrubbing and scouring, but the boatswain stood around in his lazy, fat way, and looked after things. . . . And then another odd thing happened: I recognized the Atchison bridge, and we were sailing toward it, and the boatswain was making arrangements to land. We landed near Cy. Smith's bridge shanty, and Mateel

and I hurried off toward North Atchison: toward the house where we live. It was still night, and we took the three Chinamen with us, or rather, they followed us, Shorty carrying my trunk, the room steward Ma-teel's, and the boatswain the two valises. I realized in a dim sort of way that the Chinamen had been sent to take us home because we were seasick, and the food didn't agree with us; I also regretted in an indistinct way that none of the Atchison people were up, to see the funny way in which we returned. But my mind was made up to one thing: before the three Chinamen started back to the boat, and sailed away to catch up with the "Siberia," I intended to give them one square meal. The very first thing I would take them back to the kitchen porch, and give them a drink of cistern water; after working the pump-handle a while to get the very best, freshest and coolest water in town. Then I would take them into the kitchen, and give them some of that whole-wheat bread we are so fond of, with Mrs. John McAdow's butter on it. Then I would have a steak broiled, and put some red raspberry jam on the table, and some blackberry marmalade. And I enjoyed thinking how the boatswain and Shorty and the room steward would enjoy real coffee with real cream. . . . And then I awoke, as homesick and hungry as ever.

A wreck on the Pacific would be a serious matter. This is our fifth day out, and we have not seen a single vessel of any kind. On the Atlantic, ships are as numerous as wagons on a main traveled road, and ship-

wrecked passengers would have some show, but if we should be compelled to take to the boats, I do not know what would become of us.

The weather has been extremely pleasant to-day, but the pitch and roll are very noticeable. They say that every seventh pitch is a heavy one. I have kept count, and there is something in it. The ship will travel along quietly for a time, when suddenly there will be an enormous pitch and roll. They also say that every seventh year, the ocean is "different"; the tides are lower, or higher, or storms are more numerous, or fewer.

It is part of the deck gossip to-day that an opium-den is being operated in the Chinese quarter, and that a cabin passenger went down there last night and "hit the pipe," after winning twenty dollars at one of the gambling games. They also say the Chinese gamblers travel both ways on this line, to amuse the Chinese passengers. All of the Chinese on board have their certificates, and may return, if they choose. All of them will return, except the very old men. The ship's officers say about as many travel east as travel west, and that the number is unusually large now, on account of the Chinese New Year, which the Chinese in America take pride in celebrating at home.

Another piece of deck gossip is that the beautiful hair worn by the actress is false. It looks pretty well.

It fooled me: I shall investigate, and may buy some. I wonder where she bought it? Of course the women say the woman's beautiful complexion is due to enamel. They call her the "soubrette," but she is no soubrette; I should say she is a leading woman in heavy lines. Speaking of actors, Frank E. Pixley, who writes comic opera librettos, is on board, and sits at our table. I have forgotten most he has written, but he has written "King Dodo," and other successful things. He may be going to Japan to study "local color," for another opera.

I heard a piece of Atchison gossip in the smoking-room last night. I met a man who knows a formerly of Atchison man, and he told me a story that I am certain has never reached Atchison. But I have no intention of telling it; I only mention the matter because I thought it queer that I should hear an Atchison story in the Pacific ocean twelve hundred miles west of San Francisco. . . . Speaking of Kansas, Mateel told an Englishman to-day that she was from Kansas, and he asked if Kansas were not near Rhode Island. The people out here don't "joke" me about Kansas; they don't know about it. I was talking to-day with a Japanese passenger, and when I told him I was from Kansas, he looked as blank as I did when he said he was from Fijian. And Atchison—you have no idea how completely Atchison is lost out here.

Smoking-room joke: A passenger wandered in awhile ago and said he never knew until last night that a man

could get drunk on water, but that he had accomplished it. You may need a chart, but it seemed easy to me.

A lady told me to-day that she shaves her husband every morning. He wouldn't shave regularly, and went around with a stubby beard; so she bought a razor, and now goes after him every morning. . . . Speaking of barber shops, there is an old gentleman on board who has his hair cut every morning. And then he returns to his room, and shaves himself. And the peculiarity of the story is that the old gentleman has almost no hair: just a gray fringe.

This is an American ship, and we are all very proud of it, for it is a fine one, and excellently managed. It was built at Newport News, Virginia. There are a good many Englishmen on board, and one of them informs me that the fare on the "Siberia," and the management generally, are the best he has ever encountered. This is a good deal, from an Englishman, since the English are great ship-builders, and operate famous lines of ships on every sea. The English cannot understand the American tariff: they say American goods of every kind are cheaper in England than in America. The English are not the only people who cannot understand the American tariff: the Americans cannot understand it.

The Chinese waiters in the dining-room are not referred to as "John," but as "boy." They all under-

stand English, but do not speak it very well. Most of them read English. They understand me when I speak to them, but I cannot understand them. They know the words, but do not pronounce them very well. . . . I like the Chinese servants so well that I am beginning to include the deck boy, and the boy in the smoking-room, in my admiration. They are extremely civil, quiet, and efficient. In our country there is almost no such thing known as a real servant. You may remember the Atchison servant who quit his place because his employer's politics didn't suit. The Chinese servants on the ship are the real Canton article; they have not so much as had a chance to be spoilt in San Francisco.

I was born too far from the sea to ever become accustomed to it, I fear. Every little while I am compelled to go to my room and lie down. When the wind is high it whistles around the corner in such a way as to make a noise resembling the beating of the dinner-gong; even the wind, which ought to be impartial, conspires against me. I asked the doctor in my room about seasickness to-day. He says he knows nothing about it; that medical literature tells as many stories about it as may be heard in the smoking-room. Seasickness seems to result, he says, from the brain, the eye, the ear and the stomach, or all four combined. I haven't eaten enough to-day to give dyspepsia to a humming-bird, but I am all wrong. They promise me, however, that I shall be all right beyond Honolulu. . . . There is one woman on board who seems to

be affected worse than I am. She sits opposite me at the table, and every time the ship makes that famous seventh lunge she braces herself as if to have a tooth pulled. Some men follow the sea for years, and then suffer from seasickness occasionally. A sailing captain once told me that he never began a voyage without having a little touch of it. The average traveler is as ashamed of being seasick as the average candidate is of having said something against the labor unions, but very few travelers escape it. You know how unreliable people are; well, they are particularly unreliable when they say they enjoyed every moment at sea, and do not know what seasickness is. Some of the nicest people I know are untruthful when they return from a journey with a ship in it. If I do not improve, I shall have a dreadful time during the winter trip across the Atlantic. But they say a man is better afterwards; they say, too, that an attack of smallpox, or of typhoid fever, is beneficial in the end.

The captain's Chinese "boy" continues to amuse me. He is a month older than the captain, and a grandfather. The captain says the "boy" is as respectful as he was seventeen years ago, but the passengers, particularly the American passengers, insist that the servant bullies the master; they say old servants always do. The captain confesses that the "boy" today told him to put on lighter underwear, as we are approaching warm weather at Honolulu. Day after to-morrow, at 7 A. M., the passengers will have opportunity to see a fine young man: they have arranged

to stand along the rail and say, "Hello, Jim!" when the custom-house boat comes alongside, thus making him think he is meeting an Atchison ship. If we do not visit him more than twelve hours, it will be because I do not believe in kin staying too long.

How I should like to hear the whistle of an American railroad locomotive, and see a brakeman! Speaking of locomotives, I shall have opportunity at Yokohama to feel proud of America: twelve locomotives, and a good many freight cars, will be unloaded from the hold of the "Siberia," and there will be so much other American machinery to unload that we shall be detained four days. Among the other freight for Japan are two horses, for breeding, which are quartered in stalls over the steerage deck. The freight on these horses is \$100 each.

The "Siberia" is running at what is known as an economical speed: that is, fifteen knots an hour. We are burning one hundred and sixty tons of coal every twenty-four hours; if the speed should be increased to nineteen knots an hour (the speed made on the ship's recent record-breaking passage), we should burn about three hundred tons of coal every twenty-four hours. The extra speed of four knots an hour would double the fuel bill of the ship. Fast things cost money.

THURSDAY, November 9.

The weather was so warm last night that I left the

door of my room open. This door opens on the deck, and whenever I awoke I could look out on the sea and admire the moonlight. I arose very early, as usual, and walked around alone in the way of the members of the crew, who were washing down the decks with hose. The Chinese are also early risers; working people usually are. As I looked at the Chinese talking with one another, I could not hear what they were saying, and they seemed to be speaking English; they acted just as people do who speak English. One man went up to another and apparently introduced himself. They shook hands and acted as if they were saying: "My name is Holland; from Kansas." "Ah; from Kansas! I see they are trying to put the lid on down there. [Laughter.] I don't know: sometimes I think Ed. Hoch is making a mistake." "Well, we're no worse off than you are in Iowa. Pleasant morning, isn't it? How far do you go?" "I go to Hong Kong." "How are you getting along?" "Not very well: I fear I am a bad sailor." (That is a favorite phrase.) "Well, I do not know what seasickness is; I eat the seven meals a day, and am looking for the eighth." Etc., etc., etc.

I often think we men are not very interesting. I sat in the smoking-room this morning and listened to the talk, without hearing anything interesting or clever. The talk is about Honolulu and Yokohama, and Kobe, instead of about Chicago or Kansas City; that's about the only difference. One man told of a remarkably interesting place in Yokohama. I heard the same

story told of New York, years ago, and, upon investigation, found it untrue. Nine-tenths of the "talk" you hear everywhere is untrue and unimportant. The old Englishman down in the steerage interests me as much as anyone I have met in the cabin. I wish I could speak Chinese; there must be many interesting characters among the old Chinamen in the steerage. While down there I saw two Chinamen reading English school books; one of them read a paragraph to me which told of the bad effect of alcohol on the human system. If you want interesting books, read the books the children bring home from school at night. Look through a history of the United States, for example, and you will marvel at how little you know. . . . The people in the steerage are natural; many of those in the cabin are on dress parade, and trying to attract attention.

My room being an outside one, with a door opening on the principal deck, occasionally the passengers come in to visit me. This morning a gentleman I have become acquainted with brought in a lady he was promenading with. My daughter went by presently, and when I met her later, she said: "I do not like that woman!" I inquired why she disliked her, and she laid down this rule: "When you see a woman wearing a walking skirt and French heels, you may depend upon it that there is something the matter." I seem to be approaching a family jar.

How the people look for amusement, and how little they find! This morning most of the passengers col-

lected under the awning on the upper deck and watched the children and young people engage in potato races, needle-threading contests, etc. It was the only attempt at amusement made since the voyage began, and it ended in a fat young man's slipping on the deck and breaking his arm.

At one table in the dining-room there are twelve Japanese, two Chinese, and a Portuguese woman. The Portuguese woman is married to a fine-looking American, and he is about the most attentive husband I have ever seen. I was sitting near him on deck when his wife appeared, and he said very cordially: "Ah, good morning!" as politely as he might have done to a young lady of a day's acquaintance. At my table there is a Frenchman who bows politely to me every time he appears. There are also a considerable number of Englishmen. Out here they have scarcely heard of Kansas, or Kansas City; beyond Honolulu, they will not have heard of Chicago, and beyond Hong Kong they will not have heard of New York. I was looking through a guide-book awhile ago, and ran across a city of which I had never heard, although it has a population of more than a million people. . . . We are advised to rejoin the ship at Kobe, instead of Nagasaki, and thus see the Inland Sea, said to be the prettiest sight in the world. There are so many "prettiest sights in the world" of which I have never heard. I have a notion that, on my return, Atchison, as seen from Rushville, will be about the prettiest sight in the

world to me. I have not been having the Good Time predicted by the neighbors, but I expect a good time riding from Rushville to Atchison. Even the Atchison conductor who comes in and takes up the last stub on my ticket will look good to me.

To-morrow will be a busy day; it will be spent in Honolulu. There, also, we shall get a fresh supply of fruit, flowers, eggs, and milk; and, I hope, some cistern water. I shall eat three meals in Honolulu to-morrow; my Chinese waiter on the ship will not see me to-morrow. . . . When traveling on a railroad train you have no doubt remarked that on approaching a large city, a baggage agent goes through the train and offers to check your baggage and provide a carriage. A baggage agent went through the ship just now, and offered to check baggage at Honolulu. We have also been informed that we may have laundry work done at Honolulu: an agent will take it as soon as the ship ties up at the dock, and return it by the time the ship sails. My manager will send out a bundle, and has already collected my part of it. No laundry work is done on the ship.

A certain officer of the ship makes me think of myself. His disposition is to be polite, but he has been at the business so long that he is tired of the petty details, and finds politeness a burden. If I need a trip on the Pacific ocean, he needs a trip to Kansas. The officer does not look like me, but he has a played-

out, weary way that makes me think of myself. He has been seeing travelers and answering their questions so long, that he should swallow an anchor (as sea-going men say when they quit the sea) and go on a farm. He needs a complete change, and plowing corn with a team of mules would supply it. The officer is an excellent one, so far as I know, but he looks and acts as though he had been a candidate for office every day of the past ten years. The election is yet to come off, and he is polite, but he is polite wearily; he looks as though to, his intimate friends, he might tell pretty tough stories about the bothersome ways of voters; and travelers. One day I heard a passenger say to him: "They told me that when I met you, I should meet the crossdest man on the line." The passenger said it as a "joke," but I noticed that the officer didn't laugh.

In wandering aimlessly about, looking for amusement, I encountered two boys playing shuffle-board on the upper deck. They were the best of friends until two little girls appeared and wanted to play; then each boy wanted a girl named Helen as his partner, and neither would give in. "Quit fussing about me," Helen said in a coquettish way; but she enjoyed it. A freckle-faced boy who had refused to play, sat around and made remarks about the game his rival had originated, with Helen as partner. "I will be your partner next," I heard Helen whisper to the freckle-faced boy, but the freckle-faced boy was mad, and said he didn't want her as his partner; in the

next game or any other game, or on any other day. But he did; the freckle-faced boy was jealous of Helen, and he wasn't over ten years old. He'll have a lot of that to contend with before he gets through with life. That's the way it goes. When a girl or a woman appears, there is trouble among the boys or the men. Men would amount to more if they didn't expend so much energy in being jealous. They are all ashamed of it, and deny it, but it is like seasickness: no one escapes. I doubt if women know how jealous men are. . . . And women know what the feeling is like: when a girl decides on her ideal man, and concludes to make him happy for life, she acts like a tigress if he seems to find happiness in the smiles of some other woman.

I am alone in the smoking-room: the men have all gone down to lunch, and even the two Chinamen have put on the lid and gone away. Presently the men will reappear, and gather in little groups, and pick their teeth and smoke, and play cards and patronize the Chinamen, and "talk" in the usual uninteresting way. Then they will lounge in and out, and long for something to do. It is all very well for one to want to rest, but I cannot help feeling mighty shiftless. Those of you at home should not feel dissatisfied because you are not taking a "trip." Taking a rest is like taking medicine, if you take it in this way.

I do not go down to lunch, and eat sparingly at breakfast and dinner, therefore I know I am not eat-

ing too much; but I am certain I smoke too much. Every time I get a cigar I am compelled to sign my name to a card, giving destination. I sign so many cards that I have shortened Hong Kong to H. K. to save labor. . . . The captain also smokes too much. I wonder whether people mention the fact to him; so many people mention it to me. But I suppose people are afraid of the captain of a steamship, and he thus loses good advice; he does not, in short, know that so much tobacco is not good for him. You know the official you are most afraid of? Well, he is nothing compared with the captain of a steamship. Captain Smith is a very pleasant man, and turns up everywhere at all sorts of unexpected moments, but he is busy and the passengers are afraid of him; no one seems to be very intimate with him. He told me last night that he greatly admired E. H. Harriman, who crossed with him on the last trip, and that all the passengers admired him. These captains of industry can be very agreeable when they choose to be.

Flying-fish began appearing to-day: a fish about the size of a Deer creek chub, which is able to jump out of the water and fly twenty or thirty feet with the aid of peculiar-looking wings. One fell on the steerage deck in the afternoon, and attracted as much attention from the bored passengers as a whale would have attracted.

Dorothy, one of the missionary's little girls, to-day struck another little girl, who looked like Ruth Blair,

and I wanted to shake her. The missionary's children do not improve on acquaintance; they are the worst-behaved children I ever knew. Possibly it is due to the fact that their mother is not well, and their father has been assigned to the job of saving the Chinese. There are several Chinese children in the steerage, and they are well-behaved. The missionary's wife spends most of her time in a steamer-chair, and looks very frail. Dorothy said to a man to-day, a man who had a heavy beard, "Don't you ever shave?" A woman sitting near was much amused at the remark, whereupon Dorothy said to her: "You don't ever shave either, do you?" As the lady has a pronounced moustache, it was an embarrassing moment; more embarrassing to the lady, possibly, than to the gentleman. That was what she got for "noticing" the missionary's children; one doesn't dare pay any attention to them, or they are soon taking liberties.

A piece of deck gossip: At San Francisco, a man came aboard who had been drinking heavily for a month. He drank a good deal while going down the bay. As soon as the ship began to roll, the passenger became seasick, and after three days he found he had entirely lost his appetite for strong drink.

We had a fire drill late this afternoon. The big whistle was blown, and members of the crew came running from everywhere, and lined up on the two sides of the upper deck near the boats. The officers

stood among the sailors, carrying revolvers in their belts: in case of a wreck and panic you have, of course, read how the officers preserve order with pistols. The sailors looked pretty awkward to me.

I sit around a good deal, and try to decide what callings the passengers are engaged in. Like all other men, I think I can look at a woman and tell all about her, but like all other men again, of course I cannot. Men are a good deal alike, but I am gradually discovering that women are not; every woman seems to live by rules more or less her own.

There is a doctor aboard who conducts a hospital in the interior of China. He has ten Chinese assistants, and pays them \$25 a year each. Out of this they live. He employs an expert carpenter, and pays him thirty cents a day. He says this carpenter can do as good work as the average American carpenter. The doctor pays the scale of wages prevalent in his section of China. A good many of the well-to-do Chinese assist in maintaining the hospital; the free-will offerings amount to enough to take care of all the charity patients. It is an American hospital founded by the church, but is practically self-supporting. A good many hospitals are being established in China: they do a work that the Chinese can understand, and they appreciate it by lending assistance.

FRIDAY, November 10.

At half-past five o'clock this morning, I awoke. The door of my room was still open, and I looked out and saw a light away on the water. I sprang out of bed, and Dr. Freeman joined me. He got his clothes on first and went on deck, but he didn't play fair: he left his money and his watch under his pillow. Going forward, I saw a mountain: one of many in the Hawaiian group, and away off to the right a lighthouse in the uncertain, hazy distance. Daylight was just appearing. All the people in the steerage were up, and a good many of the cabin passengers. I walked about a while, and then went in and tapped on the girl's door. She looked out the window, saw the mountain, and we rejoiced together. Going on deck again, the ship's lookout called from his high perch in the crow's-nest: "Six o'clock, and all's well."

. . . The ship ran along the mountain for an hour; the point where the lighthouse is showing is Diamond Head. The trees skirting the shore are cocoanut trees, and they look fine to me: at this distance they cannot be told from elms or maples. Presently Honolulu appears: the ship reaches it by making a big sweep to the right. . . . The custom-house boat comes alongside, and the officers make their inspection while the ship is lying at anchor. The Young Man came out on the boat. . . . The ever-present advertiser is in evidence: a gasoline boat encircles the ship repeatedly, carrying this banner: "The best hotel in Honolulu for tourists is the Royal Hawaiian." The big hotels and other institutions of Honolulu loom up in

the light mist along the shore. . . . At 8:20 the inspection seems to be finished, and the ship steams slowly toward its dock in the harbor. As we go down the gang-plank we are confronted with this notice on the bulletin board: "The ship sails at 6 P. M." . . . The Young Man does not seem to be particularly cut up because we are to remain only ten hours.

The arrival of a ship at Honolulu is as much of an event as the arrival of a steamboat at a sleepy country town on the Mississippi river. Until the cable was completed three years ago, the people of Honolulu received all their news of the outside world by means of newspapers brought in by ships. So the custom originated of ringing the bells and blowing the whistles whenever a ship was sighted, and the people assembled at the dock to get the papers and hear the news. This custom still continues. Away out on Diamond Head there is a resort kept by a noted character, who has telephone connection with the city. When a ship appears, he telephones the power-house of the street-railway company, and immediately the curfew whistle is blown, as is done in Atchison when there is a fire. Then the fruit-peddlers, and the hack-drivers, and the flower-sellers, and others interested, begin to collect at the dock, and we found a big crowd there when we landed this morning.

I spent one of the happiest days of my life at Honolulu. John Emmeluth and his sister Amelia, formerly of Atchison, met us, and drove us about the city. At

noon, Jim completed his work, through the kindness of his employer, and it was a very great pleasure for him to be one of a party of five Atchison people in a strange country and city. Jim's work is on the waterfront. He goes out with the custom-house boat to meet incoming ships and picks up news. The afternoon edition of the *Bulletin*, on which he is employed, contained a couple of columns of news about the "Siberia" and its passengers. Frank E. Pixley told him that the first act of his new comic opera will be located in Honolulu, which was a pretty good item, and Judge Tracy, *en route* to the Philippines, was also interviewed. There was a death on board during the passage from San Francisco: one of the old Chinamen, *en route* to China to die, did not live to reach home.

Honolulu is the first tropical town I have ever visited, and the wonderful vegetation impressed me. At home, trees grow five months in the year; here they grow all the time. Dozens of trees, flowers, vines, etc., were entirely new to me. At home we point out fields where big successes have been made with wheat and corn; at Honolulu Mr. Emmeluth pointed out a coconut grove of eight acres, and said that when the owner planted it, people laughed at him, but now the owner has an income of \$2,500 a year from his venture. At many places we saw fields of bananas. At home we are told that the bananas we buy are picked green, and that they are neither so good nor so wholesome as when picked ripe. I picked a ripe banana to-day in Mr. Emmeluth's yard, and it did not taste any better



AT HONOLULU.

than the bananas I buy in Atchison, much to my surprise. I also picked oranges, and found them rather less palatable than the oranges I buy at home. . . . The thing that impressed me most at Honolulu was a hedge with a bright red flower. These flowers appear on the hedges all the time; the hedges look about the same every day in the year, and are beautiful. I expressed my admiration for the hedges, and Mateel said to Miss Emmeluth, in the condescending way women have in referring to the tastes of men, "Men always like red."

It is said that people living in the tropics are indolent and shiftless. Honolulu is unusual in this respect, for it is beautifully kept. In driving about the city it seemed that I was driving about in Shaw's Garden, in St. Louis, or in some other famous garden or show place maintained at great expense by the public. . . . At one place we passed a great rice-field, and saw men working with water buffalo. The rice-fields seem to be below the level of the surrounding country, and a great deal of water is required in their cultivation. In the rice-fields we saw the work of harvesting in progress, while just across the way, workmen were engaged in planting seed. This is the rule here: harvesting and planting continue all the year round; the markets are supplied with vegetables, fruits and flowers every day in the year; there is no winter. . . . We took a ride into the mountains, back of Honolulu, and from a high place could see the ocean in two directions: east and west. The mountains reminded me

of Switzerland: we saw one waterfall on the mountain-side that would have attracted attention in Switzerland. The mountains are of volcanic origin, and very steep, but wooded to the top. These trees are protected, to conserve the water supply: it has been observed here that trees aid in retaining moisture. The roads are built of crushed lava-rock, and are almost perfect. We saw a traveling rock-crusher being used by road-builders, which seemed an excellent idea. By the way, the Hawaiian islands produce no building material except this lava-rock: all lumber, cement, brick, etc., used in the islands, are imported. . . . There is considerable rainfall in the mountains, and Honolulu has a fine water supply, obtained by means of reservoirs. Water is abundant on the other islands, also, and used for irrigating, which is necessary in raising crops, except in a few favored localities. A very small depression in the mountains will produce a roaring stream, and we saw many of these streams during our drive. Water-power is consequently very cheap, and it is more extensively used every year.

Kansas is "run" by the railroad barons; Hawaii is run by the sugar barons: wherever you go, you find the boss. Five sugar firms control the islands, and they are in a trust, of course; you can't get away from the trust, either. Hawaii seemed a paradise to me, but Mr. Emmeluth told me there were many reforms to work out. It seemed to me, in a vague sort of way, that I had heard that word before, somewhere. I did not inquire for particulars, but Mr. Emmeluth told me

that the Japanese and Chinese were ruining everything by means of brisk competition. Mr. Emmeluth, indeed, is now closing out his business, because of Japanese and Chinese competition, and will engage in raising pineapples. . . . There are six thousand acres in some of the sugar plantations, and irrigation is necessary in raising sugar cane. At one of the sugar plantations, the pumping machinery alone cost a half-million dollars. This pumping machinery is used in pumping water from artesian wells, and the water is used for irrigating the cane lands. A great deal of fertilizer is also used: an immense fertilizer plant is operated in Honolulu, and is one of the notable sights. Guano is brought from distant places in ships, and, in combination with sulphuric acid and a certain low form of fish, is ground into a fertilizer. The sugar barons are "viewed with alarm," but they do a great deal for the country, which is also true of the railroads and packing-houses at home, if I may be pardoned for saying so.

Annexation to the United States was formerly very popular, but some are now saying: "Well, we don't know." Mr. Emmeluth favored annexation, but says business is not so good now as it was before. Formerly the islands were in constant turmoil, and at least peace has been assured by the change. Business may be dull, but no citizen now fears an alarm in the night, and a new ruler in the morning.

On our way up the mountain we stopped at a little roadside place to rest. The keeper owned a Jersey

cow, and I gorged myself with milk, which tasted surprisingly good after an experience of six days with the condensed article. On our way down the mountain we stopped at the same place again, and I secured all of the "morning's milk," carrying away in a bottle that which I could not drink. Mr. Emmeluth had arranged for an expensive luncheon for us, but I told him that if he would take me where I could secure a bowl, and a spoon, and bread, we could cut out the expensive luncheon. So he took us to his home, and I am glad he did, for it gave me opportunity to see a home in the tropics. The Emmeluths live in a modern house built on a high hill overlooking Honolulu, the harbor, and the ocean. The house was built two years ago, the "lot" being cut out of a mountain of lava. By degrees it is being beautified by means of fountains, fish-ponds, flowers, trees, walks, grass, etc. . . . The Emmeluths employ a Chinaman as cook at \$3 a week, and a Korean boy to work in the yard. Mr. Emmeluth talked in Chinese to the cook, and in Korean to the boy, and they brought me a bowl and a spoon, and bread made from American flour. Then I proceeded to enjoy myself. They also brought in a number of native fruits and vegetables, including taro, the native potato. The taro is ground into a paste, and, after fermentation, becomes poi, on which the natives mainly live. I tasted the poi. It tasted like sour paste, and Mr. Emmeluth says it may be used as paste. The taro plant looks exactly like what we know as the calladium, and the bulb looks like the calladium bulb.

When the taro crop fails, the natives make poi out of American flour, and it seems to answer the purpose, though it is light in color, instead of dark. Americans soon learn to like poi, and it is said to be very wholesome. (NOTE.—I hate a man who, in writing travel notes, frequently uses queer words taken out of the guide-books. I apologize for “taro,” and “poi,” and shall not offend again.) . . . Mrs. Emmeluth is a native of Hawaii, and is very fond of American bacon. . . . The Emmeluth home is supplied with modern plumbing, and the rooms are delightfully light and airy. Instead of having mosquito netting at the windows, the netting is around the beds. There are no heavy draperies, and no plush furniture. Flour, sugar, etc., are kept in earthenware jars in the kitchen. These jars are raised on cup-like legs to keep out the ants, which seem to be somewhat of a pest. The cook has a modern range, with hot-water attachment, and uses wood as fuel. . . . Much to my regret, I did not meet Mrs. Emmeluth; the Korean boy said she had gone downtown. Mr. Emmeluth visited the United States in 1893, and his wife accompanied him. They intended visiting Atchison. I asked Mr. Emmeluth why his wife backed out, but he laughingly replied: “Let her tell you.” When we arrived at the house Mrs. Emmeluth was not at home, and I forgot the incident. . . . Mr. Emmeluth has been in Honolulu twenty-five years. He went there in a sailing-vessel from San Francisco, working his passage as a sailor. Old-timers in Atchison will remember him as a tinner.

His sister has been in Hawaii eight years. She reads *THE GLOBE*, and always pays Atchison travelers attention. She was on the dock when we arrived and when we sailed, and I should like to wager that she will meet Captain Harry Smith and wife, who are due in three or four days, on the transport "Sherman." When I reached my room after sailing, I found two immense baskets of fruit there, sent by Miss Emmeluth. Besides the fruit, they contained several packages of jams, jellies, marmalade, etc., all home-made, and very fine. These we pass about at the ship tables. The baskets contained a sort of melon known as papai. It looks like a large cucumber, except that it is darker in color. The flesh is yellow, and I found it delicious. They say you must cultivate a taste for it, but mine is ready made. Fortunately, Mateel does not like it, nor do the other passengers care for it. It is said to be a natural cure for indigestion. I have enough to last several days. The baskets also contained pineapples and bananas, besides several other fruits which are new to me. Fresh pineapple is also said to be good for indigestion.

In the afternoon we all went bathing at a noted beach four miles from the city, reached by fine and rapid electric cars. When we went out into the water, I noticed with regret that Jim is becoming bald. He later informed me that he was also denying his age. On the way to the beach, we passed dozens of duck farms, owned and managed by Chinese. These farms

are operated on low, marshy places, and are profitable. Chickens are raised in Honolulu, but they are subject to disease; they do not look as healthy as Kansas chickens. Eggs are worth fifty cents a dozen the year round.

Honolulu, although controlled by Americans, is intensely foreign. The population is 40,000, but only one man in ten is white; you travel for blocks, and see only Chinese and Japanese. There are 25,000 Chinese in the islands, and 60,000 Japanese. In the total population there are five men to one woman. There are eighty-five saloons in Honolulu, and half of them are run by Chinese and Japanese. In one of the sugar districts there is a school attended by 600 children. Of these, 400 are Asiatics, 199 natives, and one American. This, of course, is in a country district, but in Honolulu half the school children are Japanese and Chinese. There are three Japanese newspapers in Honolulu, and the Atchison young man now living there is greatly interested in a newspaper row going on between two of the Japanese editors; the Japanese interpreter at the police court reads the articles to him, and interprets them. By the way, the Atchison young man lives at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, a beautiful place occupying an entire block. Surrounding the main hotel building are cottages, almost hidden in the luxuriant vegetation. In one of these cottages he has a room, with bath. He pays exactly one-half his salary for living at the hotel, and it is a good idea to spend your money for com-

fortable quarters instead of for beer. Some of the dining-rooms of the hotel are in the open air, except that there is a roof over them. In the fine garden in front of the hotel is a band-stand, and the Hawaiian band plays in the stand on certain evenings. Honolulu is always full of tourists, and another fine hotel there is known as Young's. Both the hotels named have branches at the bathing beach mentioned elsewhere.

The watermelons in Hawaii are inferior. The sweet corn is also poor, and tomatoes have worms in them, but I heard the formerly of Atchison people make no complaints. There are no snakes on the islands, but there are scorpions and centipedes, and just now there is some excitement over the plague, five cases of which have developed among the Chinese. Formerly there were no mosquitoes on the islands, but a whaling-ship brought them over in infected water. I am prepared to believe that the water carried on ships will produce mosquitoes.

In Atchison, the oleander is kept in houses in pots, and occasionally aired when in bloom. In Honolulu, the oleander becomes a tree. Huge palms are also very numerous. There are certain flowering vines that grow over walls, trees, and houses, and those are very attractive. Flowers are so cheap and easily grown that laborers wear garlands of them in their hats when at work.

It costs forty-one cents a word to telegraph from Honolulu to Atchison. And no wonder: the cable company maintains a ship there constantly, to make repairs. For six months, it has not been out of port, but it is always ready to go out and grapple for the line, in case of a break.

On the road up the mountain I saw a familiar sight: a rural route mail-box. And out at the bathing beach I heard a familiar sound: a girl playing the piano, and singing. I said to my companions: "We have no bread-fruit in Atchison, and no banyan, but at home I can hear singing and piano-playing as poor as that any day." . . . Another thing I noticed: water-pipes on top of ground. As there is no winter here, it may be all right, but it looks shiftless. . . . I also observed hot-houses: they are mainly used, Mr. Emmeluth said, to protect certain young plants from the wind. . . . Out at the beach is a very wonderful aquarium, where live fish of every color of the rainbow may be seen. Later, I saw many of the same fish offered for sale at the fish market. A certain fish here is chopped up fine and eaten raw, as we eat raw oysters.

Many of the gentlemen here wear white suits and white shoes. The officers of the ship appeared in white suits to-day, discarding the dark blue they had been wearing. I have a notion that at the bottom of my trunk I shall find a white suit, and a pair of white shoes; I have found everything else I have needed.

A few notes from the guide-book: There are eight inhabited islands in the Hawaiian group, and three that are uninhabited. The islands are of volcanic formation, and each has one or more extinct craters; on one of the islands, there are two living craters. Sugar is the principal product of the islands, though there are pineapple canneries, rice plantations, sisal plantations, stock ranches, etc. Coffee is also grown on the islands.

When we left Honolulu, a large number of people gathered to see us off. Most of the passengers, who had been out sight-seeing for eight or nine hours, appeared wearing floral wreaths around their necks, purchased of women and children at the entrance to the dock. As the ship began moving out to sea the passengers threw these floral wreaths to friends on the dock. . . . When landing this morning, I saw another pretty sight: whenever a Honolulu passenger went down the gang-plank he was received by friends, and after greetings were exchanged one of the floral wreaths was thrown over his head and around his neck; then he was taken away by his happy friends. Flowers are very cheap and abundant in Honolulu, and the wreaths do not cost much. I think the custom is peculiar to these islands.

This is the thirteenth voyage of the "Siberia," and something has happened: while leaving Honolulu at 5 o'clock this afternoon, one of the ship's screws became tangled in the chain of a buoy, and we are now

lying a mile off Honolulu, trying to find out what the damage is. A boat-load of officers went over the side just now, and tugs are coming out from the town, the lights of which are plainly visible. The ship was compelled to make a complete and very short turn in leaving Honolulu; the harbor is small and the channel shallow. A tug was at each end of the ship, turning it; I was on deck with the other passengers when I heard a man on the tug nearer me sing out: "Look out for your screw!" Then several sharp blasts from the tug were blown and the ship's engines were shut off. But presently they started again, slowly, and we proceeded out of the harbor with great caution. After we were a mile or more away, a tug came racing after us with some word about the bouy-chain, whereupon the engines of the ship were stopped again, and we have been lying here ever since; two hours. We may remain here until morning; we may proceed at any moment. There are all sorts of gossip about the accident. Probably it does not amount to much, but it may be necessary to send down divers, which will take time, etc.

SATURDAY, November 1.

When I awoke at six o'clock this morning we were at sea, but proceeding at half-speed. I learned later that we left Honolulu at 1 A. M. As the passengers appeared on deck, there was a good deal of curiosity to know why we were running so slowly. Presently

a man appeared who knew all about it: we were proceeding at half-speed because we were using but one screw; the other was hopelessly damaged for the voyage, and we should go into dry dock at Nagasaki for repairs. Instead of making Yokohama in nine days, we should reach there in fifteen. The news spread rapidly, and there was a good deal of consternation. If we are not reported at Yokohama in nine days, our friends will be worried: they will be wild in fifteen days, and the papers will be full of the overdue "Siberia," so the passengers say. . . . But it has all turned out to be a mistake. The bouy-chain was successfully removed from the starboard screw at 1 A. M., and we put out to sea, but a little later a steam-pipe began leaking, and one engine was shut down in order that repairs might be made. It was started up again while the excitement was highest among the passengers, and we were soon running at the usual fifteen knots. The passenger who knew all about it had obtained his information of the boatswain, who cannot speak a word of English.

At 11 A. M. we passed a little island, the last of the Hawaiian group. There is a heavy swell, and a strong wind, but no one is sick; however, we knocked on wood when we boasted of it. The pitching this afternoon is heavier than it was the day we left San Francisco.

The Japanese spend a good deal of time at one of the tables in the smoking-room, playing a sort of

checker game. Henry George appeared awhile ago, proceeded to examine the checkers on the board, and was ordered out of the room. I admire the Japanese more than ever. Then the boy came over to the table where I sat, and began striking safety matches by rubbing them against the box. I stood it pretty well; one of the Japanese afterwards said he wondered at my patience. Several additional Japanese passengers came on board at Honolulu, for Yokohama. Among them is a very pretty woman, but as she has not appeared to-day she is probably becoming acquainted with her room.

At dinner to-night the Chinese waiters wore white gowns. Heretofore they have worn blue ones, and the change made them look very odd, for the gowns were nothing more than the night-gowns Atchison men wear when they go to bed. Many of the ladies dress for dinner, and look as I imagine ladies look at a reception. Many of the gentlemen also wear dinner-coats. There is a very decided thinning-out in the dining-room, owing to the number that left the ship at Honolulu. Not more than half the tables seem to be occupied.

We had the Hawaiian roasting-ear for dinner. It was boiled with the husks on, and was not at all sweet, as are roasting-ears at home. The soups and meats are particularly excellent. I asked the waiter for nuts and fruit, and he brought me a glass of milk. I tasted it; it wasn't at all bad. If it weren't for the idea, condensed milk would do very well.

There is one blessed thing about the sea: one can sleep well. I not only sleep well at night, but twice a day I take a "nap."

Most of the old fellows on board have had dyspepsia, and they tell me the most wonderful stories of how they doctored and experimented. One man told me six months were required to determine whether certain food agreed with him. They all say they are now rid of it, but if I am any judge, they are not. If a man has dyspepsia, he will not have much time left for anything else.

It having been stated that there will be services in the music-room to-morrow (Sunday), the men are going on to-night in the smoking-room about the missionaries, who seem to be very unpopular. One man who lives in Japan says the missionaries are disliked everywhere. I take no part in the discussion, but it seems that except the missionaries, there is not a religious man on board. Why not convert the Americans, the English, the French and the Germans, as well as the Chinese?

The passengers are becoming rather tired of one another, after nine days; I notice that they are not quite so polite as they were at first. They are beginning to "talk" about one another a little; I have heard it said of several men that they are tiresome. They are not tiresome to me, because I do not talk with them. I do not know many of the passengers; I can recall only a few of their names.

To-day I discovered a Jap on the steerage deck who looks like my neighbor, Joe Henderson; my partner in the garden last summer. Early one morning last summer, while I was at work in the garden, Joe Henderson came out and followed me around, telling what a great worker he was. He said he could do as much work before breakfast as any ordinary man could do all day. He kept up this talk until one of his children came out to call him to breakfast, and he went away, without having done a thing except to tell what a great worker he was.

The tile floors of the bath-rooms on the ship are heated; there is a steam coil under them. It is a good idea; on stepping onto the floor of the average bath-room you get cold feet.

I seem to be becoming slow in this warm climate. I am ashamed of the length of time I lately require in dressing; I am becoming as slow as a woman. Next thing, I shall sit on the floor to put on my shoes and stockings. . . . I awoke this morning at 4 o'clock, and wanted a drink. The water does not agree with me, and while thinking that the bar was closed, and I couldn't get a lemonade, I remembered that there was part of a pineapple in the room, which I found and enjoyed. Then I went to sleep again, and slept until seven. After dressing, I fell asleep again on the couch before breakfast. The best part of an ocean voyage is the sleeping.

SUNDAY, November 12.

A Japanese man in the steerage died last night, and was buried at 9 o'clock this morning. The ship's engines stopped, which attracted attention, but the burial was over before I reached the stern, where it took place. A passenger who was present says an officer of the ship read the burial service; at the conclusion of this, the body was thrown into the sea.

There were church services at 10:30 this morning. Yesterday afternoon a notice was posted saying that Rev. (I have forgotten his name) would hold services in the music-room Sunday morning, and the programme was carried out. I attended the services, in sheer desperation, for there was nothing else going on. About twenty-five others attended, but the captain was not there, nor were any of the ship's officers. The man selected to conduct the services was one of four missionaries on board. When the services began, I do not believe ten persons were present, but several others dropped in. First, there was a hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall," which was pretty well rendered, as all those present knew it. Then the missionary prayed for the rulers of the world, for those at home, for the officers of the ship, returned thanks for the safe voyage, etc. The next hymn did not go so well, as very few seemed to know it. Then the missionary preached: the entire services lasted an hour and a quarter. The music-room is a fine apartment in plush, and in the center

there is a well looking down into the dining-saloon; above this well there is a really beautiful dome. Among those in attendance was the man I had heard arguing against missionaries the night before, in the smoking-room, and he sang heartily, and remained until the doxology was pronounced. There are many church-goers of this type. Several children attended, which made me think of a story I read the other day, in a comic weekly. "Tommy," a minister is represented as saying to a boy, "I suppose you go to church regularly?" "Yes, sir," the boy replied, "I am not old enough to get out of it." . . . The children yawned, and their mothers shook their fingers at them, in a way I remembered quite distinctly. The ship provided song-books and Bibles, all marked "P. M. S. S. Co."; the hymn-books were of the kind used in the Episcopal Church. I noted that the missionary in charge was a man I had not seen before, but I knew he was the father of a boy I had seen on deck a good deal; they looked exactly alike, and pronounced their "r's" in the same way. The missionary I picked up at Williams, Arizona, was present, with the baby. This he leads about the deck with a strap. The missionary went to sleep, and during the sermon the baby bumped around among the worshippers, until led away by one of the women. The fact that my missionary went to sleep amused us all; I suppose he will say he was enjoying the sermon, and let the baby get away in a moment of bliss, but we all know he was asleep. Henry George was present, and for a wonder, behaved pretty well. The little girl who looks like Ruth Blair,

of Atchison, sat beside me, and I held her hand in recollection of home. A woman I could not see played the hymns on a piano, and the presiding missionary led them: we sang five verses of each one, which seemed to me a good many. . . . The missionary took a text from John, and preached three-quarters of an hour. I had not attended church before in many years, but everything the speaker said seemed strangely familiar; I had heard sermons like it dozens of times before. He spoke of meeting loved ones beyond the grave, and a pale young woman who sat near me, put her handkerchief to her eyes. The sermon was divided into three parts, and a summing-up; I think he had notes in the back part of the hymn-book he held in his hand. The missionary was a poor talker, and I am sure the other missionaries present told their wives afterward that they could have done better. The missionary spoke of his trip to the home-land (as he called it), but found no fault; I found no fault with the sermon, except that it was extremely dull. . . . Then he gave out another hymn, but he was the only person present who knew the tune, and he couldn't sing very well: this part of the service was almost ludicrous. At the conclusion of the missionary's solo the doxology was pronounced, and the congregation scattered about the decks. When I went back to the smoking-room I found four of the men who had attended the service, abusing missionaries. One of the men said the missionary who delivered the sermon was returning to his work in China with a second wife, whom he had married in the States about a month ago.

"Speaking of the States," one of the other men said, "they are good enough for me. They may talk about the beauties of Tokio and Shanghai and Colombo, but the little old States are good enough for me. The trouble with this trip is, when you once start, you can't get back inside of a month."

There is a man on board who wants the passengers to know that he is a singer. He hums a good deal, and I heard him regretting a while ago that there was no one on board to play accompaniments. But there is; I have seen a certain shrinking woman wavering about the piano. These two will finally get together and there will be trouble for the rest. So far, there has been no piano-playing, and no singing.

Elsewhere I have used the Hawaiian word poi. In case you want to pronounce it, pronounce it as an Irishman pronounces pie (poi).

MONDAY, November 13.

This is the tenth day out from San Francisco, and the sea is as smooth as glass. The roll and pitch continue, but so gently that no one notices it. The young girls on board feel so well that they are talking of making fudge; I heard them wondering a while ago whether the head steward would allow it.

Last night, at 6:30, with the first gong for dinner sounding in my ears, I saw the full moon rise out of the water. We figured it out that it was near midnight at home. At first we saw what looked like the reflection of a fire away to eastward. Then the rim of the moon began to appear; it was a dull yellow in color, and seemed many times larger than the moon. When the great orb appeared above the water, it looked like a large pumpkin prepared by boys on Hallowe'en. Later it looked like a golden balloon, lighted on the inside, rising from the ocean. All the passengers were out to look at the moon rise, and they remained until the second and final gong for dinner sounded at seven o'clock.

I am conscious that these letters are becoming pretty dull. When they become more tiresome than reprint (that is, time-copy cut from other papers), it will be the duty of the managing editor to throw them away. I know it would require a good deal of nerve for the managing editor to kill the old man's stuff, but the necessary authority is hereby granted. . . . My intention is simply to tell the dull routine of life in a ship at sea; possibly such a recital will be of benefit to those who are miserable because they cannot take a "trip." There is considerable hardship in "taking a trip"; every traveler will admit that. . . . I do not know whether what I write is good or bad; I have never known during my twenty-eight years' connection with THE GLOBE.

Every man who writes for public print has the consciousness that if he pleases half his readers, he will do well: that the other half of his readers will turn up their noses. And this is equally true in everything else; a man is a success, who pleases a few: the great majority sneer at Vacation Notes, at new hats, new suits, new plays, new books, new babies, new brides, etc.

I am often impressed with the ignorance of intelligent men. I was talking this morning with an intelligent Englishman: a prominent citizen of Manchester. He had been thinking several days of Kansas as a town. Of our form of government he knows almost nothing; as little as I know of England and the English. I made crude maps for him, and he apologized in a hearty way for his ignorance, saying he had been busy in other ways. Yet he is a prominent man in his native city. He is a walking cyclopedia of English affairs, but America has only interested him as a show place, in a general way, as Singapore interests me. Without looking it up, answer this question: Where is Singapore? Until I started on this trip, and began looking up such things, I had the city located in the wrong country. An intelligent child in the eighth grade at school knows more geography than I do. And after the child passes out of the eighth grade it will forget its geography in learning other things; the young lady who accompanies me, lately graduated from an expensive school, knows as little geography as I do. We learn, and we forget; we retain only a little.

Everything about the ship interested me the first few days of the voyage, but little interests me now. I have not looked down at the Chinese and Japanese in the steerage for days; I no longer care for their games, which seem to continue night and day. Yesterday at dinner there was a great laugh at the table. I inquired the cause, and found that a dyspeptic, sitting near the captain, had ordered mince pie. That was the cause of the merriment; people are easily amused at sea; if they are not, they are not amused at all. . . . As I sit in the smoking-room I see the passengers pass the doors, in taking their walks; when I become weary, and go on deck, I see other passengers sitting in their chairs, and still others sitting in their doorways. They will gladly talk about anything, so little goes on; not a single sail has been seen since we left San Francisco, except those we saw in the harbor at Honolulu. I begin to feel like the Ancient Mariner, who sailed and sailed, and at last drifted into the great sea of derelicts from which nothing ever escapes. And we shall not see land until a week from to-morrow.

Am I having a good time? Not yet. But I am certainly having a rest. Judge Tracy, who is going to his station in the Philippines, said to me this morning: "You are looking much better than when you came on board." That's encouraging; that's better than: "What's the matter? You are looking thin." I do not talk with a half-dozen people in a day, be-

cause I do not care to: the freedom from the eternal talk, talk, talk, is what is doing me good. For years I have discussed politics, and the wheat prospect, and the corn prospect, and the Doniphan road, and the various other things that enter into the average man's life. When a man at home begins talking to me, and discusses an ordinary subject, I know exactly what he will say. When there is an election, I am as familiar with what is coming as I am with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," since all elections are alike. I have been witness to so many elections, and witness to so many other of the common events of life, that I am tired of them. To the young man just coming of age, there is excitement in an election, but to an old fellow who has heard the same talk a hundred times before, it is all very uninteresting. I have been on the streets so long that I know a year or two in advance that a man is a candidate: they all act alike; they all have a forced geniality that cannot be mistaken. The same thing is true in the other affairs of life: a man of experience has seen the same things repeated so many times that he becomes tired of them. . . .

I am not saying this to pose as a wise man: rather, it is a frank confession that I am getting old and weary. Therefore, I am enjoying the loneliness; the freedom from conversation. I take my "constitutional" with Mateel, and she often comes into my room, and we "visit" together. Now that she has recovered from seasickness, she is thoroughly enjoying the trip, and knows nearly every one on board. Both of us are having a "good time," but in a different way. It is

rather surprising to me that I am as solitary as I am turning out to be.

As this is an American ship, probably you will like to know something about the fare. I therefore give three typical bills of fare, for one day:

BREAKFAST.

Fruit—Fresh figs; pomelaes.

Cereals—Cracked wheat.

Fish—Fried sole; boneless smoked herring.

Steak and Chops—Beefsteak, sauce creole; roast beef hash; liver and bacon; pork sausage, mashed potatoes; smoked beef, *a la cream*; fried plantains; ham, fried or broiled, cooked to order.

Eggs—To order.

Vegetables—Boiled potatoes; fried potatoes.

Hot Rolls, Cakes, etc.—French bread, corn bread, brown bread, toast, hot rolls, zweiback, buckwheat cakes.

Marmalade, assorted jams and preserves, honey, jelly, maple syrup.

Coffee, cocoa, chocolate, tea.

LUNCH.

Salad—Cauliflower salad, sliced tomatoes, shrimp salad.

Soup—San Cocho, bouillon.

Entrées—Broiled quail, cooked to order; veal and ham, fresh pancakes with papia marmalade, scrambled eggs with asparagus, curried mutton, baked potatoes, sweet potatoes, lyonnaise potatoes.

Cold Dishes—Roast beef, galantine of turkey, chipped beef, boiled ham, head cheese, smoked tongue, bologna sausage, corned beef, pork and beans, roast veal, *pâte de fois gras*, sardines, soured pigs' feet.

Dessert—Farina pudding, assorted cakes, cranberry tart, apples, cocoanut pie, crackers and cheese, tea and coffee.

DINNER.

Oysters on half-shell, radishes, celery, ripe olives.

Soup—Consommé frintaniere, cream of barley.

Fish—Boiled mullet, parsley sauce.

Boiled—Smoked tongue, with spinach.

Entrées—Tenderloin of beef, salmi of snipe, omelette soufflé, curried giblets.

Roasts—Prime ribs of beef with baked potatoes, turkey with cranberry sauce, loin of pork with apple sauce.

Vegetables—Cauliflower, string beans, mashed potatoes, baked potatoes.

Puddings and Pastry—Plum pudding with hard and brandy sauce, mince pie, cocoanut macaroons, squash pie, baba au madere, Neapolitan ice cream, assorted cakes, nuts and raisins, grapes, pears, dried lychees; Rochefort, Swiss, Edam, cream, pineapple and Young America cheese; café noir.

These bills of fare vary from day to day; we have everything to eat that is obtainable. In addition to the three regular meals, there is a meal in bed, if you want it; beef tea served on deck at 11 o'clock every morning; tea and cakes in the afternoon, a late supper at 10 o'clock, etc. The ship is new and beautiful, and it seems to me the best in every way, that I have ever patronized. In spite of the great offering in the way of food, I eat but twice a day, and then very sparingly; breakfast at 8 o'clock, and dinner at 7 o'clock. I think I am the only passenger who eats but twice a day. It is not the slightest deprivation in my case; I became accustomed to it years ago, having cut out lunch because the noon hour has always been my busiest hour. . . . Of course there is an elaborate wine card on the ship, from which pas-

sengers may order at will; and the wine is extra, as is the rule everywhere. I have seen very little drinking.

There is one place on the upper deck where a smell of beefsteak is nearly always noticeable. The passengers say, "The wind is from the beefsteak quarter," and move their chairs. At another place, an odor of oil from the machinery is nearly always noticeable.

I didn't know until to-day that there is a United States law against passengers going on the bridge. A copy of the law is framed and displayed on the upper deck. I suppose the idea is that visitors to the bridge interfere with the officers on duty.

Henry George appeared in the smoking-room this morning and attempted the Carrie Nation act: that is, he upbraided the men for smoking, saying it was a shame to waste money in that way when money was so badly needed in missionary work. Henry George is a boy eight or ten years old, the son of the missionary I picked up at Williams, Arizona.

About noon we ran into a rain-storm with wind. The storm increased, and soon a very bad sea was running; from the nicest morning of the voyage, within six or eight hours we changed to the worst weather since leaving San Francisco. At first the passengers rather enjoyed the pitching of the ship,

and the dashing of waves over the lower³² decks, and they ran races around Cape Horn, as they called the forward deck. But the terrific motion soon told, and the passengers, formerly so gay, began sneaking off to their rooms. At dinner, racks were placed on the tables, to prevent the dishes from rolling off. This is the second time in the history of the "Siberia," that racks have been put on the tables, so it will be imagined that the storm was a severe one. A gentleman, who had proudly assured me that he didn't know what seasickness was, failed to eat anything for thirty-six hours. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and the night was a wretched one. The weight of the "Siberia" is eighteen thousand tons, and it is no exaggeration to say that it tossed like a chip. The storm lasted thirty-six hours, and I remained in bed most of the time with pillows stuffed about me. Fortunately I slept a good deal. The Atchison girl, who had been so gay in the morning, was completely knocked out again by the storm, and cried from homesickness. "I don't care," she said; "I had a good time thinking about the trip." . . . The next time you hear a man telling about his experiences abroad, don't envy him; you were wiser than he in remaining at home. To pay out a large sum of money for a spell of sickness is a trick no sensible person should be guilty of.

WEDNESDAY, November 15.

You will observe that I have dropped Tuesday.

That's what happened when we crossed the 180th meridian: we lost a day. Captain Smith, of the "Siberia," has written an explanation of this, which follows:

"EXPLANATORY OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF CROSSING THE 180TH MERIDIAN. BY CAPTAIN J. TREMAINE SMITH, S. S. 'SIBERIA.'

"All time is reckoned from Greenwich, which is sometimes called the primary, or first meridian—longitude, 0. Places on the earth are either behind or ahead of Greenwich time, according as they are in east or west longitude. For example, when it is noon at Greenwich, it is 7 A. M. in New York the same day. New York is in 75 west, and as each 15 degrees of longitude is one hour of time, New York is therefore five hours behind Greenwich. When it is 8 A. M. in San Francisco, it is 4 P. M. in Greenwich of the same day. San Francisco is 120 degrees west from Greenwich, or eight hours of time later, of course. Places east of Greenwich have their time earlier by the difference of longitude, or the distance from Greenwich. Example: Manila is in longitude 120 degrees from Greenwich, or eight hours of time; therefore when it is 4 P. M. in Manila, it is 8 A. M. of the same day in Greenwich. In Japan, standard time is reckoned from the 135th meridian, or nine hours ahead of Greenwich time.

"Noon at any place on the earth is marked by the advent of the sun across the meridian of that place. If the traveler is sailing from east to west, or from San Francisco towards Japan, and say, around the world on the same westerly course, he and the sun are moving in the same direction, and the instant the sun arrives at his meridian it must be past noon at the place he left yesterday, and is not yet noon at the place he hopes to reach to-morrow. . . . The opposite condi-

tion holds, of course, if he is going eastward around the world; or, instead of the sun overtaking him, as it did in going westward, he now advances to meet the sun, and therefore shortens his day by the length of his distance made each day, instead of lengthening it; or his day will probably be $23\frac{1}{2}$ hours, instead of $24\frac{1}{2}$ hours. . . . By the time the traveler has reached the meridian of 180 degrees, going westward, he has lengthened his life by 12 hours of time, and if he continues to travel in the same direction until he reaches Greenwich (from which all time is reckoned) he will have added 24 hours to his life, probably without being conscious of the fact. If traveling in the opposite direction (eastward), he will have shortened his life by the same time, but instead of dropping a day, as we have done here, he adds a day at the 180th meridian and evens up what he had lost on the journey. To put the problem more plainly: Suppose two men, A and B, started on the same instant on a journey around the world, the first going east and the other west, neither making any alteration in his date from the time of starting until their return together on the same day. This is what would happen: A would believe that he had arrived say on Sunday, while B would persist in the belief that it was Friday. There would be a difference of two whole days in their reckoning; but no one would seriously entertain the idea that on this account A had lived forty-eight hours longer than B. The actual day of the week would of course be Saturday, and the actual time consumed by each on the journey would be precisely the same. A, going west, should have dropped a day; B, going east, should have added a day."

THURSDAY, November 16.

The sea is smoother this morning, and the passen-

gers are appearing on deck again. . . . The run from yesterday noon until to-day was 385 miles, the best record during the voyage. At noon to-day we were eighteen hundred miles from Yokohama, and thirty-seven hundred from San Francisco. It has been figured out that we shall reach Yokohama shortly before noon on Tuesday next. Our big run of yesterday was due in a measure to a favorable wind which accompanied the storm. A ship, like a horse or an automobile, does best with a downhill pull.

I spoke in one of these letters of elderly men's tiring of the ordinary affairs of life, from having encountered and disposed of them so frequently. It's like a man employed in a union station: he knows so well when the trains go that he thinks other people should know; after many years' service, he cannot answer questions about trains with much patience or politeness, although answering questions about trains is his business. . . . I have also come to think, possibly in a conceited sort of way, that I have heard nearly all the good advice that can be given during the many years I have been in the way of it. Yesterday, when I was low-spirited because of the motion of the ship, the Chinese steward came into my room. Finding I was not doing very well, he advised me to take a medicine known as fruit salt. I had been taking it regularly ever since leaving San Francisco, and it did no good. If you are 40 or 50 years old, haven't you tried much good advice, and found it

ineffective? After a while, you will know that most of the good advice given you is worthless, having tried it.

Yesterday, while I was seasick, it seemed to me I couldn't stand six days more of it, or any more of it. Which reminded me of a remark I once heard a very old man make. He was ill, and was telling me of his troubles. Without thinking, I said: "I don't see how you stand it." The old man thought a while, and then replied feebly: "I have to stand it!" There are many disagreeable things we can't get away from: we are compelled to stand them.

Occasionally I see the firemen come out of the hold, and go aft to eat their meals. If I had my gardening suit with me, I would ask permission to go down and shovel coal a while. That is what most of us need the most: exercise. I have never before envied a Chinaman, but I find myself envying the Chinese firemen, because of their magnificent sea-legs.

The gambling among the Chinese on the steerage deck seems to flag. To-day, while I was looking down there, the dealer motioned to me to come down, and try my luck. Wherever you go, you find a siren. (NOTE.—Is there such a thing as a male siren?) But if nothing tempted me more than gambling or drinking, I should be the best man in the world.

You see a great deal in the newspapers about "loud" Americans abroad. There are none on this ship. The passengers are all well-behaved; all very quiet and well-bred. And the Americans are rather better-behaved than the others. I am inclined to believe that the stories about "loud" Americans traveling abroad, are inventions. Americans themselves invent and circulate stories "on" each other. Ever hear of the English making fun of the English in America? I never did.

On deck to-day I saw a woman reading a book entitled "The Gambler." Beside her sat a man attentively reading a book entitled "The Bishop."

There is a man on board who seems to be a prisoner in charge of an officer. They sit together at table, and the big man has the quiet bulldog way that characterizes law officers of long experience. The little man, the one supposed to be the prisoner, is a foreigner; the other man is apparently from one of the English colonies. Nothing whatever is known about the pair. Another story is that the little man is a great rake, a rich man's son, and that the big man is his keeper. They are certainly not traveling for pleasure. A good many expect to see the little man jump overboard before the ship lands at Yokohama.

It is said that before the "Siberia" can make money on a round trip, it must take in \$140,000.

I have always had a notion that the Hawaiian islands are a sort of paradise, and that the Philippines are just the reverse. Yet a gentleman who has lived in both places says that they are very similar, except that the Philippine islands are much larger. The climate is about the same, he says, and everything is grown in the Philippines that can be grown in the Hawaiian group. The government experts have decided that the soil of the Philippines produces better sugar than the soil of the Hawaiian islands, and the Philippines have many advantages not possessed by the Hawaiian islands, including more rain, timber, building-stone, etc. Money must be spent lavishly at Honolulu, and the same thing is true at Manila; the Philippines and Hawaii are alike in many ways. A deeper and better harbor is almost a necessity at Honolulu, and Manila is clamoring for the same thing: Manila bay is so big that it is not a harbor at all. The Philippines and Hawaii will cost our Government a tremendous sum of money, but they may prove profitable in the end.

As I went to bed very early last night, I was awake at 4 o'clock this morning and took a stroll on deck. I seemed to be the only person on the ship, which was steaming along as usual in a quiet sea. At six o'clock every morning the bath-room boy comes after me; he has learned that I am an early riser. In passing down the hall to the bath-room, I passed several stateroom doors that had been left open, owing to the warm night. You can't help seeing into rooms when you pass, and

the doors are open, and in one of these rooms I saw an old lady sitting in the upper berth, knitting. She wore spectacles, and was knitting away as industriously as though waiting for daylight at home. "Surely," I thought, "this old lady is going out to join a daughter, or nothing would induce her to attempt the long journey." I have never seen the old lady in the dining-room; she must be having a lonely and miserable time.

Last night the lower deck was entirely deserted: the passengers had gone to the upper deck to hear a phonograph! You can judge how dull it is when the passengers turn out to hear a phonograph.

There was talk to-day of getting up a paper to be read at dinner on Sunday next. The passengers are not only tiring of each other, but they want to "pick" at each other. Still, I will say, they are a very polite lot. They cause me to be rather proud of my kind. It has probably occurred to you that people are becoming kinder all the time. People are pretty nice. And I do not refer particularly to the people on ship-board; indeed, I refer to the people at home, whom I greatly admire after a long acquaintance.

A voyage at sea is worth while for the season of contemplation it affords. I think I have always known myself pretty well, but I know myself better now than ever before; when I am on a lonely journey I pick myself to pieces, and look at every piece with candor;

and this has been the loneliest journey in all my experience.

The talk of a paper to be read at dinner on Sunday has gone so far that there is already a movement to get out an opposition sheet. A man named Thomas, a steel-man from Pittsburg, somehow became editor of the paper at first proposed. He invited contributions, and the passengers began handing them in. But it seems Mr. Thomas objected to many of the contributions, as too long, or unsuitable: hence the talk of an opposition sheet. How people do dislike to have their contributions censored! But there is a good deal of it; for all of us. Editor Thomas informed me a while ago that he was no writer, but an excellent critic. Every man who can't write, by the way, thinks he is a first-class critic. If I contribute anything to either sheet, I think I will favor the opposition; that's the Kansas way.

One passenger has just shown me his contribution to the proposed paper. It is as follows: "At Honolulu, Mr. Epstein was very anxious to receive a cablegram from home. Just before the ship sailed, he received it, and it pleased him. It read: 'Epstein, S. S. Siberia, Honolulu: Throw off all care and enjoy your vacation. Your affairs are in the best possible condition. Store burned last night.'"

If the proposed paper is at all interesting, it will be surprising; no one has any sense at sea, and to write anything interesting is absolutely impossible.

There is a young married woman on board, who is a great favorite with the men. We have been studying the cause of her popularity, and have concluded that it is due to her habit of laughing at all their jokes. From my experience with men, I should say that is a good way. Why not? Do we not all admire appreciative people? A love affair is nothing more than a mutual admiration society of two members. I don't care for cold, critical people; I like people with a good deal of enthusiasm for the particular things I am interested in. Ice-cold may be well enough for beer and butter and such things, but when it comes to friendships, the refrigerator is out of place.

I have seen the statement made that the sea is impressive. To me it is not more impressive than a desert. We seem to be sailing on a lake not more than ten miles across. I looked out of the window just now, and it did not seem to be five miles to where the sky dipped down and joined the water. While thousands of miles from land, you do not realize the immensity of the body of water on which you are sailing. I do not think anyone is ever afraid at sea; in all the trying lurches of the ship it seems perfectly staunch and safe, and you cannot realize the distance you would be compelled to swim in case of accident.

Riches and poverty are largely a matter of comparison. When we are at dinner the Japanese steerage passengers look in at the windows and envy us the lux-

ury of the cabin. But we can't eat the food offered, and are not comfortable. After dinner, we walk about the gaily lighted decks, and the Chinese steerage passengers look up at us as if they were thinking: "The swells in the cabin are having a gay time!" But we are not swells, and we are not having a gay time. . . . How often I have heard people at home say: "The dream of my life is to take an ocean voyage."

The Japanese passengers in the forward steerage eat exactly as do the Chinese passengers in the aft steerage—with chopsticks. They sit on their haunches in groups, with a pan of rice in the center, out of which they replenish their bowls. Among the Japanese are a mother and two children. This woman, instead of shoveling the rice into her mouth as the men do, lifts it into her mouth with the two chopsticks: a rather difficult process. Women are always politer than men, wherever you find them. The woman's baby fell and hurt its hand one morning. The mother petted the baby as I have seen white mothers do a million times, and then she kissed the injured hand to make it well.

Since the storm the weather has been excellent. We are, however, losing our summer, and rougher weather is predicted as we approach the shores of Japan.

FRIDAY, November 17.

There is gossip on deck this morning to the effect that last night the editors of the proposed ship news-

paper had a stormy time deciding what should go in, and what should not. The editors are Frank E. Pixley, the writer of comic operas; Judge Tracy, Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, and Mr. Thomas, already mentioned. Mr. Thomas was originally the editor, but modestly invited Mr. Pixley and Judge Tracy to assist him. Mr. Thomas supposed they would be figureheads, and accept his judgment, but it seems they did not, and started a rough house. One story on deck is that bottles were thrown. The appearance of the sheet is anxiously awaited. Mr. Pixley says the trouble arose over the repetition of Mr. Thomas's contributions; although he claimed to be only a critic, and not a writer, it seems he tried writing, and poetry at that.

I was talking to-day with a marine officer who was stationed three years at Guam. He says that, although a Methodist, he was well pleased with the Catholics there. The Catholics converted the natives many years ago, and their influence over them was good. The old priest in charge was a kindly, intelligent man, and did such excellent work among the natives that the army officers, all Protestants, were pleased. While the marine officer was living there, four Protestant missionaries arrived, and at once began a crusade against the Catholics. The result was a lot of trouble for everybody. Right or wrong, there seems to be no doubt that missionaries are very unpopular where best known. Captain Smith, of the "Siberia," says that the wife of the missionary I picked up at Williams, Arizona, went

to China seventeen years ago, as a young girl, to visit a sister. Captain Smith predicted to her that she would marry a missionary. Sure enough, she did, and now has eight children. Captain Smith says the missionary board allows a missionary \$300 a year for each child below a certain age. My missionary draws \$1,500 a year for the five children accompanying him. I have heard him mention another son, who is at college.

Speaking of the remoteness here from everything American, a naval officer told me that one day, several years ago, he was sitting on a hotel veranda in Shanghai, China, when a boy came along selling copies of an English paper. The paper contained a line stating that "William McKinley, President of the United States," had been shot at Buffalo the day before. The Americans didn't believe the story, but the news was confirmed next day. Within a week, the officer's ship sailed for Guam, believing that the wounded President would recover. Arriving at Guam after several weeks, the people there had not heard of the shooting at all, although at that time the President had been buried many days. The arrival of the next ship was eagerly awaited, but when it came, after several weeks, the officers had not so much as heard of the assassination. Five weeks later, another ship arrived, bringing news of the death of the President. The news was then several months old.

Another rain fell to-day, and the weather is what they call "nasty." There is a heavy swell, and a good

many of the passengers have gone to their cabins to sleep. One man confessed to me that he was violently seasick. When the weather is fine we all do pretty well, but when the rolling and pitching become violent, we all lose our sea-legs.

SATURDAY, November 18.

Speaking of the difference in time, while we are having Saturday here, you are having Friday at home. In addition, when you are sound asleep at midnight, we have had breakfast an hour, and are walking about looking for amusement. This is my fourteenth day at sea, but I am still squeamish in the dining-room, although I am very careful in my diet, and eat sparingly. Still, everything is as clean as scouring can make it, and the food as good as possible. Every time you leave your room a Chinaman cleans it, and puts it to rights. But there is proof everywhere to convince you that your neighbors who remained at home were wise. . . . I often think how content I shall be when at home once more. Heaven knows I shall never again long to travel.

Every woman claims to be a mystery; and she is. I can tell you about men, but I know nothing about women. I laugh every time I think how badly I was mistaken in a certain woman passenger. Soon after we left San Francisco, I saw her walking about the decks with a handsome young man. They were a

fine-looking couple, and I decided they were bride and groom. I thought of the bride as a shrinking, modest young woman, carefully reared by nice parents, and admired her. At Honolulu, it developed that the young man was not her husband at all: he left the ship there, and she continued on to Hong Kong. When the ship left Honolulu, the woman tore her handkerchief to pieces, waving it at the young man, although she is going to Hong Kong to join a husband to whom she has been married eight years. She missed the young man for a few days, and read a good deal, but soon made up with other men, and is now as gay as ever. I think she has flirted with every man on board, with one exception. She is now busy with a married man from Nagasaki, and the man's wife is so angry that she will not leave her stateroom. The other women are in a beautiful state of indignation. Incidentally, I cannot help thinking what a "time" the married man has when he returns to his room late at night after a flirtation on the upper deck. If I were that married man, I would rather not flirt than be subjected to the "jawing" and tears he must submit to. The other women say the men have noticed the flirtation of the married man with the married woman, and are indignant. The men may be indignant, but I have not heard them say anything. . . . The woman, however, does not seem to think she is doing anything wrong. She no doubt believes she is so attractive that men cannot help hovering about her. I talked with her one day, while we were leaning over the rail, and she seemed to think she had as much

right to flirt as a girl. She has lived all her life in boarding-houses, and her husband never lives long in one place; he is a traveling auditor, or something of that kind. Possibly she does not know that the man she has been amusing herself with has a wife on board who is so angry that she will not leave her room. The men who "understand" women are smarter than I am.

The woman known on board as "the soubrette" sits next to me at table. For several days it has been evident to me that she was anxious to tell her age: so I gave her a chance last night. She was married at seventeen and is now twenty-nine. I knew I could raise a storm among the women, and did it: I told one of them that the soubrette had confided to me her age: twenty-nine. The news was all over the ship in five minutes. Twenty-nine! None of the women said the woman was under forty-five, and some said fifty. Even the men took an interest; the men didn't venture any figures, but they laughed with the wise air men assume when they discuss the ages of women. While I do not know much about women, I can't help being able to tell an old one from a young one, and "the soubrette" is certainly as old as I am. Why do people tell ridiculous stories of this kind? But how many do it! Do you not know people who tell you ridiculous stories about themselves every day?

Our intention is to leave the ship at Yokohama, and after six or seven days in Japan, rejoin it at Kobe.

The girl said to me awhile ago: "When I am compelled to go back to the 'Siberia' at Kobe, I'm sure I shall cry." . . . But I'd rather do that than go back home the way we came: if we do, we shall be compelled to submit to two Fridays in one week. Think of counting off the weary days, and then realizing some morning that you must go through that day all over again, before you can begin on the day following! It's a dreadful thought.

I've seen a good many dirty things, but I do not believe I have ever seen anything quite so dirty as the dirty water they throw overboard here. When anything is thrown overboard at sea, it is pretty well used up.

There was another graphophone concert on the upper deck last night, and I was invited to attend. It is pretty lonely here, but not lonely enough, yet, to induce me to attend a graphophone concert. I learned, but without surprise, that the piece known as "Hearts and Flowers" is among the selections. The men here are "different," most of them speaking several languages, but musical programmes seem to be the same everywhere.

Seven men have been sitting in a game of whisky poker, in the smoking-room, ever since we left Honolulu. The stakes are not high; ten cents a corner, and nobody loses or wins much. But the "talk" of these men is about the most interesting thing on board.

The other men stand around by the hour, listening to it. All the players are Americans, except one Australian, and their talk sounds wonderfully familiar. These men come from all points of the compass, but their "talk" is exactly the "talk" that might be heard in a good-natured game of cards in Atchison.

SUNDAY, November 19.

The much talked of ship newspaper, "The Siberian Chestnut," appeared this morning, and created a ripple of excitement. Twenty copies were printed on a hectograph and handed around. As I have been the most solitary man on board, the editors took a shot at me in poetry.

One of the best things in the "paper" was a "smash" at two young Englishmen on board, named Hodgson. They are university-bred, but half the passengers do not understand them readily; a good many Englishmen do not seem to speak English. The item read:

"The Hodgson brothers are among those present. On the trip, they have managed to pick up considerable English."

The young men could not see the "joke," although several tried to explain it to them.

I have several times referred in these letters to the missionary and his children. I have said nothing

about them on board, therefore the following item from the ship paper may be taken as a fair indication that they annoy others:

"All the missionary children seem to be going out to China. We cannot commend this course too highly, as we expect to return to the United States."

I heard the missionary say to a friend, soon after the paper appeared: "I am the last man in the world to object to a joke, but ——." The remainder of the sentence was lost in the wind and waves.

Here is a "poem":

Little Mary, playing around,
Fell into the tank and was drowned;
Father missed his little daughter,
Now we sterilize our water.

Another:

STRAIGHT DOWN.

We haven't seen a sail so far,
And it's hard to understand,
For on this trip we always are,
Within five miles of land.

The following was written by Frank Pixley, author of "King Dodo," etc.:

The poets may sing as much as they please,
Of life on the ocean wave,
But it all depends,
On the way, my friends,
That the sea and the ship behave.

When the skies are clear, and the sea is calm,
I don't mind a trip like this;
 Never miss a meal,
 And begin to feel
That I know what pleasure is.

But when the waves pile up, and the ship gets drunk,
And those meals will not stay down,
 How I long for a spot
 In some vacant lot,
Or a garret in any old town.

Among other contributions was one headed "Advertisement," and calling attention to a model ship now building. The advertisement read, in part:

"We beg to announce the building of a Model Ship, which will be ready for service by the time passengers on the 'Siberia' are ready to return home. Among the advantages the Model Ship will offer, attention is called to the following: 1. The waiters will not be permitted to wear night-gowns while serving dinner; 2. The kitchen and machinery will be located in the ninth story; 3. The officers will be seasick during bad weather, instead of the passengers, who have paid their money for a good time; 4. Passengers will be permitted on the bridge; 5. Cows and chickens will be kept on board and fresh milk and eggs served. Also cistern water. Breakfast will be announced by the crowing of roosters, instead of by beating a gong; 6. When a ship's officer says a witty thing at table, convulsing the ladies about him, he will arise, and repeat his remark, for the benefit of all, as jokes by ship's officers, like bishops' jokes, are always good; 7. Horses and buggies will be provided in which passengers may take long rides in the surrounding country; 8. The only motion of the Model Ship will be straight

ahead, at sixty miles an hour; the roll and pitch will be dispensed with; 9. The sailors will be railroad brakeman and the ship's whistle a locomotive whistle, instead of the hoarse variety now in use on the 'Siberia'; 10. In case there is a writer of comic operas on board the Model Ship, he will read his latest work to the passengers."

Here is some more verse:

A ship is designated she:
The reason, I infer,
Is that it always takes a man,
To rightly manage her.

Another:

UNSETTLED.

Two weeks have wrought a wondrous change
In us, it seems to me;
No matter what our plans were then,
To-day we're all at sea.

The opposition sheet did not appear: it turned out to be a "joke" on the editors.

This is the third Sunday out. Religious services were held in the music-room, a rather smaller audience than usual appearing. A new missionary officiated: not my missionary—no one seems to think much of him. The new man devoted his time to telling of his experiences in China, and was rather interesting; the other man had been dull with his sermon, so the new man told bear stories: he told how the Chinese had chased him, and how they had burned his build-

ings. The speaker built the hospital lately burned in China, which was told about in the telegraph dispatches a few days before I left home. Five of the employees of the hospital were killed. So that was what the speaker's efforts resulted in: he had worked and suffered for many years, and as a result of it all the Chinese burned the hospital and killed five people. The speaker said he was going back to the turbulent town; to renew the trouble. Then we sang another hymn, and went out to wonder why the missionary had devoted his life to such a cause; according to his own confession, he had accomplished nothing save building a hospital, after years of toil and danger. While he was away, the building was burned and five people killed. If this is Doing Good, I am glad I am not in the work.

On leaving home, a lady gave me a book entitled "Of the Imitation of Christ," accompanied by a card which read: "Please read this; I am sure it will comfort you." On returning to my room from the services, I read in this book. I do not understand it; at this moment I haven't the remotest idea as to what it means. It is a famous book; I have heard that it has comforted many people, but I could not find anything in it for me. . . . Several days ago a Japanese died, and was buried at sea. If I should be forced to jump overboard, and swim back a thousand miles to try to find that Jap's body, it would be no greater impossibility than to find comfort in the little book mentioned. I do not say this

flippantly, or with a view to being offensive, but because I wonder that a book that has appealed to so many, so utterly fails to appeal to me.

We have been hearing during the voyage that several cabin passengers have won large sums of money by playing with the Chinese gamblers on the steerage deck. We heard the truth to-day: all the passengers who gambled with the Chinese lost money; some of them heavily. As soon as a cabin passenger goes over to the Chinese quarter, the games begin to open up, and the Chinese gamblers begin calling to the cabin passengers to patronize their games. Two men went over to-day, and, on their return, confessed that between them they lost \$60 in twenty minutes. The favorite game is dice, not fan tan.

The quarrels between the English and the Americans continue to afford amusement. At dinner to-day, Mrs. Frank Pixley objected because an Englishman named Hume was traveling without his wife. "In America," she said, "a wife may travel for pleasure without her husband, but a husband must not go on a pleasure trip without his wife." The Englishman was in a beautiful rage because of the suggestion that a husband was not so free as his wife; but Mrs. Pixley stated the American position correctly; we all admitted that.

When this ship started out from San Francisco the passengers had all sorts of exalted notions about

one another. But we are finding out the truth: one man I thought was a lord, turns out to be a clerk in the office of a London branch in Japan. When a number of tourists get together, several days are required to discover that they are plain human beings. A woman we all thought had a title and great estates, turns out to be a widow who has about exhausted her first husband's life insurance, and is looking for a fresh start in life. I don't believe there is anything very promising on board in the way of rich men.

MONDAY, November 20.

It was expected that we should land at Yokohama to-morrow between 10 A. M. and noon, but we are behind-time, owing to head-winds, and shall not make it before 3 P. M., according to gossip in the smoking-room. Besides, we were delayed eight hours in Honolulu, by the accident I have already mentioned. . . . The passengers began packing up to-day; in every room in the ship, luggage had been unpacked and spread out and hung up everywhere. The sailors also had the steam windlasses going, getting ready for the landing to-morrow, so that altogether, it has been rather a busy day. Toward dark, a very stiff head-wind came up, and there was no real comfort anywhere except in bed. When I determined to go to my room I found it difficult to get there. My room is amidships, with the door opening on the deck, and the wind was blowing the spray against my door with such fury that I

was drenched before I got inside. You may think the wind whistles dismal tunes around a house on a wild night, but you should hear it around a ship at sea.

Mateel heard from the stewardess that the "boy" who waits on her receives only \$7 a month in wages, and that he has a large family including a father, grandfather and grandmother to support. It seems that they complain of kin in China as much as they do in America. This story of the stewardess was a hint, no doubt, that the tips should be liberal. You are expected to give tips to your room steward, your waiter at table, your bootblack, the bath boy, the deck boy and the smoking-room boy, and contribute toward purses for others. Tips cost the average passenger ten to fifteen dollars a voyage. Problem: If you pay a sleeping-car porter twenty-five cents for a night's journey, how much should you pay servants with whom you have traveled on a steamship for a month? On the Atlantic, there is a fixed rate to pay your room steward and your dining-room steward, \$2.50 each for the voyage. I do not know what is expected of us on the longer voyage on the Pacific.

I received a shock to-day: I had been anticipating fresh milk and butter in Japan, but was informed by an old traveler that the milk and butter in Japan are imported in tins, as the natives do not use or care for them.

The missionary's boy told me a while ago that in China his family employs seven Chinese servants.

"Well, then," I asked him, "what do you do?" "We do the missionary work," he replied.

It is smoking-room gossip that the gambling games on the steerage deck are operated by the ship's employees; that one game is backed by the sailors, another by the firemen, another by the waiters, etc. If this is the case, the "boys" probably do pretty well.

TUESDAY, November 21.

There was a very heavy head-wind all through last night, and at one o'clock this morning the seas were breaking over the prow so heavily that speed was reduced. This will delay our arrival in Yokohama this afternoon to four or five o'clock. The weather is so cold this morning that the passengers keep warm with difficulty. . . . There was a concert in the music-room last night, but few attended, owing to the bad weather. . . . At 9 A. M. a passenger called my attention to two blue mounds straight ahead that looked like clouds, but were a little too low for clouds. They turned out to be LAND, and we spread the glad news about the ship. How the passengers stood and gazed and gazed! Japan is very mountainous, and by noon there were mountains all about us, but long distances away. At that hour the run for the preceding twenty-four hours was posted, and we found we were still sixty-one miles from Yokohama. By two o'clock we were in a broad

inland sea, with fishing fleets and villages in sight. By three o'clock we began passing frowning forts, and navy-yards, and lighthouses, and a smoking mountain was pointed out, which was said to be a volcano. At four the engines stopped in sight of Yokohama, to await the coming of the port doctors and the customs officers. In half an hour these officials arrived, and the cabin passengers were notified by a gong to assemble in the dining-room, to be inspected by the doctors. This performance consisted of three serious Japanese doctors going about, and counting us, after which we were dismissed, and went up on deck to look at the great number of ships in the harbor. By this time, the principal hotels had sent off private launches, which hovered about the ship. They were labeled in the language of the good old United States: the Oriental Palace, the Grand Hotel, etc. In addition to the hotel boats, dozens of row-boats hovered about. Then the ship began to move slowly, and finally cast anchor inside the breakwater. The ship's tender came alongside, and the hotel boats ranged next to that. Then we all went down a stairway which had been let down the ship's side, and crossed the tender to the hotel boats we intended to take. We selected the Oriental Palace, and the porter of this hotel took our baggage, first telling us to leave it unlocked for inspection in the custom-house. When the hotel boat pulled away from the ship, it was after dark, and the "Siberia," being lighted up, looked like a city: we had not before appreciated its great size. As soon as we landed we were at liberty to go at once

to the hotel, as the porter had our baggage, and would attend to the customs' examination. So we called two rickshaws, climbed in, and were soon on the streets of Yokohama. A rickshaw is a two-wheeled buggy pulled by a man, used here almost to the exclusion of carriages. The little men who pulled our rickshaws proceeded at a lively trot, and it was a funny experience, being on the streets of a foreign city at night in these strange vehicles. You will never forget your first ride in a Japanese rickshaw. We rode side by side, and laughed all the way to the hotel, we were so conscious that we looked funny. But our little men were very serious, and kept up a brisk trot until the hotel was reached, where we robbed ourselves by paying them a quarter each, although the regular price is only five cents each. When we reached our rooms in the hotel we indulged in a dance, it was such a pleasure to get away from the ship. . . . It's "different" here, all right: at dinner, I called for a glass of milk, and was charged extra for it. I was asked to sign a card, as you do when you order wine: one glass of milk, so many yen. (I'm not yet acquainted with the value of Japanese money, so I do not know how much extra I paid for the milk.)

The difference in time is becoming more confusing. The Educational Bureau says that at this hour, 9 P. M., Tuesday, it is noon of Wednesday in Atchison. At midnight to-night, in Yokohama, Atchison and Yokohama will both be in the same day, although the time in Atchison will be 3 P. M. Wednesday, whereas



THE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU.



Yokohama will be just beginning Wednesday. But at 9 o'clock Thursday morning, in Atchison, we here in Yokohama shall still be in Wednesday: 6 p. m. This difference will grow less as we proceed westward; we shall not be entirely in the same day with Atchison until we reach Canton, Ohio, on our return.

WEDNESDAY, November 22.

It was a pleasure to awaken this morning in a real bed, in a real room with high ceilings. This pleasure was mine, as a guest of the Oriental Palace Hotel, in Yokohama, Japan. For the past seventeen days, with the exception of eight hours' respite at Honolulu, I have been almost dead. I was out of order all the time I was at sea; nothing agreed with me. This morning at daylight, I came to; I was myself again, physically and mentally. A steamship is fine, but its interior has been compressed into small spaces. The ceilings are low; your bed is narrow; your room is small; the entire ship seems to have been placed in a huge hydraulic machine, and squeezed as much as the traveling public will possibly stand. You can swing your hat and hit the ceilings anywhere in a ship. . . . Therefore, blessings on Yokohama! where I had a big room with high ceilings, and a wide bed. It was dark last night when I arrived, and the paper lantern carried by my rickshaw man did not greatly illuminate the city; but when I looked out of my windows shortly after

daylight this morning, the bay, filled with shipping, lay before me. My room was on the top story of the hotel; hotel clerks always give me rooms high up; but they are afraid of earthquakes here, so the worst the clerk could do was the third story. Across the narrow street from my window lay enough of Japan to interest a Kansas man: quaint houses built in a way I had never seen before. English sparrows, which I hate at home, were flying about in their busy way, and I was glad to see them. In the yard below, a boy came out, pumped a pailful of water, and washed his face. Presently the hired girl appeared and hurried about, apparently preparing breakfast. I couldn't help wondering how much she got a week. In and out the girl went, always hurrying. Once she came out with three blazing sticks and doused a pan of water on them: she had used the meager fire for some domestic purpose, and then thrown water on the sticks to save the wood for future use. Think of an Atchison servant doing that! Children also appeared in the little yard, or court; it seemed to separate the main residence from the kitchen. The lady of the house appeared frequently on an upper porch, as busy as the servant girl below. A newsboy left several copies of the morning paper; I decided that the place was a boarding-house, for several men appeared who looked like boarders. So much that was interesting was going on in the yard that I called Mateel; we had adjoining rooms, connected by a door. We greatly enjoyed the domestic scene, until our eyes wandered out into the harbor beyond, and

there we saw a sight that chilled our enthusiasm: the "Siberia" with its two big smokestacks, its spars and white paint. That sight sent us away from the window, but not before we had seen that on the porch of the boarding-house sat an American refrigerator: the kind known as the "Yukon."

Soon after arriving in Japan you learn to respect the Japanese; they are so energetic, so polite, so much in earnest. I have been hearing all the way over that the Chinese are superior to the Japanese: we Yankees are becoming jealous of the Japanese because of their recent remarkable achievements in war and in civilization, and I heard on the ship that the Chinese were more honorable than the Japanese and more intelligent; but after you have seen the Japanese fortifications and the Japanese navy-yards, and a Japanese city or two, you admire the Japanese without reserve, even if they are becoming rivals of the Yankees in push and progress. I visited nearly every part of Yokohama to-day, and the politeness of the Japanese everywhere was nearly as agreeable and impressive as the English signs we encountered at every turn.

If I have not seen a great deal of Yokohama, it is because I have been so much interested in the rickshaw men, the men who pull the two-wheeled buggies. The Japanese are small, and the smaller the Jap, the more he exerts himself: if we hired two rickshaws, one pulled by a big man and the other by a little man,

the little man was always in the lead. And these little men pull you at a brisk trot; they must do this to compete with the one-horse carriages that are now being introduced. You are taken any reasonable distance in a rickshaw for five or ten cents; we need them in America where the price of a hack is never less than fifty cents a passenger, and on up to outrageous robbery in the larger cities. If I have seen one rickshaw to-day I have seen a thousand, for they are very numerous, and may be taken in any part of the city.

This morning we secured a guide and started out to "do" the town in a hurry. As we should find it necessary to climb a good many hills, an extra man was hired for each rickshaw, as an extra locomotive is attached to an American railway train when a mountain is to be crossed. Our train, therefore, consisted of seven men when we started from the hotel. Away the little men went at a keen trot, and this they kept up until we reached a place of interest, where the guide proceeded to lecture, though we could not understand a word he said.

The guide would stop, and tell us a long story. Being at a loss to comprehend him, we would venture a guess and say:

"A temple where the people worship?"

And he would reply briskly: "Yes, sir; yes, sir," so that we really named all the objects of interest we saw. But this made little difference; it was a day of

surpassing interest. I didn't care what the buildings were, or who lived in them: it seemed like a day spent in Bagdad, or some other wonderful city out of the "Arabian Nights." And this impression was increased by seeing a good many men with one eye: you may remember that in the "Arabian Nights," many of the men have but one eye, and that they tell wonderful stories of how their eyes were put out for admiring beautiful women who flirted with them. . . .

As we trotted along through the strange, narrow, crooked streets, I remember fearing occasionally, for a moment, that my horse would frighten at some of the unusual sights, and then I looked down at my little man, and felt languor and safety and joy. At home horses are named Dick or Tom or Prince, but my little man was named "Yasu"; this name was painted on the back of his hat. On the back of his coat he had a large, strange character. Little Walter Tracy, son of Judge Tracy, one of our party, came up from the ship last night in a rickshaw, and when the American boy saw the strange character on the man's back he thought it had been pinned there as an April fool joke. If I never see any more of Japan, I have an impression of it that will last me as long as I live. You don't need to see all of Japan: if you have seen Kansas City, you can imagine Topeka; and after you have seen Topeka, you can imagine Atchison, and Hiawatha, and Effingham, and Huron, and the little places where there is only a store and a post-office, and a blacksmith shop. I shall see Tokio, Kobe, Nagasaki, and Yokohama, in addition to pass-

ing through a good deal of the country by rail, and am content, although people laugh at me for my haste; they say that to spend only six or seven days in Japan is not enough to do it justice. I think most travelers remain too long in strange places, and wear off the glamour.

While our procession of seven men and three rickshaws was passing through the streets of Yokohama, we ran across little Miss Burgess, whom we had known on the ship. She sat at our table; and how she laughed at us when she met us in Yokohama! We promised to meet her at tiffin (on the ship, lunch is always tiffin). On our return, she called on us at the hotel and settled a bet.

While passing through the streets of Yokohama, what did we talk about? Mainly we fussed over the spelling of the word huge. Mateel said it was "hugh," and offered to bet on it. Finally I said: "Of course you have no money, and never will have any, but I will do this: If you are right, I will buy you the silk kimono you say you want. But if I am right, you are to renounce being a princess forever, and become my vassal, my slave. You are not to suggest anything to me, in case I win; on the contrary, you are to wait on me, and I will call you 'boy,' as they call the servants on the ship."

She agreed to the proposition, and Miss Burgess decided that I was right. I am now carrying things with a high hand. Eugene should see me now.

You cannot see all there is to see, anywhere. One place where our procession stopped is known as "The Hundred Steps." I refused to go up, and when Mateel came back, she said the attraction amounted to this: she climbed a hundred steps, and paid ten sen for a cup of tea. It is a noted place; why, I cannot imagine. The Educational Department says Richard Harding Davis wrote up the woman who keeps the place, but the Educational Department may be mistaken: it spelled "huge" wrong, after studying three years at an expensive school in Washington.

. . . I preferred the ordinary things to "The Hundred Steps," so we visited a fishing village, and admired the cleanliness of the people and of the houses. Apparently there are no poor in Yokohama; all the people seem able to live, if simply, at least decently. Nearly every little girl carried the family baby about on her back; Japan is notorious for babies. This fashion of carrying babies is almost the same as the fashion of our Indians. The little girls raced about and played, and the poor babies tied to their backs received a great jolting; but they seemed to be very patient. We saw no beggars; we met with no rudeness of any kind, although we went through the poorest districts.

. . . While our guide could not speak English, he was one of the politest men I ever met. He took us to see the private grounds of a Yokohama merchant, and a gentleman we found there accompanied us everywhere. These grounds are on top of a hill overlooking the ocean, and are wonderful. The merchant's family deserts the beautiful place during the

summer, and moves to the city. The guide and the gentleman who accompanied us (he seemed to be a care-taker, or an employee of the merchant, who happened to be at the place) were very polite to each other; I shall always remember the good-breeding of the Japanese. They are as polite as the French, and as clever.

Japan, as you know, is very mountainous. The people have terraced the sides of the mountains with great labor, and grow crops on the terraces. Where there are little valleys, they are usually devoted to rice, and the rice crop is just now being harvested. The growing of rice involves hardship; it is grown in muddy lagoons, and the crop is harvested mainly by women, who wade into the mud up to their knees. The women are very useful in Japan; they work as much as the men. In this, the Japanese are like the French again. The Japanese remind me of the French in many ways. . . . While out in the country we saw winter wheat growing on plots of ground a few hundred feet square; that was another strange sight to a Kansas man. These "wheat-fields" would be lying in terraces on the mountain-side. And the farming is perfect: every foot of space is utilized. The men and the women work together, and the little girls take care of the children smaller than themselves.

We stopped at a little seaside resort, and ordered beer for the rickshaw men, and tea for ourselves. An elderly woman and three girls served us, and when

we went away their politeness was something to remember. The tea was served without either sugar or milk, and I did not like it. Two kinds of rice cakes were served with it; one kind seemed to have been fried in fat, but it was very palatable.

It didn't take me long to solve the financial problem of Japan. Their yen is the same as our dollar, and their sen the same as our cent. The silver coins are much alike in size, and the Japs even have a nickel answering to our five-cent piece. But there is this difference: American money is worth exactly double. All over Japan you can use American bills or gold, and get double. At one railroad station the agent refused American money, but I found it good at every other place.

I am not attempting to write a guide-book to Japan; only hurried notes, in an inaccurate way, but it will be understood, no doubt, that Japan is crowded. Only a twelfth of the country is cultivated, owing to its mountainous character, in spite of the industry of its nearly fifty million people, who are increasing at the rate of half a million a year. Therefore room is very valuable, and the streets of the towns and cities are narrow. The people also fear earthquakes, and with good reason; therefore the houses are small, in the main, although modern buildings that remind you of Chicago are going up in the cities. Room being scarce, many of the streets of Yokohama wind around the mountain-side. On one side, retaining-

walls of immense blocks of volcanic stone; on the other, houses of the queerest character you can imagine, but all neat and well kept. Yokohama is very cosmopolitan, and many of the houses, built in imitation of famous temples, belong to American and English residents; nearly every sign in Yokohama is given in English as well as in Japanese. At one place we passed a carpenter shop, where the carpenter held the board between his toes while he worked the saw up and down with both hands. Everything is different from the usage at home; at home, we turn the electric light button to the right: here they turn it to the left. Even the sounds at night are unfamiliar. At home, all through the night we hear the puffing of locomotives, switching in the yards. There is nothing of the kind in Yokohama, although I longed to hear it. Yokohama is a ship center rather than a railroad center; at night, the lights from the ships in the harbor look like a vast city. Bulls are used on the streets in hauling heavy loads. . . . We visited a greenhouse where a specialty seemed to be made of dwarf trees: pines, oak, and maples. These trees were old and wrinkled, but were kept in pots, as we keep geraniums in winter. . . . Instead of being lighted by means of window-glass, in houses of the poorer sort oiled paper is used. Some of the houses are not much larger than our largest drygoods boxes, but very neat. Instead of sleeping on beds, the people sleep on mats laid on the floor, which are put away during the day. Their pillows are wooden stools, and their fires are tiny charcoal affairs. This is the rule, though in

Yokohama there are many modern buildings with steam heat, baths, etc. The Oriental Palace is said to be the best hotel in Japan, but it has no elevator; no rooms with baths. In other respects it is quite modern. When we first went to the dining-room, we found flowers at our plates; this little attention is paid every new guest. The roast beef was the best I ever tasted; the butter about the poorest. The coffee was half milk, in French fashion again. The bill of fare was printed in English, and in another language which the Board of Education did not recognize. The dining-room was a fine apartment, and the waiters the spryest lot of little brown men I ever saw in a similar capacity. Most of the guests were dressed for dinner, and everything was in good taste. So many of the people understand English that you find no difficulty in getting about. I wanted to go to the steamship office. I climbed into a rickshaw in front of the hotel, and said: "The Pacific Mail steamship office." The little brown man started off on a trot, and presently stopped in front of the steamship office. "Wait," I said, and when I came out, he was waiting. "Back to the hotel," I said, and back to the hotel he went. But while they seem to understand you, you do not understand them; I have no idea what the people of Yokohama have been saying to me to-day. . . . Traveling is all right, and interesting, if you can leave the steamships out of it. I find myself fretting to-day because I shall be compelled to embark on the "Siberia" again next Sunday, and go on to Hong Kong.

The Japanese are spry enough to please the most exacting Yankee. I was advised to buy two suits of pongee silk, for the hot weather in India. I went to a tailor shop at 2 p. m., and, returning an hour and a half later, they were ready to "try on." By Thursday night they will be completed, and sent on board the "Siberia."

THURSDAY, November 23.

I am now a person of considerable importance, and in future more attention should be paid to my statements. This morning, in Tokio, the capital of Japan, the two young daughters of His Majesty, the Mikado, bowed to me quite politely. . . . It came about in the following manner:

We went out sight-seeing with a distinguished-looking guide secured at the Imperial Hotel. (The guide carried a cane, and a man carrying a cane always seems to me to be a man of importance.) Rickshaw men were pulling us as usual, and we found our way into one of the principal parks of the city. A runner came along, shouting something. Immediately our important-looking guide told us to alight, which we did. Away down the avenue we saw two carriages approaching. "Probably royalty," the guide explained excitedly. The two carriages approached, preceded by a runner on foot. The guide took off his hat and I did likewise. In the front carriage were two pretty Japanese girls. The guide bowed politely to them, and I did the same. The girls smilingly returned our bow.

"The two young daughters of His Majesty," the guide said, very much excited.

Then I became excited and curious.

"They bowed to you," I said.

"No, no," the guide replied; "to you; to you!"

Then he explained that it is a custom in the royal family, when in public, to return the bows of Americans and Europeans. . . . In the carriage with the princesses were two elderly women. In the carriage following were four grave-looking men. The princesses were probably out for a morning drive in the park. . . . If I am not the only Kansas man who has received a smile and a bow from the two daughters of the Emperor of Japan, let the other man speak up. The incident occurred exactly as I have related it, and I can prove it by Mateel. I may return home wearing a plug hat and a kimono; a costume, by the way, I actually saw last night in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel.

I think our guide of to-day must be the president of the University of Tokio, at least. He is very distinguished-looking, and very polite; possibly he has a large family to support, and acts as guide on holidays. This is a holiday in Japan: Thanksgiving day—thanksgiving for the rice crop, which is generous this year. Our guide bowed to a good many distinguished-looking people on the streets, and by his manner seemed to say, apologetically: "I don't like this, but for mercy's sake, what is a man to do who is poor?"

The more I see of Japan, the more respect I have for the Japanese. I have just returned from a tour of Tokio, and feel as though I had been on a long trip through a great art palace: I am tired of seeing wonderful things, and willing to sit by the fire in my room. I had always thought of Tokio as a sort of curio: as a city of little houses occupied by little people. It has the little houses, and nearly two millions of the little people, but from my hotel, Tokio in many ways resembles a modern American city. I can see electric cars passing on double-track street railways, and the cars are crowded. I arrived last night after dark, and Tokio seemed to have as many electric lights as Chicago. From my windows I see great modern buildings with towers, and the palace is as impressive as the palace of the old French kings at Versailles. About the palace of the Mikado are three great walls and a moat; the walls built of enormous blocks of the lava-rock so common here. I will not attempt to describe the grounds of the palace, but the buildings are stately and imposing; much more so than I expected. The government buildings surrounding the palace grounds are also impressive; as large as those of the French, apparently, but not so imposing architecturally.

While the main part of the city is imposing, there are thousands of the queer little houses you have always thought of as characteristic of Tokio. There are miles of streets where only such houses are seen: houses fourteen or fifteen feet wide and one story high. Then

a house twenty feet wide and two stories high. Then a house thirty feet wide. The streets are always narrow in the sections where the curio houses are found. Many of these houses have porches that I am certain are not more than four feet wide and fifteen feet long. Tokio, of course, is mainly made up of these little wooden houses built after a quaint fashion: the finer modern district is not large, and this is a city of nearly two million people. It is one of the great cities of the world, ranking fifth, or sixth, or seventh, I have forgotten which. . . . There are so many of these narrow, crooked streets, lined with the little wooden houses, that an American might get lost in them, and never be able to find his way out. In front of every little house, there is a shop; a fish shop, a meat shop, a confectionery shop, or one of a hundred other varieties, some of the varieties so strange I did not recognize them. During my long ramble to-day I did not see a single bakery; the people do not eat bread; they live mainly on rice and fish, and incidentally I may say the fish are delicious. In a room behind or over every shop, the proprietor's family lives. There is no room for the children, so they play in the streets. There are as many children here as may be seen in the Italian section of New York, and that is one of the sights of New York. As our rickshaw men trotted along they were constantly crying out to children to get out of the way. The rickshaw men seem to have recognized rights; when they say "Hi! Hi!" people pay attention, and step out of the way. There are no sidewalks in the narrow streets; the

streets are not more than twenty feet wide—no room for sidewalks, so people walk in the streets. . . . Tokio is on an arm of the sea, but big ships cannot enter its harbor, owing to shallow water. There is now a movement on foot to expend a million dollars in dredging. The main part of Tokio is flat, although back of the city are the ever-present mountains. Through the city run canals which are alive with boats, and at other places are rapidly running streams of water; apparently streams from the neighboring mountains.

Tokio has a European section. Thirty-five years ago the government said to the people: "It is desired that the Japanese become more progressive. The government will build modern European houses as object lessons." So along a certain street for a distance of ten or twelve blocks, houses of brick and stone were built; houses that were modern, thirty-five years ago, in Paris or London. This section of Tokio is now almost as quaint as the section of little wooden houses.

As the houses of Tokio are built mainly of wood, there is always great danger of fire, so occasionally a fire-proof house is encountered along the narrow streets. It is no larger than the houses around it, but is built of the lava-rock for which the country is famous. You have, of course, seen fire-proof safes standing open in business houses. The little fire-proof houses in Tokio have but one upper window, and this is protected by fire-proof shutters; when the shutters are open, the house looks like a big fire-proof safe standing open

for the day's business. The little fire-proof houses soon attract your attention. . . . There is another thing that will soon attract your attention in Tokio: when a man stops and ties his horse, he ties its front legs. The horses have become accustomed to the practice, and it is effective; an American horse would go crazy and break his fool neck if treated that way.

I could wander along the canals in Tokio and find amusement for a month. Sailing-boats which go out to sea are pushed along these canals by means of poles. Once out of the canals, the boats put up masts and sails, and go to distant places; for Japan is composed of four thousand islands. On one of these boats to-day I saw a woman assisting her husband in propelling the boat by means of a pole; the husband on one side and the wife on the other, with a baby on her back. The baby was cooing and playing while its mother worked. The crew of the little boat consisted of husband and wife; there was a tiny little cabin at the stern, where they have probably lived all their married life; certainly the baby was born in the tiny little cabin.

Although the Japanese, as a rule, are quite small, occasionally you run across a big Jap. A large man here is as notable as a little man at home. . . . To-day we visited a department store. We went in at one door and out at another, after wandering about in a maze for half an hour without being able to get out. The people in the store were all traveling one

way; if you want to buy a paper of pins at this store you must go in at one door and out at another, after spending half an hour passing through narrow avenues lined with all sorts of goods you care nothing about. Clerks stand about in the narrow avenues ready to show you goods. Very few of the girl clerks were particularly pretty, but they were neat and intelligent and interesting. Good-looking women are not so plentiful in Japan as I expected.

You have no doubt visited an American exposition on a "big day." I thought of such an experience while on the main street of Tokio this afternoon. It was a holiday, and the crowds were so large that I compared the experience with being at the St. Louis Exposition on a big day. The streets seemed as strange and interesting as the exposition grounds. . . . The people of Tokio are not so polite as the people of Yokohama; evidently they do not see so many Americans and Europeans. In Yokohama we attracted no attention at all; here the people look at us curiously. In Yokohama every sign is repeated in English; not so here. There are very few English signs in Tokio, and the few you see are spelled wrong; the people here do not spell English words much better than my Educational Department.

To me, the most interesting thing in Japan is the rickshaw man. By the way, here is the correct way to spell the word; I copied it from a manufacturer's sign: Jinrickisha, but it is everywhere pronounced

"rickshaw." The rickshaw man who pulled me to-day has been in the business, within the guide's knowledge, ten years. He was not much larger than an American boy of twelve; I doubt that he weighed a hundred pounds, yet he pulled me at a trot all over Tokio. I felt ashamed of myself at times, and had a notion to ask the little man to get into the buggy and let me pull a while. Some of these men are elderly, and have been on the track forty years. Their legs are bare, with a muscular development that is wonderful. The guide says one of these men can keep up the trot all day, pulling an ordinary load. Their power of endurance comes from long practice. No rickshaw man ever walks with a passenger; he trots all the time.

There are thirty daily newspapers in Tokio, some of them confined, mainly, to the particular districts in which they are published. This, again, is like Paris. I insist that the Japanese are much like the French. When a newsboy appears with an extra, he excites attention by tying a bell to his feet, and this rings as he runs along. Many of these extras are printed on one side of a sheet. I visited a newspaper office on a prominent corner. The entrance, which was rather ornate, was cluttered up with ink barrels. There were four or five flat-bed three-revolution presses in the press-room. THE GLOBE's press will print more papers in an hour than the presses I saw could print all day. The guide said the newspaper was a reliable one, but not particularly prominent. He then took me to see the office of the leading newspaper in Japan. In its

press-room it had a new Hoe press of the latest pattern, and an old perfecting-press in a room adjoining. The mailing-room had a dirt floor, and the press-room was heated with a little coal stove, one of the kind you see in a one-dollar-a-week room at home. Every reporter and editor has a rickshaw man, and a number of these were waiting in the lobby. In New York and Chicago the newspaper offices are among the great show places. I do not believe the Japanese know as much about the newspaper as they know about war. . . . I asked the guide whether the Japanese newspapers used linotypes, but he didn't understand me, so you can make your own inference.

I have encountered another novelty here: tea and toast in my room at 5 P. M., and dinner at 7:30. The chambermaids at the hotel are all men; I haven't seen a woman about the place. The women are probably out gathering the rice, and wading in mud up to their knees. The women are not only ornamental here, they are useful as well. American women who visit Japan are likely to attract so little attention that they will feel aggrieved. Our American theory that woman is an angel, the bulwark of our great nation, and the home-maker, although she often does her home-making through the hired girl, has no footing here.

FRIDAY, November 24.

The Japanese are a bowing people; when two Japanese gentlemen are introduced, they bow very low

three times. The men are always bowing and taking their hats off to each other, but when a crowd enters a public car, the women make way for the men to enter first. When a porter takes your hand-baggage at a railway station and shows you to your car, he takes off his hat and bows politely when he leaves you. Without exception, the Japanese are the politest people I have ever seen. They are always bowing to each other, and we have seen so much of this that Mateel and I practice it in our rooms at the hotel; I bow to her and she bows three times to me. When dull, we amuse ourselves by bowing to each other: if I should be fortunate enough to meet those two Japanese princesses again, I flatter myself that I shall be able to paralyze them. When they bowed to me yesterday, I was too much surprised to do myself justice. . . . And when it is recorded in the archives of the State Historical Society at Topeka that the two young daughters of His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, bowed to the Atchison party in a public park in Tokio, let it be specifically mentioned that the bows were directed to me: my daughter admits it, and is vexed about it. The Federation of Women's Clubs at the next meeting at Hutchinson will probably pass resolutions condemning the bad taste of the princesses, but the fact remains that the princesses bowed to me.

A wonderful people are these Japanese! They have a trap for catching fleas. It is a metal affair, built somewhat like a toast-rack. This trap is placed in

your bed when you retire. The bows hold the cover off the bottom of the trap, where is placed a sugary, sticky mixture, containing human blood. In this sticky mixture the fleas become entangled and die.

It is so quiet in the great dining-room of the hotel that I am almost afraid to speak above a whisper. The beef served is a revelation: I think I never tasted really good beef before. Is it in the cooking, I wonder? But The Imperial is an European and not a Japanese hotel. I must ask the manager where the beef comes from. We are always hearing that the best Kansas beef is shipped away; this must be some of it. And while I do not like to travel on the ocean, I must admit that it produces wonderful fish. Having been brought up on catfish and sunfish and buffalo-fish, the fish here are another revelation. I am sincerely glad that the ocean is good for something. . . . The guests at the hotel are also strange to me. Two of them look like Italian baritones in grand opera companies. Three others are here as a delegation from the pope to call on the Mikado (whose daughters bowed to me). . . . But the biggest man in the lot I dine with every day. He is an Englishman we met on the ship. We were rather fond of him, and saw a good deal of him. When the ship landed in Yokohama a government tug came off to meet him, with two Japanese gentlemen. Inquiry developed that he is the representative of a dozen London banks which have decided to lend the Japanese government ten million dollars, provided

the security is satisfactory, and the Englishman's business here is to look into the securities. He will remain in Japan from eight to ten months. We met him at the Imperial Hotel soon after our arrival in Tokio, and have eaten all our meals at his table. One evening he showed us his rooms on the ground floor. They were engaged for him in advance, and are very handsome. He is to be presented to the Mikado, and to all the big men of the country. He is very modest, and reticent concerning his own affairs; the statement of his business here I got from Frank Pixley, who was a news-gatherer before he became a writer of comic operas. The Englishman has intimated that possibly he might be able to show us some sights ordinary travelers do not see; but, unfortunately, our time is limited, and we shall not be able to take advantage of this very unusual opportunity.

The Japanese are lately sending many of their young men to American schools, to fit them for the consular service. If, upon graduation, they fail to secure appointments in the consular service, they are in position to become waiters and chambermaids in Japanese hotels patronized by Americans, which, some people say, is better than the consular service.

Large numbers of Japanese soldiers are returning from Manchuria; the streets are full of them. I saw a procession to-day that greatly interested me: a procession of relatives, neighbors and friends who

had gone to the railroad station to meet three soldiers returning from the front. First there were a number of people carrying curious-looking cloth streamers attached to poles. These streamers were decorated with strange characters, but the guide could not explain their significance: I just naturally cannot understand guide English. Then came a little band; then came the three soldiers, and they were the real article—they showed it in their weary manner, and their faded uniforms bore eloquent testimony to hard service. Following the three soldiers came thirty or forty relatives, friends and neighbors. This sort of thing is going on in the streets of Tokio all the time now, and arches are being erected for a great celebration at some time in the near future.

Speaking of bands, to-day I heard one play, "Marching Through Georgia," at a flower show. This flower show was a sort of flower fair: an admission of five cents (Japanese money) was charged, to see pictures composed of flower figures. It was entirely new to me. The late peace conference at Portsmouth was shown; also many naval and land battles. The "barkers" in front of the various booths were as industrious and noisy as those employed on "The Pike" at the St. Louis Exposition. The show was given in one of the narrow streets of Tokio, and all the houses, in a certain district, were given up to it. Ordinarily, this district is a flower market. The flowers were not at their best, as the season is late.

The people of the world are greatly interested in Japan just now, of course, and the little I shall say about it will only prove wearisome. Wherever you go, you find books on Japan; people are reading them now as never before. If you will call at my home, and are properly recommended, you may borrow a book entitled "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings," written by Prof. Samuel E. Morse. Prof. Morse is a scientist, artist, teacher, and lecturer, who taught several years in the University of Tokio. He gave me the book, which is a very large one, at his home in Salem, Massachusetts. The book tells about the common things of Japanese life, and is profusely illustrated. In case you borrow the book, see that it is returned promptly when you have finished it, for I shall want it myself as soon as I am at home again. I regret to say I have never read it, but I shall read it now, and prize it.

I paid particular attention to-day to a street procession escorting a soldier returning from the front. So many soldiers are coming home that bands are scarce; in this case, the band consisted of a cornet and baritone, and two drums. There were the usual streamers in front, which seemed to tell of the battles the soldier had engaged in. These streamers floated in front of his home several days before his return. Following the soldier were twenty-eight men and four boys, but not a single woman. Two or three of the men looked like priests, from their dress. Beside

the procession walked a woman carrying a baby on her back. I judged this woman was the hero's wife. The women here have so much the worst of it that I am coming to feel sorry for them. Lordly man is at liberty to smoke anywhere; in sleeping-cars—anywhere he pleases—but the Japanese men are so polite that they usually quit smoking in the presence of American women. They have evidently been impressed by the stories they have heard of the American princesses. . . . There was an air about the soldier in the procession that greatly impressed me; he was a private, and a good one, no doubt. I honored him as best I could by taking off my hat, and bowing. This man was a part of the most remarkable army in history. You may remember how we cheered our soldiers of the North when they returned from the battles of the Civil War. But the Japanese have even more occasion to be proud than we had; Russia was a more powerful foe than the seceding States. These processions in all the towns of Japan are increasing rapidly in number until they will culminate in a grand review of the armies in Tokio, similar to our grand review in Washington.

The Japanese women all have jet-black hair; there are no red heads, or blondes, among them. When a Japanese woman puts up her hair it is up to stay for a week or ten days, since the process is an elaborate one. At night she sleeps on a wooden pillow, so that her hair may not be disarranged; a Japanese woman hasn't time to fill her mouth with hairpins every little

while, and fool with her hair. If her husband gives her a vacation once a week, she devotes her holiday to fixing her hair, and it stays fixed until her husband can spare her again. We saw a very pretty girl at a tea-house to-day; she acted as our guide, and we could smell her hair ten feet away: it was scented with some kind of hair oil.

Our guide of yesterday could speak a little English, but our guide of to-day absolutely did not know an English word, except "Yes, sir;" or "O no," etc. He was secured by our chamber boy: the fellow who makes up our beds, and brings us hot water, and answers our bell. Our chamber boy said the guide was a friend of his and spoke particularly good English. But the guide certainly knew the points of interest, for this has been our best day in Tokio, so far as sight-seeing is concerned.

Tokio is provided with the usual public gardens and playgrounds: in one of the latter I saw boys in kimonos playing baseball. In one of these public playgrounds I also met a kindly-looking old grandmother caring for two fat boy-babies. I gave each of the boy-babies a nickel, and the grandmother seemed to ask them, "What do you say?" But they didn't say "Thank you;" instead, they gravely arranged themselves side by side, their grandmother chattering and directing them all the while, and after they were all ready, they bowed to me ceremoniously three times. That was their way of saying "Thank you," and it was very pretty and effective.

In addition to the usual public gardens and playgrounds, Tokio has a number of gardens surrounding gorgeous temples. These temples are very old, and were probably as expensive to build as the old palaces of the French despots. They are built of wood, instead of stone, but the carvings cost years of toil. Much of the wood-work is covered with gold, and in some cases the entire structure is protected from the weather by a rough building of boards. In some cases the temples are built on top of hills; at one place I counted as I climbed, and noted that I climbed 117 steps. I called it The Temple of the One Hundred and Seventeen Steps, for the guide could give me no information concerning it, further than that it was a Shinto temple. . . . I am almost sorry I did not leave a suit of clothes at home, and bring, instead, a set of cyclopedias. . . . At this temple we were compelled to put cloth coverings on our shoes before entering. We were conducted through the gorgeous place by a boy of fifteen or sixteen. While he was showing us about, and explaining everything to the guide (who could not explain it to us), two giggling girls and a man appeared. The boy who conducted us squatted on the floor, and the two giggling girls and man did likewise. Then the boy recited a lot of stuff in a sing-song voice; I could recognize the word "Shinto," but nothing else. I wondered that the boy should be authorized to conduct a ceremony, but it would have been useless to ask the guide about it, so I saved my breath. . . . Then we paid the boy sixty cents and departed. This

temple was surrounded by smaller temples, tombs, gardens, etc., and the walls were almost as massive as those at the emperor's palace. The Japanese do not seem serious in religious matters; they pay no more attention to religious matters than American Protestants. If they have boys reading the services, it will not be long before they will put the women at it. At the railway ticket office where I went this morning to secure sleeping-car and railway tickets for a night journey to Kobe, only women were employed,—not a man in the place.

We also visited a temple erected in honor of Buddha. If you will look up the history of Buddha in the American Cyclopaedia, you will have considerable respect for him. Buddha's history was almost identically that of Christ, and as he lived before Christ many critics say our religion is really that of Buddha; that we are Buddhists instead of Christians. Anyway, it will interest you to look up the brief history I have suggested, and note the remarkable similarity. . . . At the Buddhist temple the worshippers ring a bell, to attract the attention of the saint, and then bow to an image. In one of these temples I saw children ringing the sacred bell in play, and I was greatly shocked. But the Japanese are so much like American Protestants in religious matters, that they paid no attention to the sacrilege.

We visited a gentleman's private garden: one of the wonders you read about, with running brooks

nd stone bridges, and little hills, and tea-houses, and trees and flowers, and lakes. It was the most wonderful of all the wonderful things I saw in Japan. . . . I have no idea how it happened that we were admitted. The rickshaw men stopped; we alighted, and followed the guide through a door, and then through a gate into the garden. The guide met a man, and bowed to him; who the man was I do not know, nor have I been able to find out. As the wonders of the place began dawning upon me, I asked the guide how it happened we were admitted. He told me all the details, I suppose, but I did not understand a word. Or he may have been telling me something of the ancient history of Japan. This guide knew how to find the show places, but could not tell about them. When he talked I was at liberty to make anything I chose out of his talk. So this is what I told my daughter: The nobleman who owned the garden had heard of the incident of the daughters of His Majesty, the Mikado, bowing to me, so he had sent an invitation to me through the guide to look through his private premises. It seemed that in Tokio a little attention from the Mikado's family went a long way, and the attention shown me by His Majesty's daughters was quite marked; no wonder people were talking about it.

But the guide had also told me another startling thing; not quite so pleasing, perhaps, but startling. The courtiers at the palace, it seems, had heard of the incident of the princesses bowing to me, and were

displeased. Indeed, the guide said it was common rumor that the courtiers had sharpened their snicker-snees and were looking for me. Therefore the guide advised that I leave Tokio at once. Consequently I leave the city at six o'clock this evening, to place myself under the protection of Captain Smith, of the ship "Siberia," which flies the American flag. I do not propose that a little flirtation, entirely innocent on my part, shall result in a complication between Japan and the United States; and a complication surely would result, if the courtiers used their snicker-snees on me, for I am an American citizen, and have a passport signed by Elihu Root.

But while I leave Tokio to-night, I shall refer to it again. If I had my old typewriting machine here, I could write columns about Tokio yet this afternoon, I am so full of the subject, and admire the place so much. But I cannot become accustomed to the use of a pen, after having abandoned it for more than twenty years.

SATURDAY, November 25.

I fear we are somewhat fickle. We were in love with Honolulu; then we were in love with Yokohama, and next with Tokio, but now we think Kyoto, where we are to-day, is the most wonderful place we have seen. Kyoto is twice as big as Kansas City. Ever hear of it? For eleven hundred years it was the capital of

Japan, but thirty-seven years ago the present Mikado moved the seat of government to Tokio.

We left Tokio last evening at six o'clock, taking a sleeping-car for this place, where we arrived at 8 o'clock this morning. A rickshaw man we had employed for two days accompanied us to the railroad station, and we had no trouble whatever in finding our sleeping-car; we felt perfectly at ease: it is as easy for an American to travel in Japan as in America. Indeed, I think it is easier; the railway and hotel officials are politer here than in America, and pay travelers more attention. Our train was the Imperial Express, and carried a dining-car. We had two berths in a compartment, and our fellow-passenger was a Japanese naval officer with decorations on his breast. When he came in, he bowed to us politely. In a compartment adjoining ours was Judge Tracy, with his family, who is going out to assume his duties as Justice of the Philippines. With Mr. and Mrs. Tracy we walked through the long train to the dining-car; through many cars filled with Japanese passengers. I think the only Americans on the train were those in our party, going to rejoin the "Siberia" at Kobe. Arrived at the dining-car we were served with a very good dinner for fifty cents each, American money, except that the butter was poor, as it is everywhere in Japan. Among those in the dining-car was a Japanese field marshal, and all along the line distinguished men and women came to the stations to present him with cards and bow to him. At one station, thousands of people had collected, and every

man, woman, and child carried a Japanese lantern. At another station there was an electric arch, and we hear that Admiral Togo is traveling this way; if not on this train, he is on one following. . . . At the conclusion of dinner I gave the waiter a quarter, American money, and he nearly doubled himself in bowing. In the sleeping-car, when I gave the porter, a Japanese boy, my tickets, he also bowed. Think of a sleeping-car porter bowing! . . . It sounded very pleasant to again hear the clickety-click of a railroad train, and I slept well, in spite of the strangeness of my surroundings, knowing that the brakeman would take care of me. The Japanese railways have a narrower gauge than the American railways; between our narrow and broad gauge, therefore the Japanese cars are somewhat smaller than ours. The cars were electric-lighted, and vestibuled, though in a small, merry Japanese way, and the track is double. The sleepers are arranged in compartments, with a very narrow aisle running along one side; no smoking-rooms, and only one lavatory; still, they do very well. During the night the train averaged about twenty-five miles an hour. . . . We arrived at Kyoto at 8 o'clock this morning, and, taking rickshaws, proceeded to the Myako Hotel, and our procession was a curious one to the citizens of Kyoto, judging from the way they stared. Our procession consisted of six rickshaws. Judge Tracy and wife, their young son Walter, his governess, and Mateel and me. The Myako Hotel is quite a distance from the station, and the ride of half an hour was extremely interesting, as Kyoto is a very old town,

and more typical of Japan than any other. The streets here are even narrower than in Tokio, and there are no English signs; so far as appearances went, we were a party of Americans discovering the town. At one place we skirted a rapidly running stream, forty feet wide, and walled on either side. At intervals were steps where the women went down to the water to do their washing. We crossed this stream on a stone bridge certainly a thousand years old; a bridge just wide enough for a rickshaw. The supporting pillars were composed of huge columns of stone, taken from the quarries in one piece, and the floor of the bridge was equally massive. The ride to the hotel, of itself, was enough to pay us for our visit here. The hotel is a great, rambling concern, located on the side of a mountain. There are so many different buildings and gardens connected with the hotel that we really need a guide to find our rooms; and after we find our rooms, the dining-room seems a quarter of a mile away. There are Japanese girl waiters in the dining-room, and they are very pretty, and move about in the quiet, easy way that distinguishes the Japanese maidens. Every dining-room girl carries what seems to be a knapsack on her back, but my daughter says this knapsack is really a sash.

Admiral Togo is in Kyoto to-day, and as a consequence the town is celebrating. Talk about lanterns and flags: you should see this town to-day! In certain streets there are thousands of floral umbrellas, and in all of them there are the big Japanese lanterns

and flags. . . . We employed a guide at the hotel, and when we departed for a tour of the city, the manager and chief clerk were present to see our procession depart. And bow! You should have seen them bow! The farther you penetrate the interior of Japan, the more the people bow and stare. If President Roosevelt should appear on the streets of San Francisco, he would not be stared at more than the Atchison girl has been stared at on the streets of Kyoto to-day. She went ahead in a rickshaw, and I followed the guide, bringing up the rear. It seemed to me that all the people on the streets stared at Mateel, but paid very little attention to me. And it should be remembered that the narrow streets were literally packed. The half-million people of the town were having a holiday, and there were thousands of visitors from the surrounding country. Imagine two Japanese appearing on the streets of Atchison during the Corn Carnival and driving about to see the points of historic interest: the site of Ben Holladay's old stage office; the office of the wharf-master, the place where Pardee Butler was set afloat on his trip down the river, etc. We were treated better, I imagine, than two Japanese would have been treated in Atchison on Corn Carnival day, for we saw only one or two intoxicated men, and only one fight. The "Hi! Hi!" of the rickshaw men opened a lane for us everywhere, but the crowd finally became so dense that we concluded to go back to the hotel. One party of young men shouted to us: "Banz! Hurrah! Hurrah!" but otherwise we were not disturbed. But if I live a thousand years, I shall

never forget the crowds in the streets of Kyoto. And during our sight-seeing tour, covering several hours, I do not recall seeing a single American or European: all Japanese of the purest type and the blackest hair, except one old Jap who had billy-goat whiskers. We see very few aged people in Japan.

This has been a wonderful day in another respect: we had a guide who could speak English. Kyoto is the seat of the two religions of Japan, and he took us to see many temples. One of these cost six million yen, or half that amount in American money. This temple is said to be the largest wooden building in the world. At present there are eight hundred temples in Kyoto; at one time there were three thousand here. The others have been allowed to go to decay. . . . The Buddhists have eight different sects in Japan; one Buddhist order has 25,000 temples, and another sect 8,000. Altogether, there are 300,000 temples in Japan, great and small, including both the Buddhist and Shinto varieties. This may sound like a surprising statement, but here is one more surprising: there are eight million different gods in Japan; or one for every six of the inhabitants. Some of these gods, like Buddha, have millions of followers, who worship in gorgeous temples, while others have only a few adherents. Everything has a god here: the birds, the plants, the trees, the insects, the eyes, the passions, etc. . . . In one of the temples we were shown one thousand gods exactly alike: all life size, and arranged on a sort of stage. And every one of these thousand gods has

fifty hands, with which to dispense blessings, and dozens of eyes to see the different sins. You have no idea how funny these thousand gods looked, standing on a raised platform, one above another, and in rows several hundred feet long. The temple where the thousand gods are shown is not a popular one: the sect responsible for it is quite poor. We went back of the enormous stage where the thousand gods were shown, and saw several of the gods lying on their backs, and undergoing repairs. A priest asked us to register, and we did so, and contributed a half-dollar toward the repair work. We were promised a blessing for the contribution, and we bowed to the thousand images, and said, reverently, "No more seasickness, if you please."

At one of the popular temples the enormous roof was supported by very heavy oak logs, patiently polished. The logs must have been three or four feet thick and fifty feet long. Ages ago, when this temple was built, these logs were dragged here by thousands of devout people tugging at one log. Lacking ropes with which to pull the logs, eight thousand women cut off their hair, and wove it into enormous ropes. The ropes may be seen in the temple, if you pay twenty cents, as we did. We were compelled to put coverings on our shoes before entering the sacred place, and as we looked at the ropes an enormous bell was tolled until we departed. A good deal of the hair woven into the ropes is gray. . . . Another temple we visited was completed only seven years ago, after

twenty years' work. Thousands of people from the country came here and worked on this temple for years without pay. One rich worshipper contributed a fountain; another built the pagoda where the great bell hangs. Poorer people contributed various parts of the stone walls surrounding the temple; every stone is marked with the donor's name. In this place we saw certainly a thousand people—mostly elderly women—squatted around on the mats which covered the floor, waiting for the services to begin. The guide walked among the worshippers, and told us why this was done, and how that happened. Inside the rail, twenty priests were bowing and praying to an altar which was gorgeous, and certainly a hundred feet long. These priests had paper over their mouths, to prevent their breaths offending the gods. There were two temples at this place: a small one in honor of Buddha, and a very large one in honor of the founder of the particular order which built the temples. It seemed sacrilege to walk among the worshippers, as we did, following the guide, but it seemed to be the custom. The only sound heard in the temple was the guide's voice, explaining the difference between Buddhism and Shintoism. The kneeling women looked at us curiously as they whispered their prayers. . . . I noticed that many of the women had perfectly black teeth. The guide said that formerly, on marrying, a woman blackened her teeth and otherwise disfigured herself, that she might not attract attention from other men, and devote all her time to her husband's affairs. This practice is growing into disfavor; only the very

pious practice it now, as it has been observed that husbands who have wives with black teeth are rather more gay with other women than they should be. Still, some very young and pretty wives practice the custom to this day, as some of the particularly religious women with us belong to Holiness associations, and claim to be incapable of sin.

The approach to one of the favorite temples is a sort of bazaar, lined with shops. In one of these shops a cracker bakery is operated: little girls bake the crackers on a sort of griddle, and are very expert. There is nothing under the shining sun you cannot buy in this bazaar, which lines both sides of a street for a distance of two blocks. Scattered about the temple grounds are all sorts of shows: we went into a little circus, and the clown was the same old clown we had seen a hundred times before. Having paid an extra price of admission—about ten cents—we were given little stoves filled with charcoal, at which we warmed ourselves.

I fear I shall be a great nuisance, when I return, talking of Japan, for I am full of the subject. At the favorite temple referred to above, dozens of women sit out in front, selling little plates of rice. Children buy the rice, and throw it to the pigeons which flutter about them. The pigeons live in the temple, and are a great nuisance: the place is rendered unclean by them. Crows are also numerous, and assist in rendering the surrounding gardens unclean. . . . Wher-

ever you go among the temples, you find the people giving money; at one place, in front of the altar, was a place which looked like a cattle-guard at a Kansas railroad crossing. Into this the people were throwing coins, which disappeared below. At another temple, when a worshipper went away, she left a coin at the place she had occupied, and there was a priest going about collecting. The financial question was always prominently in evidence.

The type of Japanese women seen on screens and in pictures is seldom seen in Japan. But there is a type so common that one-third of the women seem to be cousins, they bear so marked a resemblance to each other. Women of this type are rather good-looking, and appear to be patient, kind and capable. I have never seen a picture of a Japanese woman who looked like the type I remarked on the streets of Japanese towns. But the Japanese costumes and Japanese buildings are well represented by pictures seen in America, although the average American fails to appreciate the great population of Japan. And this population is increasing at the rate of half a million every year. There is no race suicide here, as in France, where the number of deaths each year is greater than the number of births. In all I had heard of Japan, I had never been impressd with the fact that babies are more numerous there than in any other country in the world. The first thing every visitor remarks is the unusual number of children: particularly of very

young children. Japan particularly desires Korea as a place to colonize its surplus population.

As I write in my room at the hotel, I can hear great cheering on the streets: the celebration in honor of Admiral Togo's visit is in full swing, and the city is brilliantly illuminated, but I shall keep out of the mobs of people, which are hourly growing a little rougher. I don't care for a fight with a man who knows jiu-jitsu.

I have never stopped at a hotel which afforded me more quiet satisfaction than the Myako, at Kyoto, Japan. It is a Japanese hotel particularly catering to American and English patrons. It is so extensive that its gardens and buildings cover a mountain-side. As its patronage has grown, buildings have been added; and you will never know what real joy is until you have seen Japanese girls wait at table. There seem to be several dining-rooms in the hotel, and at dinner to-day we were changed to another dining-room, to be nearer our rooms. We regretted losing our little dining-room girl by the change, but in a few minutes, here she came, and she smiled and hovered about us as though she had known us in Atchison. The Japanese girls wear felt slippers; the big toe in one compartment, and all the other toes in another, and move around as noiselessly as spirits. Every time they hand you the bill of fare they bow twice, and smile like the little angels that they are. Mateel is not very large, but she looks like a giantess beside them.

They are as naturally fitted to be waiters at table as Deafy Boler is to lay paving-brick; both legs being off, he isn't compelled to stoop.

When I awoke at 6 o'clock this morning the train was passing through a country so interesting that I dressed hurriedly, and went out on the platform to look at it. The country was mountainous, and we were running along a valley, every foot of which was cultivated in the Japanese way. Tea farms were quite numerous. Along all the principal streams, dykes had been built, to prevent overflow in time of floods. Irrigation is necessary, in raising crops. Rice is the main crop, and rice requires a great deal of water. Many of the beds of large rivers were entirely dry; the water had been taken out for irrigating, and was running along in ditches considerably above the river-beds. We passed through dozens of villages without stopping; if one could speak the language, these country places would be full of interest. The country through which I passed was the first to be settled in Japan; and the island empire was founded five hundred years before Christ.

Several times I have seen Americans introduced to Japanese, and the performance always amuses me. The American nods his head, very slightly, once, while the Japanese bows very profoundly three times. The Jap does all his bowing after the American has given his nod, and the American stands and watches

the Jap with astonishment. To-day we have visited several noted establishments: where porcelain is made, for example. The politeness of the people makes me feel ashamed of myself; I believe I shall be polite all the rest of my life because of my visit to Japan. At one place we visited—a business place—tea and cakes were served while we were seated looking at wonderful works of art. When we arrived, every one present bowed profoundly; when we departed, they did the same.

We stopped at one place where women were employed; I think they were wrapping up bulbs in moss, for shipment. The women giggled a good deal, and I knew they were talking about us. I asked the guide to find out what amused them, and, after much coaxing, the guide replied: "They say you look funny." I had been thinking the same thing about them. . . . I don't see why I should look funny; I was wearing one of Weber's best suits, with a late-style hat, and Hanan shoes.

SUNDAY, November 26.

Japan has no Sunday, but two holidays a month: on the 1st and 18th. The Japanese do not like to be considered heathen. They respect their own religion, and while there is perfect religious freedom here, you do not hear of missionaries in Japan as you do in China and elsewhere. When missionaries start schools in

Japan, where the English language is taught, they are well attended.

When I left Tokio Friday evening, the railroad station was crowded in a manner to suggest the union station in St. Louis during the rush hours. An American visiting Japan soon understands why the Japs whipped the Russians: they are very numerous, very progressive, very capable, very industrious, very simple in their habits, and very much in earnest in everything. I wonder, however, that more than half the Japs wear wooden shoes. The train platforms at Tokio are of concrete, and the great crowds of people clattering along these platforms to take trains is an amusing sight: and it sounds funny, besides. Many of the people do not wear stockings.

Before coming to Japan, learn to eat your eggs out of the shell: the Japs do not seem to know anything about breaking soft-boiled eggs into a glass: they place the egg in a holder, break one end of the shell, and eat the egg very gracefully.

Kyoto was built in feudal days, and is entirely surrounded by mountains, except a narrow gap at the entrance. The men of the olden time were always at war: modern men have learned peace and decency. This is civilization. The Japanese are peaceable and polite, but when they are imposed upon they fight hard; when war with the Russians could not be

avoided, they whipped them to a standstill in so short a time that the world is still wondering and applauding.

The Jap is always interesting, but I thought him particularly interesting this morning, when he was suffering with the "bust-head." Yesterday he celebrated his victory over the Russians: to-day he had a rice-cake headache. We had the same guide and rickshaw men to-day we had yesterday, and it was evident they had been out celebrating last night; their bows were not quite so low: they were a little slower in every way. On the streets the effects of the celebration last night were plainly apparent this morning. The people were polite, but there was no overlooking the fact that they had the "bust-head."

A peculiar thing in the cities of Japan is that in front of nearly every little house in the crowded, narrow streets, you will find a few chickens. If a chicken wanders a hundred feet away from his front door, and becomes frightened, it lights out for home with great energy.

The Japanese do not shake hands and they do not kiss. The Japanese hate the Russian men because they kiss one another.

We visited a private house this morning, through favor of the proprietor of the hotel, who gave us a card. We went through the wonderful garden,

and through the kitchen. Another Japanese peculiarity is that every member of a household is furnished with a little charcoal stove, and he cooks to suit himself. In the kitchen of the private house we found a tile range. In one big pot, rice was cooking, and in another soup was boiling. The average Jap eats rice with chopsticks.

A roaring stream runs through Kyoto, and standing in this to-day, we saw women washing clothes, with kegs on their feet; rather, they were standing in kegs, to prevent becoming chilled by getting their feet wet.

At one of the temples we visited in Kyoto this morning, we were taken inside by a monk; a privilege we had not previously enjoyed. We went into the Holy of Holies, and wherever we encountered a goddess of mercy, we bowed low before it, and said: "No more seasickness, if you please. Amen." The monk also took us to see the private gardens, which were beautiful.

Most of the babies are carried by little girls, on their backs. Occasionally you see a henpecked man carrying a baby on his back, and occasionally a boy is seen carrying a baby. I asked the guide this morning if he was familiar with the term, "henpecked." He said he was. Then I remarked: "Well, your Japanese women are rooster-pecked." He actually laughed, which I thought a great compliment, considering that

he was suffering with the bust-head from last night's dissipation. The guide says the model family in Japan consists of two boys and one girl; but these figures are often overrun by about two hundred per cent.

This morning we visited several villages near Kyoto, and at a lonely place I pulled my rickshaw man, at a lively trot. The rickshaw man was greatly amused, and I soon had enough of it. The villages were in the mountains, and the country reminds you of the mountains of Colorado; the same pine trees everywhere, and the same narrow valleys: but the Colorado ranchmen do not know what farming is, judged by the Japanese standard. A favorite vegetable here is the turnip; it is sweeter than our turnip, and much larger. Another favorite vegetable in Japan is the radish, which is also very large. Turnips and radishes are about the only vegetables seen in profusion.

In a temple yard I saw a curious thing to-day: the limbs of a pine tree trained over a sort of arbor that must have been seventy feet across. The monks had worked several hundred years to accomplish the feat.

In all the temple yards are immense stone and bronze lanterns, probably ten feet high. People throw pebbles into a receptacle at the top, for good luck. The receptacles are now full of pebbles, and it is quite a feat to throw a pebble in such a way as to make it stay. I did it three times in succession, and the guide

says I shall surely have a pleasant journey. It is something like our custom of wishing on a load of hay.

The little Japanese maid who waits on us at the Myako Hotel is said to be an old maid; she must be as much as twenty years old. I always did have old maids around me. . . . The bathtubs in this hotel are of wood, bound with copper wire. The lavatories have been transformed from the old Japanese style into the modern American style, and everything is very quaint. The dining-room where we take our meals is situated in a garden; one end and two sides open to the sunlight. From the balcony in front may be seen a wonderful picture: the city below, and the mountains all around. The city was illuminated last night, and some of the buildings showed thousands of electric lights. The crowds in Kyoto yesterday had no other amusement than walking about. I rode around a good deal, and saw nothing unusual, except the decoration and the crowds. The Japanese surprise you at every turn, with their cleverness. You do not think of the Japanese as heathen; if I were a missionary, I should be ashamed to attempt to convert these people. . . . Our guide in Kyoto was educated in an American missionary school; he says that when he did not attend chapel in the morning, he received no instruction in English that day. The guide has no respect for the missionaries. The missionaries themselves admit that they are disliked everywhere in the Orient.

So far as I could learn, the Japs are not at all arrogant because of their recent victory over the Russians; they are preparing for peace as busily as they formerly prepared for war.

I am told that much of the money used by worshippers at the temples is counterfeit. The worshippers discovered that the gods did not know the difference, so there are shops where counterfeit money is sold for use in the temples. The priests raved, but it did no good. The guide says the young Japanese are not very religious; they are going the way of the Americans.

No wonder there is no milk in Japan; the cows are worked to plows in the fields! I wondered that at the same time they did not carry their calves on their backs.

There was once a rich man who built a wonderful temple in the Orient. His temple was of a new style of architecture, but as grotesque as the old. There were strange figures, and strange characters; a bell rang frequently, but not in the usual way; it was rung after a new fashion. There were priests in the new temple, but their movements differed from the movements of all the other priests previously known; the wise men could not learn what the new priests were driving at, nor could the wise men learn the meaning of the ugly figures and characters. And the proprietor of the new temple would not enlighten the wise

men; he continued to burn blue lights, and green lights, and incense, and to do all sorts of strange things. The common people flocked to the new temple, and looked for the places to leave money; but there were none. So they threw their money over the fence, and the proprietor of the new temple threw the money back. The gods in the new temple had a thousand eyes each, to see virtues in the people, and a thousand hands to dispense blessings. As fast as the people threw their money over the temple fence, the proprietor threw it back, and told the people to use it in making their homes more comfortable. People didn't know what it all meant, but they did know that they got along as well as ever; indeed, better, because they improved with time, as people do. After a while the proprietor of the temple died, and was revered as a saint. But one day a manuscript was found, and read to the people. In it the late proprietor of the temple wrote: "I have often been asked what the temple means; what the figures and ceremonies and cabalistic signs mean. I now confess that they do not mean anything. I know, for I built the temple, and made everything it contains. And, furthermore, I am no saint."

Among travelers it is whispered that the Japanese are a nation without morals; that at the hotels, particularly in the interior, girl servants undress male travelers in their rooms, and give them baths. I have asked several men whether they had known anything of the kind. They had not, but the story is whispered

about. All the travelers I have talked with have found the Japanese as well-behaved as other people. At Tokio, there is a street where hundreds of immoral girls may be seen; the same disgusting sight may be seen in many American cities. I have heard "big" stories in my time, but all of them have turned out to be fiction. The stories about the Japanese that I have found to be true relate to their politeness, their industry, and to their credit generally. If the Japanese are more immoral than other people, I have seen no evidence of it.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon we left Kyoto for Kobe, where we are to rejoin the ship. At the railway station we found a tremendous crowd of people waiting to see Admiral Togo depart. We entered a railway carriage, and sat for twenty minutes looking at the crowds on the platform. Within thirty feet of us a space had been roped off, and in this space were collected many of the notables of Japan, ladies and gentlemen. A Japanese lady of rank will not appear on the streets in bright colors: and the higher a woman's rank, the more she is inclined to walk with her toes pointing in. (I make this last statement on the authority of Mrs. Judge Tracy.) The Japanese ladies we saw were dressed becomingly in black, and the gentlemen were dressed like American gentlemen, except that one man wore an orange-colored robe and an ordinary American stiff hat. Just at the moment when Admiral Togo was expected, our train pulled out, but for two hours and a half, at every station, we saw

thousands of Japanese collected to see his train go by. Master Walter Tracy, of our party, saw Togo on the streets of Kyoto; trust a boy to see the sights anywhere. . . . Our party had an entire compartment in the car, except that one foreigner came in. He turned out to be a Russian naval officer, wounded during the recent war. The governess with the Tracys talked French with him: he said he was going to Kobe to see some Russian friends, naval officers, depart for home. . . . The railway ran through a wonderful mountain valley, where every foot was utilized, and the mountain-sides terraced for crops. More women than men worked in the fields. We passed through Osaka, the Japanese manufacturing city, and it looked like Pittsburg, with hundreds of great smokestacks. Beyond Osaka, more rice-fields, and more stacks of grain than I had ever before seen I thought. Here were villages every half-mile, apparently: the farming people seem to live in little collections of houses, and farm the land nearest them. At one little place where the train stopped we bought a traveler's lunch. Except the rice at the bottom of the basket, we could not name a single thing it contained; there were a half-dozen different articles of food, all entirely new to us. We "tasted" a little, and threw the basket out of the window. Mrs. Tracy said one of the delicacies was composed of the skin of chicken necks. . . . What an opportunity we had to study the Japanese, as they lined up at the stations waiting to see Togo's train, which was soon to follow ours! . . . Arrived at Kobe, our procession

started again: seven rickshaws, as we were compelled to hire an extra one for Judge Tracy's baggage. This procession always amused me: it filled nearly a block, wherever we went. Mrs. Tracy, stately and dignified, as became the wife of a Judge, usually rode first, and Judge Tracy usually rode in the rear, as he was always the last to get his numerous pieces of baggage through the gates. . . . Kobe is much more modern than other Japanese towns. Arrived at the hotel, we sent our baggage on to the ship, and then "took in the town" until dinner-time, as we intended dining on shore. At nine o'clock at night our procession formed again, and away we clattered to the steamship dock. We went aboard the Pacific Mail launch, and, huddling near the boilers to keep warm, talked of our regret at going back to the ship. Presently the tender began to move, and in ten minutes, out in the bay, the "Siberia" loomed up, brilliantly lighted. On a German steamer, lying near, a band was playing. The tender tied up to the "Siberia," and rocked and rocked, and we jumped over to the steamer stage, and climbed up two long stairways to the upper deck, where some of our old friends were waiting for us, and gave us welcome, after our absence of five days. In my room I found a letter, written five days after I left home; also the pongee silk suits I had ordered at Yokohama. We all looked at these suits, and I "tried them on," and we decided that they "fit" all right. Then we scattered about the decks, to tell the other passengers of the delights of Japan. . . . I went to bed at 10:30; three hours later I awoke, and the "Siberia"

was under way: the chug-chug of the machinery could be heard, and the rush of the waves, and the lights of Kobe had disappeared.

MONDAY, November 27.

When I awoke this morning, the ship was passing through the Inland Sea. We took on a good many new passengers; tourists who had stopped over one ship, to see Japan. . . . To me, the Inland Sea seems like a great lake winding around in the Rocky Mountains. At places, the ship passes within a hundred yards of islands; here are found many of the four thousand islands of Japan. The course winds about a good deal; at times we go through places that are quite narrow, and then steam for a time in a large body of water, but always surrounded by pine-covered mountains. The sea, of course, is protected, and very smooth. Small boats are numerous, hundreds of them in sight all the time. Usually they are sailing-vessels, or fishing-boats, with occasionally a good-sized steamer. It is said there is nothing else like the Inland Sea in the world, and I believe it: this is one of the things travelers cross the Pacific to see, and I am almost inclined to say it is worth the hardship of an ocean voyage. Villages and towns alongshore are numerous, and the mountain-sides are terraced at many places for crops of barley. Bays and inlets are as numerous as islands, and fruitful valleys are frequent. From descriptions I have read, I imagined that the Inland Sea

was something like the St. Lawrence river and its Thousand Islands, but it is the St. Lawrence multiplied by eight or ten, and the islands here are mountains; around you everywhere, in the distance, are mountain ranges. Like the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, it is too big a thing to be described: too big to be painted. The ship continues in the Inland Sea from daylight until dark, and the passengers are so excited that they dislike to leave the decks to go to their meals. They all say the Inland Sea is marvelous; there is no disappointment: the glummiest passenger on board is almost having a good time. . . . Japan looks little on the map, but it is big enough when you pass through it. On many of the bays and inlets of the Inland Sea we see good-sized towns, and forests of masts. I am beginning to understand why Japan won that naval fight: it has millions of men trained to the sea from their youth up. . . . It is said the finest trip in Japan is to take one of the coasting steamers at Kobe, and stop at the many small towns bordering the Inland Sea between Kobe and Nagasaki. Here, they say, is where you see the genuine Japanese character; Japanese architecture is always the same, from the Mikado's palace to the hut of the fisherman or farm laborer. To take the trip mentioned, it is necessary to employ a guide, and take along much of your own food, for the hotels along the coast are poor affairs. I should like to spend six months in Japan, instead of six days, and I should like to take this coast trip; the country places I have visited have interested me most. . . . It seems odd to

have nothing to do again, although there is a good deal of excitement on board to-day. We are to meet the "Korea," the sister ship of the "Siberia," to-day, and we intend to cheer ourselves hoarse: it will be on its way home, and the Stars and Stripes will float from its flag-mast. Our sailors are to be mustered on deck, and the ships will run as near together as possible, and exchange greetings. Every big cloud of smoke ahead is closely inspected, and excitement runs high. . . . A ship appears on the horizon, and the captain pronounces it the "Korea." It grows large rapidly, and goes by within twenty minutes like a race-horse. Its passengers cheer us, and we cheer them. In addition, we display a banner on which the words are painted: "Twenty-seven minutes." This means that while the "Korea" beat all records in carrying the Taft party to San Francisco, we beat the "Korea's" time twenty-seven minutes in carrying the Harriman party. Hurrah! How we all cheer! But it is all over in a minute, and the "Korea" soon becomes only a cloud of smoke and a black speck on the water.

TUESDAY, November 28.

The Japanese Federation of Women's Clubs met at Nagasaki to-day, and coaled the "Siberia." We arrived at Nagasaki at 8 o'clock in the morning and remained until 5:30 p. m. The coaling was done by twelve hundred Japanese, mostly women, and the performance was the most interesting thing I have seen

in Japan. When the ship cast anchor, it was immediately surrounded by coaling-boats. The Japanese at once began building stages, or huge steps, leading up from the coal-boats to the ship's coal-bunkers. These stages completed, four hundred of the Japanese went into the ship, to carry the coal into the bunkers, and the other eight hundred remained outside, to pass the coal up. The operation continued seven or eight hours. There were sixteen crews, eight on each side of the ship. The coal was passed up in wicker baskets, or baskets made of rice straw. I should say each basket contained forty or fifty pounds of coal. Each crew consisted of a lot of shovelers, who filled the baskets, and two lines of workers to pass them along, and up the side of the ship. At the top of each line stood a woman who emptied the baskets, and threw them to one side, where they were picked up by another woman, and thrown to the deck of the coal-boat. Here they were picked up by children, and passed back to the shovelers. The result was a continuous and rapid line of coal-baskets passing up the side of the ship; the line resembled an endless-chain elevator operated by machinery. The women and men were good-humored, and polite to each other; you notice this all over Japan. In any other country you would see quarreling and fighting, but I have seen none here. Some of the women in the endless chain were young girls, not more than sixteen years old; others were elderly women, with black teeth. Occasionally men worked with the women, but they did no more work than the women and girls. I saw one woman get hurt, a big

lump of coal falling on her from above. She sank down in her place, but the work went on just the same, the others doing her share. In a little while she recovered, and resumed her place in the line. While she was down, one of the other women found opportunity, during a short delay, to pat her affectionately on the back. . . . Captain Smith told me that he took on two thousand tons of coal, and that his company paid \$180 for the loading, or nine cents a ton. Out of this the twelve hundred people were paid, and the contractors made a profit. A passenger who timed several of the gangs, and made an average, said each gang lifted thirty-four baskets of coal up the ship's side every minute. The men received twenty-five cents of our money for the seven hours' work; the women fifteen cents, and the children eight cents. Were not labor very cheap, it would, of course, be impossible to coal in this way. All ships passing are coaled at Nagasaki, which has an excellent harbor, and is located near extensive coal-fields. Not long ago, a sampan (small Japanese boat) containing a load of coal-workers got too near a ship's screw while it was in motion, and fourteen of the women and children were drowned. . . . Many of the women who assisted in coaling the "Siberia" carried babies on their backs. While we were coaling, water-boats, supplied with steam pumps, pumped water into the tanks of the "Siberia." . . . As the coal-boats were unloaded, the women "washed up," as coal-miners do; I saw one young girl perfectly naked from her waist up. Wherever you go in Japan you see things that cause

you to look the other way, particularly if you are with women. After the coaling was finished, many of the women laborers produced pipes, and smoked while waiting to return to shore.

Having nine hours to wait at Nagasaki, we joined a party of passengers and went ashore, to visit a resort in the mountains. Each passenger hired a rickshaw with an extra man to push, and, after considerable delay, our procession of fifteen persons went rattling through the streets, toward the mountain road. This road winds up to the summit, and then down to the sea on the other side. All the way we passed through little farms; little terrace farms. The sides of the mountains are terraced, as is the custom here; there is a level terrace as large as a small dooryard at home, and then a level terrace above it. The terraces were supported by heavy stone walls. On the terraces, rice was usually grown; occasionally, vegetables. In the dooryards were orange trees, with the fruit just ripening. The road wound around and about, to take advantage of the grades, and occasionally the members of our party alighted, and took a short cut across on foot, to give the rickshaw men a rest. The road was lined with Japanese women, carrying loads; there are few horses here. Occasionally we met a cow attached to a heavy load on a rude wagon; and at long intervals a bull, which We Men looked at with pity. In the country, most of the old women we met had black teeth; the sign of a loyal, industrious wife. A Captain

Babb, of the marine service, was one of our party, and he made the American women very indignant by bowing low to every native woman with black teeth. In the Japanese language, "Ohio" means "Good morning," and we saluted the travelers we met on the road. In Nagasaki I saw this sign in front of a little building: "Ohio House." The word "Ohio" is heard everywhere in Japan; it is the one word tourists soon learn. . . . Arriving on the other side of the mountain, we arranged for lunch at a Japanese hotel, and visited a fishing village; the poorest lot of people I have ever seen anywhere. The place was so frightfully dirty that we did not remain long. The poorer the town, the narrower the streets: in the streets of this town there was barely room for two people to walk abreast. We saw here also a native school. All of the children were foul, and many of them had great scabs covering their heads. In January and February the weather is quite cold here, and as the houses are flimsy, and the people lightly dressed, consumption is prevalent. Nearly all the children I saw had bad colds, and showed it in a disgusting way. Most of the people are barefooted, except that they wear sandals. . . . In the yard of the native hotel we found a traveling fakir, and he gave an exhibition for our benefit. His wife with a baby on her back, furnished "music" by beating a tom-tom. The Japanese are not very musical, but in one little village I saw a young man lying on the floor practicing on a brass alto horn; somewhere in that vicinity there is an amateur brass band. . . . Our lunch at the native hotel was a primi-

tive affair, served by Japanese girls. We had fried fish, raw fish, fried beefsteak, baker's bread, a rice pudding, etc. We sat on chairs at the table, as the place is patronized almost entirely by tourists from America. While we ate, our rickshaw men collected at the door as notice that we should give them money for dinner, which we did. . . . Then, after smoking cigars obtained at the native hotel, we started up the mountain road for Nagasaki. Frequently we met very old men coming down the road. When you meet a very old man, a stranger, have you ever remarked how he tries to look all right? We also met many married women carrying babies on their backs, and most of them wore on their faces that weary, disgusted expression, which seems to say: "If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't get married." This expression is quite common with American women who are married. . . . Everywhere in Japan you see the little stoves in which charcoal is burned. Some of these stoves are so small that people carry them about under their loose robes. Half the Japanese you meet on chilly days seem to have no hands; they have their hands drawn inside their balloon sleeves; probably they have a little charcoal stove inside their clothing, and are warming their hands. Occasionally a Jap's clothing catches on fire from the use of the little stoves. . . . Our rickshaw men all had numbers on their hats, and after a walk, members of our parties would call out their numbers, as Americans do on leaving a theater, to attract their carriage-drivers. My man was numbered 313, and his name was Oh. It was

generally agreed that I should have trouble. Another rickshaw man in the party was named Man. . . . The little Japanese girls who are too small to carry real babies on their backs, carry dolls on their backs. . . . In the long slow trip up the mountain, I noticed that dogs do not amount to much in Japan: they are few, and, when found, have a subdued way. An American dog is always impudent. The few cats here are born without tails. . . . Along the road, in a wretched little village, we saw two women mixing mortar with their feet. Also a little hotel displaying this sign: "Flag of All Nations Hotel." In a prominent place in the hotel was shown a group picture of rulers of the world, including McKinley. All the male rulers were seated, but Queen Victoria was standing up. . . . On the way up the mountain Captain Babb told a story: A Chinaman became a convert to the Christian religion, and every Sunday the missionary took up a collection. The Chinaman stood this without complaint for a time, but finally he said: "What's the matter with your Very Much Man? He always bloke." . . . Another one of our party during a rest on the mountain road, said that he attended a garden party in Tokio and saw a chrysanthemum plant containing 380 blossoms. The plant was fifteen feet high and ten feet across. The flowers were ten to twelve inches across, and of several varieties. The plant belonged to the emperor. . . . Arrived at the ship, we found the process of coaling still going on. One Jap engaged in the work had a fringe of whiskers on each side of his face, and around under his

chin, and the passengers called him Mr. O'Hooligan.
. . . At 5:30 p. m. the ship got under way for Shanghai, after considerable difficulty, owing to the crowded harbor, and a strong flowing tide. . . . Nagasaki has immense shipyards, and dry-docks, and is said to be the only place in Japan where the Christian religion has any hold. A number of churches may be seen on the hills.

Last night we passed within fifty or sixty miles of Togo's battleground, also within sight of Japan's chief naval base: a harbor reached through a very crooked channel. A curious thing happened last night: We were running along through the dark, and I thought we were out at sea. I went into my room for a few minutes, and when I came out again we were passing through a narrow channel with an electric-lighted town on either side. The treaty of peace between China and Japan was signed in the town on the left.

I am tired hearing the tourists around me talk of the places they have visited. Most of them carry guide-books, and study them, and try to become learned. I have not looked into a guide-book since leaving home, nor do I intend to: I prefer to see things through my Kansas eyes, and not through the eyes of some one else.

At home, I am mistaken every five minutes; here I am mistaken every minute. I no sooner form an opinion than I hear something directly opposed to it.

An army officer told me last night that in five years an American would be unable to live in Japan, the Japanese were becoming so arrogant because of their victory over Russia. I had just written that the Japanese were not arrogant. You can hear anything on shipboard. Last night, I believed that the Japanese were not particularly immoral. To-day I met a teacher who has spent much time in Japan, and he said he was personally familiar with the following incident: In Yokohama, an American merchant made a contract with a Japanese girl to live with him five years, as his mistress. (A contract of this kind is legal and can be enforced in the courts.) The girl was the daughter of a Japanese clerk in an English bank, and the contract was made with her parents. My informant had seen the girl's father at the American's house, visiting, as kin visit at home. The girl did not lose her social position because of her contract with the American; at the end of five years she would resume her former position among her acquaintances, and be free to make another such contract with another American, or marry. The contract provided that the girl was to be dutiful, take care of the American's house, not bear children, and receive a certain stipulated sum: I think it was \$250 in advance, and a like sum at the end of the five years. My informant says contracts of this kind often result in trouble: the woman becomes fond of the man, and won't leave him. Under such circumstances a man finds himself in an embarrassing position. When a woman becomes fond of a man, or pretends to become fond of him, he is to a certain extent in her power,

and all women know it. My informant also says that in Tokio, girls become public prostitutes without losing caste. The girl's parents receive a certain per cent. of her earnings, and she frequently quits the life, and marries. This sort of thing is under government control in Japan, and made as respectable as possible. . . . Lately, reforms are being introduced.

Many of the English people I meet have pronunciations I can barely understand. Many of them are university-bred. Their pronunciations are certainly not like ours. What I should like to know is, are they right, and are we wrong? I know that our dictionaries do not agree with the English dictionaries, in many respects (Worcester says clerk should be pronounced "clark"), but there are no such differences in authority as the English pronunciations would indicate. Are our pronunciations Yankee, or are theirs cockney? My oracle will please look this up, and be prepared to submit a decision by the time I return home.

Here is another curious thing: The Japanese Christ was Buddha: his history was very much like that of Jesus Christ. He was accepted by the Chinese, and later by the Japanese, as a savior, or redeemer; yet, before he died, Buddha became an agnostic: an infidel—he did not believe that he was a savior! This is probably the most singular case of infidelity on record.

WEDNESDAY, November 29.

We are at sea again to-day, and the ship is acting up again; at breakfast this morning, Mateel was compelled to hurriedly leave the table, and the captain laughed at her. I am doing pretty well, though a very little would cause me to collapse. . . . We took on several new passengers at Nagasaki: one of them a Chinese gentleman in full costume. Another is a woman who comes into the smoking-room with her husband, and smokes cigarettes, and plays cards. She seems to be a very nice woman; only her "notions" are different from ours. If there is anything new on board, I don't know it. I continue to sleep as I have not slept before in years; the dead sort of sleep that does one good. And I am standing the ship fare a little better: I ate pancakes yesterday morning, and to my surprise, they didn't kill me. . . . It is pretty lonesome when I go to my room at night, and before dropping off to sleep my problems are as hard as ever. Between Nagasaki and Shanghai, at sea, I can do no more with my problems than I can at home.

THURSDAY, November 30.

Thanksgiving Day. When I came on deck this morning, the "Siberia" was at anchor off Shanghai, China. Owing to the great draft of the ship, we were unable to go up the river to the city, fourteen miles away, so passengers were transferred to a tender, and freight to lighters. We were at anchor in a broad

river, and the shores looked like the shores of the Missouri river, on the bottom side: the same sandbars, and the same willows and cottonwoods. This part of China is flat. The water in the river in which we anchored is muddy; for a good many hours we had been in the Yellow Sea: the water of a yellow color, from the mud in the rivers flowing into it. When the passengers went to the bath-rooms this morning they rebelled: the water was as muddy as Missouri river water before it is filtered.

At 8:30 a tender came off, and many of the passengers went on board for the trip to Shanghai, as the unloading of the ship would detain it twenty-eight hours. So we filed down the double stairway hanging against the ship's side, and went aboard the tender, which was rocking like a chip. By the time we got away, the lighters had arrived and the unloading was under way. . . . We were an hour and a half going up the river to Shanghai, with Missouri river bottom-land on either side all the way. Some of the houses looked very much like some of the farmhouses to be seen in the Missouri river bottoms, but generally the houses were covered with rice straw, which is the rule all over rural China. The river was full of Chinese junks; coasting-boats, some of which were provided with cannon, as a protection against Chinese pirates, who are still numerous. It is said that at Canton tourists may see a pirate beheaded nearly every day, on payment of a small sum: if a pirate is not ready for execution, the official will get

him ready if the inducement is great enough. . . . On either side of every Chinese junk's prow is a great eye, to see the way. In foggy weather, these eyes are given an extra polish, in order that they may see better. On one junk, we saw a sailor beating a gong: the wind was light, and the god worshipped by the crew was being implored for a breeze, and a favorable one. Two crews sailing side by side will beat gongs and pray for a favorable wind, although one crew may be going up the river and the other down: a favorable wind for one crew would be unfavorable for the other. How they fix it between themselves, I do not know. . . . Behind us came a tender from a German ship which had anchored near us, and we "jollied" the passengers, as our tender outran theirs. As we approached the city we saw many big ships at anchor, including many foreign warships. We passed several warships flying the American flag: three of them had been captured from Spain, and devoted to the service of Uncle Sam. One of our passengers, an assistant paymaster, knew the officers, and they called back and forth to each other. There were half a dozen Chinese warships, a cable ship, and numerous tramp steamers that do not belong to any regular line, but go wherever they can find freight. On the right-hand side of the river were immense cotton mills; raw cotton is shipped here from the United States, and manufactured into cloth by the Chinese cheap labor. At 10:30 we saw a crowd of people waving handkerchiefs at a dock, and we pulled in there and landed.

Shanghai is a treaty port, and controlled by the foreigners: the Americans, the English, the Germans, the French, etc. There are about ten thousand foreign residents, and a half-million Chinese residents, but the foreigners control the city because of the treaty. If I had had a fight with an Englishman in Shanghai, I should have been taken before the American consul, and tried according to American laws; the Englishman could have been taken before the English consul, and tried by English law. . . . The modern city of Shanghai looks like a continental city, for the English and French are more in evidence than are Americans; the American population is only seven or eight hundred, whereas there is an entire section known as the French quarter, and the English are in evidence everywhere. The policemen are either Englishmen, or English subjects from India: big black fellows who wear turbans, and twist their whiskers in a curious way. There is an old walled Chinese city at Shanghai, ruled by mandarins, and thousands of Chinese live and do business in the foreign or modern city, which has flats that reminded me of Kansas City. . . . The Chinese are a good deal larger than the Japanese, and I couldn't help thinking: "You miserable devils, why didn't you whip the Japs? Why don't you try it again?" But the Chinese seem to lack "spunk." I went out driving with a Shanghai man, and when the driver didn't act right the Shanghai man would grab the Chinese driver's queue and pull it. When we returned to the hotel, the Chinaman attempted to

overcharge us, whereupon the Shanghai man paid what he thought was right, and then kicked the Chinaman. It is quite common here for English and Americans to beat rickshaw men with their canes, for they have things their own way, and the Chinese are very humble. . . . Rickshaws are as numerous here as in Japan; sedan chairs are scarce, and carriages quite numerous: so numerous that I did all my running around in carriages, the charge for which is fifty cents (American money) an hour. The carriages are pulled by small Chinese ponies, and they are shown as little mercy as a Wyoming cow pony. Two Chinamen ride on the box; the second man seems to be a sort of apprentice, learning the business, but both wear green uniforms, and both yell in passing through the crowded streets.

The most remarkable sight in Shanghai is the walled city, which is venerable with age; it is hundreds of years old. It is surrounded by a double wall and a moat. It has four gates, and we entered one of these by passing over a stone bridge, which seemed to me to be the oddest thing, as well as the oldest thing, I had ever seen. The streets are nowhere more than six or seven feet wide, and all paved with flagstones. Of course, carriages and rickshaws are not permitted inside the walls, but I saw a few natives riding in sedan chairs. The roofs of the houses almost meet in the middle of the streets, and the old town is indescribably dark and dirty. Stone bridges span filthy ditches, and although the weather was quite

cool, the stench was almost overpowering; the stench and filth frightened me, and I thought of the plague, and of cholera and smallpox. The Chinese regard smallpox as we regard measles: as something everyone one should have. . . . On the lower floor of every building a shop; above, the living quarters of the people. Of course the narrow streets are crowded with Chinese, and they stare at Americans, and jostle them: they are impudent and big and fierce. We met no other whites in the old walled city: only the chattering Chinese. On every side were native restaurants, crowded with people drinking tea and eating strange food. We had a Shanghai man with us, and a native guide, but it was an unpleasant experience: unpleasant because it seemed dangerous, and it would be dangerous, were it not for the modern city outside, with its police and war-ships. The native merchants did not ask us to buy: they seemed to resent our presence. . . . The guide knocked at an iron door; it was opened from the inside, and we entered the mandarin's garden, a quiet, splendid place, considering the surroundings. Here lives the ruler of the city with his seven wives; here the native police bring evil-doers for trial; here come the foreign officials at certain times to confer with the native officials. We visited several joss-houses; old, strange, and uncanny. At one place were gods for the old, gods for the young: gods before which the people prayed from the time they were christened until they were ninety. The guide asked my age. I told him, and he pointed out the god be-

fore which a man of my age should worship, and a terrible-looking monster he was. Then the attendant burned incense before the god picked out for me, and I paid twenty cents (Mexican) for the blessing. Ma-teel was also blessed in the same way by a god suitable to her age. . . . At another place we came to an open court, where thousands of people were collected, amusing themselves. Some of them were watching fakirs who were performing tricks; others collected about men who were fiercely talking, and wildly gesticulating: possibly these men were abusing Americans. Everywhere were food-sellers, and beggars, and bird-sellers: the Chinese seem to be fond of birds. But there were not many women in the crowds; Chinese women seem to keep off the streets. Many of the women we saw had mutilated feet. The story is that a Chinese emperor once had a favorite concubine with little feet: ever since then some of the Chinese women have bandaged their feet, to make them appear small: it seems to be nothing more than a fool custom—like that of the Japanese women of blackening their teeth. There is a general similarity between the Japanese and Chinese. Their houses look something alike; they dress in the same general way; the people of both countries eat with chopsticks, and the people of both countries live largely on rice and fish. The walled city of Shanghai reminds me of the older portion of Kyoto, in Japan, but it seems much more primitive; there is much more filth, and not so many women and children are seen. . . . If you can imagine the streets of the walled

city of Shanghai from what I have written, remember the city contains hundreds of thousands of people; that the crooked streets cover a vast territory, and that you could not find your way out of the dark, ugly, dirty place without the assistance of a guide. While we were in the walled city, a funeral procession went by: the mourners riding in sedan chairs, and dressed in white. At various places in the walled city are burying-grounds. Of course there are epidemics of disease in the walled city, when the dead lie in the streets until they can be cared for. We passed old and crippled beggars who were crying and sobbing in the most pitiful way; the Chinese are said to be very indifferent to their poor. The guide had a silver coin changed into copper coins known as "cash," and gave a pittance to every beggar.

As it was Thanksgiving Day, of course we attended a football game: a game played between American and British sailors on an athletic field in the modern city. Our men were from the warship "Baltimore," and when we left the grounds, the Americans were behind in the score. All the spectators were Americans and English, except the usual Chinese boys. We cheered as hard as we could, but couldn't win. Our team was the stronger, but the British insisted on British rules which our men didn't understand. On the same grounds I saw Americans playing golf, with Chinese caddies.

A party of eight passengers from the "Siberia" ate Thanksgiving dinner together at the Astor House, and

had chicken, turkey, pumpkin pie, plum pudding, etc. I sat at the head of the table, and, being called upon for a toast, I gave them: "Our friends at home: the best people on earth, present company not excepted." The immense dining-room was filled with Americans and Europeans; many of them naval officers in full uniform. . . . Mexican money is used in Shanghai, and it is worth about half as much as American money. In all the public places, every day, the rate of exchange is posted. I lent Judge Tracy thirty dollars in Shanghai. When we returned to the ship, he paid me \$18.50 in American money. I didn't know whether it was right or not, but he had it figured out on a piece of paper, in a very elaborate manner. . . . Judge Tracy persuaded me to be vaccinated in Shanghai; smallpox is a scourge all over the Orient. At home, I do not believe much in vaccination; I have seen it demonstrated many times that fully one-half of the reputable physicians do not believe in it. But I couldn't stand up against a judge, so he took me away down a crooked street, after dark, and pointed out a drug store where vaccine only a week old could be purchased. Here every man purchases his vaccine, and takes it to a doctor. The druggist was an American, and it was worth a long walk to look at him. . . . At a road-house we visited in Shanghai, we met an American woman, the keeper of the place, and she celebrated Thanksgiving by bringing out real milk and butter, and "smear case." The place is celebrated for these luxuries, and has a large American patronage. At one dairy we

passed, we saw that the cows were water buffaloes. I suppose their milk is all right, but somehow they didn't look as cows should: Jersey milk would have "set" better on my stomach.

At Shanghai, on Thanksgiving night, our party of eight visited two Chinese theaters. Our guide was a favorite Chinese barkeeper at the Astor House bar, known as "Boxer"; his intimate friends call him "Box." He dressed up in a gorgeous costume for the occasion, and took his little boy along. "Boxer" was the finest-looking Chinaman I saw in China, except a boy known as "Eddy," also employed at the Astor House bar. "Boxer" is quite well known in the Chinese quarter, as well as among the Europeans and Americans, and the Chinese paid him a great deal of attention everywhere; he pushed them aside, and did just about as he pleased. When he ordered anything at the theaters, he told the attendants to send the bill to him at the Astor House bar. The theaters we visited were enormous affairs, and packed from floor to ceiling; I certainly saw two thousand people at both places. I have seen the Chinese theaters in San Francisco, but it seemed to me they were bogus; that they were operated for tourists. There I sat on the stage, but in Shanghai I knew I was seeing the real thing. At either side of the stage was an enormous lamp-post. There was the usual row of gas jets, as footlights, and a similar row above the stage; and still another about midway of the auditorium. There were a gallery and boxes and standing room. So far as I

could understand, the admission to the theater was free; the profit was made on the sale of tea, oranges, confections, etc. Soon after we were seated, an attendant appeared, and gave each of us a damp cloth lately wrung out in very hot water. These were used to wipe your hands and mouth after eating oranges, apples, and sweetmeats; the Chinese also wiped their faces with them. Nearly everyone in the audience smoked; there were many of the big water pipes you see in China, and also cigarettes. Many of the important-looking Chinese men had gaudily dressed Chinese girls sitting with them. These girls are supposed to entertain the men with polite conversation, and they drink tea and eat oranges, which the men pay for. At the conclusion of the play, the girls go home; they seem to be in a class by themselves. "Boxer" sent out for a girl to entertain members of our party. She did not arrive until twenty minutes after the order had been given; when she arrived, she was about sixteen years old, and rather pretty. When we departed, "Boxer" called a sedan chair, and sent his boy, who had become sleepy, home with the girl. The Chinese do not seem to drink much liquor, but they drink tea in the most surprising quantities, and always without cream or sugar. . . . At the theater I have in mind, the play seemed to be a comedy, for the people in the audience roared with laughter; there were frequent bursts of laughter which seemed to be hearty and genuine. From our box, the most interesting thing was to watch the expectant faces in the audience. I have never seen a more attentive or ap-

preciative audience. . . . At the other place, the play seemed to be an opera: a serious affair, because there was no applause. There was an elevated stage, but no curtain, and no scenery: when the actors retired, they retired behind curtains at either side in the rear. The orchestra consisted of a man playing a one-stringed fiddle, a man playing a tom-tom (or drum), a man playing bones, and a man playing cymbals. At rare intervals a wind instrument, resembling a bagpipe in tone, was heard; it was probably a Chinese flute. The singers followed the fiddle, and there was a good deal of method running through it all, but more noise. The singers sang in high, nasal tones, always unmusical, and always disagreeable. At one time I counted forty people on the stage; all the characters were taken by men, as the Chinese, for some reason, will not tolerate women on the stage. If there is a female part in a Chinese play it is taken by a small man, and these female impersonators are high-priced: some of them receive as much as sixty cents a day. The costuming of the opera was rather elaborate: enormous beards, gorgeous robes, high hats, spangles, etc. Incidentally I may say that there is almost no amusement in the Orient for Americans and Europeans. Distances are so great that traveling companies are very rare; while I was at Shanghai, a one-two-three show was being given at the town hall and packing the house nightly. The English papers said the company came to Shanghai from Manila, where it had won the highest praise, etc. There are occasionally walking matches, and prize fights, and foot-

ball games, and horse-races here, and a few baseball games between picked nines from American warships, but dramatic performances are extremely rare. At long intervals a singer will appear and advertise a concert, assisted by "home talent"; and a "grand ball" also attracts attention here.

Our party also visited a sort of Chinese music hall. On an elevated stage in a large room were sitting some singing girls, and an orchestra playing a one-stringed fiddle, bones, cymbals, and a triangle. The girls took turns in singing, and sang in the unmusical, nasal, disagreeable way common to the Chinese. The audience was very large, and the Chinese sat around and drank tea, and ate oranges, apples, confections, etc. Soon after we were seated, each member of our party was given a hot cloth for use instead of a finger-bowl. The girls on the platform were all young, but some of them were ugly. The Americans and English call them "sing-song" girls.

I found a new method of getting about in Shanghai: a wheelbarrow with a very high wheel, pushed by one man. On either side is a seat, like an Irish jaunting car. Two passengers ride in a wheelbarrow, and sometimes more. It is quite common for two Japanese to ride in a rickshaw. There are double rickshaws, pulled by one man, and I have seen four Japs on one of these: a man and his wife and two children.

In Shanghai, you can send an ordinary letter to the United States for two cents, and a United States stamp is used. This is because Shanghai is a treaty port. At one place in Japan, I sent out a number of these letters, and paid \$3.50 in postage.

One of the Chinese stewards on the ship went ashore at Shanghai. He says he has two wives, and would marry a third, were he more prosperous: he now receives \$7 a month, and tips from the passengers. In China a man is free to marry as many wives as he can support; or rather, a man marries one wife, and then buys as many more as he can support. If he does not properly support his extras, the government interferes. Living must be cheap if a ship servant can afford two wives. . . . The large number of Chinamen on the "Siberia" are going to Canton; a very few landed at Shanghai. It is said that ninety per cent. of the Chinese who are in America are Cantonese, who are migratory. Many languages are spoken in China. An educated Chinaman who has been on the ship since it left San Francisco, cannot speak Chinese with the coolie waiters, and talks with them in English. This Chinaman wears a dinner-coat at dinner, and acts and dresses like an American. He told me that if he should visit the interior of China without a pigtail, he would probably be mobbed by the indignant inhabitants; they would look upon him as a traitor; as a backslider, as we Methodists say. . . . The guide who showed us through the walled city in Shanghai told me, while we were in the joss-house,

that he was a Christian. They all say that, to Americans, in the hope of getting an extra tip. I asked him whether he believed in baptism or immersion, but he didn't know. I am too old a Methodist to be fooled in that way. . . . A number of our passengers had intended stopping at Shanghai and making a trip through the interior, but they gave it up, as the weather is cold, the people unfriendly, and the accommodations poor. China is a very large country, and in the interior the people do not know enough to be afraid of Uncle Sam; they have never heard of him, and therefore do not know about his Big Stick. At some places in the interior of China, the people not only do not know that the war with Japan is over: they never heard of the war. In the portions of the empire most favorable for travel, railroad trains do not run at night: as soon as it is dark the trains stop, and passengers must shift for themselves. . . . China has five times the population of the United States, and an enormous territory. One of the predictions often heard here is that the Chinese of the better class are beginning to appreciate the importance of progress, and the folly of images and tradition. Members of the royal family are cutting off their pig-tails, and no longer shaving their heads. With the wonderful patience and industry of the Chinese, to say nothing of their great resources, they could accomplish great things in a very short time, if they went about it in the right way. The Japanese were as backward as the Chinese in 1853, when our Commodore Perry taught them an object lesson at Yokohama; all that little Japan has accom-

plished, and it is to-day the wonder of all the nations, has been accomplished since 1853. . . . China is very badly treated by other nations, and the Chinese are learning that the only way to prevent this is to get a Big Stick. When the different nations invaded China, during the Boxer uprising, the various national bullies exacted an indemnity that was dishonest. The United States was awarded a very large sum. Investigation revealed that this sum was much greater than our damage, real or imaginary, and much of the money is to be returned. But the other nations will keep the dishonest indemnity. The Chinese realize that they were robbed, and they are quietly and patiently getting an army together; they are quietly and patiently acquiring a navy. The splendid manner in which the Japanese whipped the Russians has set the Chinese to thinking. One of our passengers, a Frenchman, left the ship at Shanghai: he is going to China as a military instructor. There are hundreds of these throughout the empire. I am told that every European or American who appears in China, and offers to instruct the people in the arts of modern civilization, meets with a warm welcome from the officials.

Some years ago, Albert J. Beveridge, a clever young gentleman who is now United States Senator from Indiana, made a trip around the world. On his return, he wrote a book entitled "The Russian Advance," in which he predicted that Russia was about to take the earth. In a manner, he Pointed with Pride to the United States, but there was no mistaking the

fact that he Viewed with Alarm the Russian bear. . . . The book was beautifully written, but every time I think about it now, I laugh at Beveridge. The book had hardly attained a general circulation before Russia advanced on little Japan, and little Japan whipped the big bear on less ground than he could stand on. Russia's defeat was the most humiliating thing in the history of war. The Wise Men are the greatest fools in the world, I sometimes think. Napoleon shocked the civilized world by violating all the accepted rules of warfare; Napoleon fought to win victories. So did the Japanese; so will the Chinese some day.

FRIDAY, December 1.

We returned to the ship at 10 o'clock this morning, and learned that those passengers who did not go to Shanghai yesterday enjoyed the best dinner of the voyage: shell oysters, quail, terrapin, turkey, plum pudding, pumpkin pie,—a Thanksgiving feast the chief steward had prepared before leaving San Francisco. It was a much better dinner than we had ashore, and, as we came up the stairway on the ship's side, the passengers who met us, gave us the merry ha! ha! Still, we had a pretty good time ashore, and enjoyed our broad beds on land.

All the missionaries left the ship at Shanghai, including Henry George and all the other children.

I did not dislike Henry George any more than the other passengers did. He was very impudent, but not much worse than his little sisters. When we came back to the ship at Kobe, Henry George was waiting for us as we came off the tender, and said: "Well, it's time you came back." We had been away five days improving our minds by travel. I did not expect him to show me much respect, but I was shocked at his attitude toward Mr. Justice Tracy.

We have been losing our passengers at the different stopping-places: seven of the tables in the dining-room are not occupied at all now, and the others are not full. Those of us who remain at the captain's table have removed up toward the head, and there is no one at the foot of the table. The purser's table is next to ours, and it is not more than half full. The chief engineer and the first officer, and the second officer, also sit at the head of different tables, and they have sustained losses. A new passenger at the second officer's table is a Chinaman who came on board at Shanghai. We rarely meet him except at meals. He wears his hat in the dining-room and there is a red button on top of his hat. I heard in San Francisco that a red button on top of a Chinaman's hat denoted high rank. Nothing in it. Nearly every Chinaman in China wears this red button; it is as common as a hatband in America. . . . The Chinese are a queer people: no one knows much about them: I doubt that they know much about themselves. A missionary told me that he often accepted

things as fact in China and afterwards learned that he was mistaken. Trustworthy history in China dates from six hundred years before Christ. The period shortly after the birth of Christ was noted in China for the promotion of science, industry, education, and commerce: many things we now regard as new were known in China before the Christian era: it is admitted that certain of the sayings in the Bible originated in China: notably, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," which the best historians credit to Confucius. But in the ninth century, China was invaded by the Tartars, and from that period to the present time, the country has lacked progress, in spite of its great resources. Every province has coal, and its anthracite fields are much larger in extent than ours. Iron, tin, copper, lead, silver, granite, porcelain clay, kerosene, etc., are abundant. China is like Missouri—it produces nearly everything, including tobacco. It has the highest mountains in the world, and the greatest rivers: our ship sailed in one of its rivers to-day, and this river was forty miles wide at its mouth. Long before America was discovered—long before the Christian era—China was a country noted for science, education and commerce, but it received a blow of some kind from which it has never recovered. . . . Since the coming of Christ, China has lost its glory and its greatness. The total area of China is a million square miles greater than that of the United States, yet it has only a few miles of railroad, with five times our population. . . . Every generally accepted fact about the

Chinese is likely to be authoritatively denied to-morrow. . . . The Tartar chiefs seem to have found China civilized, and to have made slaves and wild men out of its people. And this taint of slavery is still in the blood of the people, for wherever they are known, they submit to injustice and oppression; they lack the nerve of little Japan, and of the thirteen New England colonies.

This has been the calmest day I ever experienced at sea. The ship runs almost as steadily as a river steamer. But occasionally there are great storms; a while ago we passed the wreck of a Chinese cruiser on the rocky shores of an island, on which it ran at full speed some time ago during a bad night.

About the shrewdest man on the ship is the barber. When he says we shall make a landing at a certain hour, you may depend upon it. When I hear a rumor of any kind up on deck, I go down to the barber and get the real facts. The passengers say we shall land at Hong Kong on Monday morning. The barber says we shall land at Hong Kong on Sunday afternoon, and I am preparing to go ashore Sunday afternoon. Now that I am about to leave the "Siberia," I find I have a fondness for it. The weather, which has been raw and cold, is becoming warmer; we shall find summer at Hong Kong, and hot weather not far from there. I have become better acquainted with the passengers, and shall regret to part with many of them.

In traveling, it is said to be all right for anyone to call on a consul and bother him, but they say you must not call on an ambassador unless you have a special letter of introduction.

SATURDAY, December 2.

Another bright, warm day. The sea is calm, and the ship pitches and rolls so gently we do not notice it. . . . There is talk of the passengers getting together to-night and forming a "Siberian" society, as we separate to-morrow afternoon at Hong Kong and leave the ship for good. Already I have passed several rooms and seen the occupants packing up. The Chinese waiters are more attentive to us than ever before: to-morrow will be tip day.

We all hate the Chinaman because he smokes opium. It has not been so many years ago that the Chinese government decided to put a stop to the sale of opium, then imported largely from India, a British possession. This interfered with the prosperity of India, and consequently with the prosperity of the Christian English, so they went to war with the Chinese and compelled them to permit the opium traffic, as before. If I were the Chinese emperor, how I would "lay" for a chance to "get even" with the national bullies!

If the Japanese do not think a woman amounts to anything, they should travel with one. A man is

compelled to tip his dining-room steward, his state-room steward, etc., but a woman traveler is compelled to tip these, in addition to various stewardesses, as well. A stewardess on the "Siberia" gives Mateel as much attention as a princess receives: she presses her clothes, brings her toast and tea, packs her baggage, calls her "dear," etc. If I do not remember the stewardess with great liberality, I suppose I shall be considered an Old Bear. But it's different in Japan: there the men receive the attention. My daughter has had a slight Susan B. Anthony tendency since she was quite young, and frequently asks me, with fine scorn: "How about the men!" In Japan, her indignation because of her downtrodden sex greatly amused me. I used to get up all sorts of imaginary conversations with the guides for Mateel's benefit.

"In your country," I said to the guide one day, while we were riding through the country in rickshaws, "the women seem to amount to something."

The guide didn't understand a word I said, but said: "Yes, yes; oh, yes."

"Not so with us," I continued; "women attend to society, while we men do the work. But in Japan, the women do the work, and the men sit around."

I pretended that the guide asked me if the young lady accompanying me had a trade, or if she helped in the harvest-field, and I replied:

"O, no; in America, the women look after Social and Educational matters. The young lady accompanying me cannot work in the fields, but you bet she is a great

Scholar; she is a graduate of one of the best schools in Washington, D. C., and can spell 'huge' with two h's."

The girl appeared to take it all very amiably, but presently she gave me a smash by saying, sweetly:

"One of the pleasing things about Japan is that all the men have such fine heads of hair."

As I am somewhat bald, the best I could do was to reply that while the plebeian rickshaw men might have hair on their heads, the statesmen in bronze—the Japanese who had been so great as to be remembered in monuments in parks—were as bald as billiard balls. . . . And this is very nearly the rule in Japan: the ordinary people, who go bareheaded, have fine hair, but the statesmen, who wear hats, are nearly always bald.

There is a man on board who has spent his entire time, since leaving San Francisco, in investigating missionaries. He dislikes them because of Henry George, and has made some startling discoveries. Among other statements he makes is the following: In the interior of China, the first American thing the Chinese learn is to swear in English. As the only English-speaking people there are missionaries, the passenger wants to know how the Chinese learn to swear in English. The passenger is always asking: "Where did they learn it?" This has become a by-word on the ship: "Where did they learn it?"

There is a tutor on board with four very nice American boys, who are going around the world. They

have their lessons every day, and recite to the tutor. There is also a woman on board who has a courier: a man who knows everything, and speaks all languages a little: I never knew a man who could speak several languages and spoke any language well. . . . One of the four boys came into the smoking-room tonight, and lit a pipe. The other boys regarded him as a daredevil and watched for the tutor, who was up in the music-room, writing letters.

SUNDAY, December 3.

In traveling on a railroad train, you know you are approaching a city when houses become numerous. In traveling at sea, you know you are approaching a city when fishing-boats become numerous. This morning, from one side of the ship, I counted more than a hundred fishing-boats: we are approaching Hong Kong: we shall land there between four and five o'clock this afternoon, the barber says. . . . There is consequently a good deal of activity on board; the passengers are packing their baggage and exchanging cards: many friendships have been formed that will last a long time. I have become very fond of two elderly gentlemen: Mr. Munson and Mr. Milligan, of New York. Their gentility appeals to me, as does their fondness for each other. They seem to be old globe-trotters, and, having traveled this way before, they know a good deal. We have met them at many places, and I shall long remember them. . . .

I shall long remember a Mr. Brown, a paymaster in the navy; also Captain Babb and Captain Wise, of the marine service, I shall remember, also, a Mr. Montavon, a principal of schools in the Philippines, and a man of very wide information. Also, the passenger who wants to know how the Chinese in the interior learn to swear, since only missionaries go there. I do not know his name, but he interests me, for every time I go on deck, I hear him inquiring: "How did they learn it?" . . . I seem to have known these people, and others among the passengers, for years.

One night Mateel and I were sitting in a railroad car in Japan, waiting for the train to start for Tokio. The car was full of Japanese; we were the only whites in the train, so far as we knew. "How do we know we are going to Tokio?" Mateel asked. "The brakemen will take care of us," I replied. The brakemen have ways of knowing where travelers are going. When a jay appears at the railroad station at Kyoto, carrying a valise, the brakemen know he is going to Kobe, because all the foreign jays who appear at a certain hour are going to Kobe; they have been going there for years—a perfect stream of them. Those who appear at another hour are going to Nikko, where there is a famous temple. Therefore the brakemen have no trouble in disposing of them.

The women-folks of my family have always been noted for being truthful; I think women generally are more truthful than men. When I tell a good story

and dress it up a little, my daughter will break in with corrections; if I claim we caught ninety fish in an hour in the Yellowstone, and that sometimes we caught three on one line, she will say we didn't catch over fifty, and that we caught three on one line only once. If passengers on the ship describe the beauties of the temple at Nikko, my daughter says—unnecessarily, I think—that we didn't go there. . . . Therefore I was much amused over an incident that happened last evening. During the day the story became current that it was Mateel's birthday; I think it was started as a "joke" by the other young girl on board. Anyway, the chief steward heard about it, and at dinner, a waiter brought in an enormous cake, with Mateel's name in candy on top; also a card which read: "Siberia to Mateel, with compliments." The youngster didn't know what to do; I don't know when her birthday is, but it isn't in December. People began to congratulate her, and her embarrassment increased, but she managed to cut the cake and send pieces around the dining-room. Captain Smith graciously accepted a slice, which Moon, his personal Chinese servant, carried to him. Later, at 9 o'clock, a concert was given in the dining-room in honor of the "birthday," and the girl received several presents. I didn't attend, for I go to bed at 9 o'clock, but I was consulted this morning by the young lady, and asked what she had better do. She fears she will never be forgiven for the duplicity, although she had nothing to do with it. I am rather enjoying her confusion, and when she asks me the best way out of it, I recommend that she try prayer.

There is a good deal of talk about the beauty of Japanese gardens. They are attractive because of their oddity; the finest gardens I have ever seen have been American gardens, and much finer flowers may be seen in southern California than in Japan. Many books have been written about Japanese literature, but it does not amount to much. . . . Japanese art is queer, but it is not great, except in some lines of curios, in which, also, the Chinese excel: inlaid work, for example, requiring great patience and cheap labor. I was told in Kyoto, in going through the porcelain works there, that some of the artists employed do not receive more than sixty cents a day. If you want to buy Japanese or Chinese goods, buy them in the American cities; it is very troublesome to buy them here, carry them about, and get them home. A rule I made before starting was that no presents should be bought; I don't want to be bothered with them. And I remembered the incident of some friends once buying a lot of "genuine Irish" lace in Ireland, which turned out to be American machine lace.

When the Chinese once learn a thing they seem to know it for good. The first morning on the ship, while still in bed, I called for a cup of hot water. Every morning since, at exactly the same hour, my man has appeared with a cup of hot water. The first morning out, I appeared in the bath-room at six o'clock; every morning since, at exactly six o'clock, there has been a rap on my door, and a Chinese voice saying: "Bath

ready." Every time I appear at my table in the dining-room, I find a piece of brown bread and several olives on my side plate, the waiter having noticed that I ate them the first time I appeared.

When I was a boy I hated to go to bed at night for fear something wonderful might happen, and I should miss it. I have been looking for wonderful things all my life, without finding them; I have come to believe there are no wonderful things. I say with all seriousness that I would rather be at home at work than on a trip around the world. I see many unusual things, but I have always had my best times in Atchison. . . . I never see a strange thing that it does not seem familiar; I have seen a picture of it, or read about it. There are a few things, however, that cannot be described, or pictured: one is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and another is the walled city of Shanghai.

The number of fishing-boats I have seen to-day is astonishing, and the fishing-fleets appear on all the coasts. Fish here take the place of cattle and hogs in the United States. Canton has nearly three million people: they are fish-eaters, and great quantities of fish are required to feed them. And when you see an enormous collection of buildings in the coast cities—a collection of buildings reminding you of our packing-houses and elevators—it is a ship-building yard. On shipboard we have different fish twice a day; and they are all fish I have never heard of. They are dried,

pickled, and smoked, as we preserve beef and pork at home. We people of the prairie do not realize the importance of the sea; that more than three-fifths of the earth's surface is salt water.

Nearly every passenger on the ship carries a kodak, and to-day they have been taking group pictures of their friends, on the upper deck. I have been asked to stand in several groups. When these people point out my picture to their friends, I wonder what they will say about me.

Hong Kong, the city at which we shall land this afternoon, belongs to the English, but it was stolen from China. It is a free port, and possibly the most important in the Orient. The English derive their revenue from ground rent. Seven to ten thousand vessels enter the port every year. Up the river, sixty miles away, is the largest city in China: Canton, with a population of very nearly three millions. Tourists go to Canton at night on river-boats, spend the day there, and return the following night, as there are no hotels there. Besides, the city is regarded as dangerous; anti-American riots are common there. The foreign legations are located on an isolated island.

Hong Kong is built on Hong Kong island. By the way, the name of the city is properly Victoria, but everybody calls it Hong Kong. I have heard so much about Hong Kong on board that I know a good deal

about it. I am going to the Hong Kong hotel. There is another hotel there, the King Edward, but it is not so good as the Hong Kong House.

When the ship's run was posted to-day, we found the run since yesterday at midday was 392 miles. Distance to Hong Kong, forty miles. We shall leave the ship between four and five, as the barber stated. I have packed my trunk and suit-case, and there are many things lying around the room that I can't get in. I shall go downstairs presently and ask the barber what to do.

In spite of rather bad weather, and a delay of three or four days at Yokohama, we shall beat the schedule three days: we sailed November 4th, and were due in Hong Kong on the 6th; we shall arrive there on the 3d. After reaching Yokohama, the trip is very pleasant, as the sea is usually smooth, and the stops at Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai very interesting. The day's trip through the Inland Sea is probably unsurpassed in interest by anything else the world can offer, but the trip of sixteen days between San Francisco and Yokohama is very dreary, and will long remain a nightmare in my memory. . . . By sailing from Vancouver or Seattle and taking the northern route (which cuts out Honolulu), it is possible to shorten the time to Yokohama to ten or eleven days. But the northern route is very rough, and in winter very cold. The "Minnesota," which left Seattle the day after we left San Francisco, had a very tempestuous voyage, and

disabled one of its screws in the heavy seas, landing at Yokohama the day after we did, its passengers pale with fright—many of them said they never expected to reach land. The tales of seasickness they told were very unusual.

The loneliest spot I have ever seen, we passed this morning: a bald rock a hundred feet high, and not more than a thousand feet across at the base. It was not marked by a lighthouse, or in any other manner. It must be a constant menace to navigation. It is said that all ship captains plan to pass the rock during daylight.

After the Kansas traveler reaches Hong Kong, he might as well go on around the world as return by way of Yokohama, Honolulu and San Francisco; the difference in time is less than three weeks, if he goes by the quickest route.

While out on deck this afternoon at 1 o'clock, watching a big steamer passing in the opposite direction, I made out land in the hazy distance ahead. It is turning out just as the barber said. . . . I also remarked that the fishing-schooners work in pairs; a gill-net extends from one to the other. If I could stand the pitching and tossing, I should like to go out in one of these boats, and watch the work: but I couldn't stand it. Even in the fine weather which prevails to-day, the little fishing-schooners pitch and roll in a frightful way: I was so near several of them that

I could see the gill-net extending from one to the other, and the men moving about.

When we reach Hong Kong, I know just what will happen: I have been through it so often. We shall come to anchor out in the bay, and little boats will gather about us. Finally a tender will come off, and, after a long delay, we shall walk carefully down the double stairway with which I am now so familiar, and go aboard the tender. Then, after another long delay, we shall go up to the dock, and put on the gloves with the hotel-runners and hack-drivers. Then we shall go up to the hotel, and be shown to rooms that look strange to our Kansas eyes. Then we shall read the rules and regulations, hours for meals, etc., and be ready to see the sights. I have gone through all so often that I can do it with my eyes shut.

MONDAY, December 4.

You have remarked, no doubt, that a strange town you visit seldom looks as you expected it to look: the points of the compass are not as you expected to find them, and the town is on a hill, whereas you expected to find it in a valley. . . . Hong Kong looks exactly as I had it in my mind: some one, at some time, has described it to me, and reached my understanding. The country here looks like Japan or Switzerland: high mountains everywhere. Hong Kong is located at the foot of a mountain, on the sides and on top.

The top of the mountain is reached by a cable railway. The Peak Hotel is located on top of the mountain, and it sent a tender off yesterday afternoon to meet the ship, as did several other hotels. But the Hong Kong Hotel caught seven-tenths of the passengers: tourists go in flocks, as a rule. . . . I have said that Hong Kong is at the foot, on the sides and on top of a mountain. It would be more accurate to say that the city is located on several mountains. Many of the important buildings are high up the sides, or on the summit: buildings of stone and brick, very large, and built after the English fashion. . . . The town is controlled by the English, but the inhabitants are largely Chinese; when the ship anchored it was immediately surrounded by small boats manned by Chinese crews. The officers of the launches were all English, but the sailors were Chinese, as were the porters who came out from the hotels. In the city you see one Englishman and a hundred Chinese; one English establishment and twenty Chinese. . . . The ceiling of my room is certainly sixteen feet high, and composed of two enormous panels. Outside, the ceiling of the archway is also paneled. Two double doors enter my room from the gallery outside, and there is an enormous fireplace, and two enormous windows. My windows look down upon a curious court, occupied by Chinese families, and I watch their domestic operations a good deal. The mother has little feet, but the daughter of fifteen has more modern notions: she evidently refused to cramp her feet in the fashion followed by her mother. There is also a girl-baby, and it has natural

feet: the world moves, even in China. . . . Every few minutes a man knocks at my door: a Chinaman, a tailor. Half the people in this country seem to be Chinese tailors. Those who do not call on me in my room, accost me on the streets. It is a pity that some of these Chinese tailors do not engage in railroad-building, or establish factories. The Chinese run to tailoring here as they seem to run to laundering at home. . . . The Hong Kong Hotel was recommended to me in San Francisco, by a very particular friend; the hotel seems to have a very wide reputation, yet the bed on which I slept last night had straw pillows; four of them. The room is very large, and has electric lights. In the room hangs a blackboard, although no chalk is supplied with which to do problems. Now in the name of all that's curious, what is that blackboard for? I have been wondering, and wondering, and can make nothing of it. What is it for? It is the funniest thing I ever saw in a hotel. Finally Mateel wandered in, and she couldn't imagine what the blackboard was for. Then we sent for the bell-boy, and asked. He told us all about it, but we didn't understand a word he said. He went away, and in a little while another Chinaman came in, and, pointing to the blackboard, told us all about it. We didn't understand him, either. Since then a new Chinaman has come in at regular intervals of half an hour, and tried to tell us the use of the blackboard, and we are still wondering what it is for. . . . We have decided that the court outside of my room looks like the Alhambra. Certainly our portion of the hotel is

as old as the Alhambra, and as odd. The bathtubs are circular, the first of that shape I have ever seen. . . . Judge Tracy left the hotel last evening, not being satisfied with his room, and registered at another place. He finally concluded to come back to the Hong Kong. The clerk where he registered charged him \$6 for putting his name on the book. I wasn't satisfied, either, with one of the rooms the clerk gave me: an inside room that seemed stuffy, so I started down to the office, to register what we Americans call a "kick," but on the way I thought of making Mateel sleep in the inside room, and came back satisfied. . . . At dinner last evening, I noticed that a good many of the women had whisky-bottles on their tables: that they drank whisky, diluted with mineral water. I expressed my surprise, and a traveler at our table said the custom was quite common in the Orient. I don't care if it is: we "talk" about such things in Kansas. . . . A sign in the dining-room read: "No dogs allowed in the dining-room." That was another new one on me.

At dinner yesterday a doctor who has lived in the Orient six years, sat at our table. He says that if an American paper should print the plain truth about missionary work done here, every clergyman in the country would attack it the following Sunday. The doctor said he came here as a Methodist, in hearty sympathy with the missionaries, but that he has changed his mind. I do not pretend to discuss the question, but it is undeniably true that missionaries are very unpopular wherever you go in the Orient.

Every American I have met has sneered at the missionaries; even the church members over here dislike them.

Mateel is rather bolder than I am in ringing the bell at the Kong Kong House, and asking for things, so I coaxed her into ringing for a Chinaman, and asking him to change the straw pillows for feather pillows. The Chinaman came promptly, and the two had a long conversation. The girl explained that her room was 82, and she wanted the pillows in 82 and 97 (my room) changed. The Chinaman said he would gladly do it, and gathering up my four straw pillows, went away. In a little while he returned with the four straw pillows out of 82, and placed them on my bed. That's what a person can do who has been educated in Washington, D. C.

A street in Hong Kong is marked "Ice House Street." In Shanghai, I saw a candy store labeled "Sweetmeat Castle."

I had an instructive lesson in High Finance to-day. I went to the office of the P. & O. Steamship Co., and found that the price of two tickets to Port Said was 124 pounds. I went to the bank and drew that amount of money in English gold. (The P. & O. is an English company.) Returning to the steamship office, the clerk refused to take the English gold, saying he wanted Hong Kong money! I had always heard that English gold was good everywhere in the

world, yet it was refused in the office of an English steamship company in an English town! . . . There is no office here where you can go and find out about routes of travel; at the office of the P. & O. Company, you learn about P. & O. boats only; at the office of the North German Lloyd, about German boats only. I was an entire half-day, assisted by a guide, in finding out the little I wanted to know. At home we turn knobs to the right in opening a door. Here they turn the knob to the left; and they do everything else in the same clumsy manner; that is, clumsy to an American. If you are driving, and meet another team, you turn to the left; they reverse nearly all of the other American rules: I saw Chinese women breaking rock to-day.

I called at the American consulate in Hong Kong to-day; I called with a friend who had an errand there: I never bother the consuls. We found in the office the usual Chinamen who could not speak English, but not a single white man was about the premises. However, our Glorious Flag was displayed out in front. I heard the consul was up at Canton, where some Outrages have been committed. The consul, it is said, will stay there until he sees the guilty Chinese executed. There is so much trouble at Canton that I have about decided not to go there. Besides, I am tired of seeing Chinese, with their everlasting dried geese and roast pigs. The Chinese all look alike, and are extremely uninteresting. I don't see why anyone cares to spend more than three or four days in China.

I am seeing duplicate wonders now in Hong Kong: the rickshaws are used in getting about, and Chinamen pull them at the usual trot. There are very few sedan chairs, compared with the rickshaws, and the sedan chairs are clumsy: riding in one is about as comfortable as riding on an elephant.

A man living in a country producing delicious milk, learns to like it. It is almost impossible to get milk in the Orient. To-day I made a pilgrimage to a place known as The Dairy Farm, to get a glass of buttermilk. It was very poor stuff, and I couldn't drink it. Most of the butter here comes from Sweden and Australia.

When I go out at the front entrance of the hotel, there is a rush of rickshaw men to secure my patronage. These are roughly driven back by a big black policeman from India: here, as in Shanghai, the police are mainly British subjects from India. In addition to the police, a regiment of soldiers from India is stationed here, and the Indian population is quite large; so large that the race has a special cemetery, and a very beautiful one.

Along the water-front in Hong Kong may be seen hundreds of Chinese house-boats: little affairs in which Chinese families live all their lives: these boats pass from father to son, as is the case with American farms and houses and lots. These boats afford

very little protection from the weather, yet the people seem to thrive in them. Indeed, the Chinese generally seem to thrive; great numbers of fat Chinese, particularly women, are seen. Many Chinese mothers carry their babies on their backs, as do Japanese mothers: to-day I have seen Chinese mothers at hard labor with babies strapped to their backs. And how the babies bobbed around without complaining! A crying baby in China or Japan is rare. . . . To-day I saw nine Chinese women pulling a heavy dray, and many of the small boats are operated entirely by women. The Chinese rickshaw men, almost without exception, go barefoot: the Japanese wear sandals which seem to be made of rice straw. The Japanese horses are also shod with shoes made of rice straw. Many of the Chinese workmen I have seen to-day were entirely naked, except a cloth about the loins. The Chinese of Hong Kong are much cleaner in their habits than are the Chinese at Shanghai, where American and English women constantly find it necessary to look another way.

I ordered a tuxedo at Hong Kong, the inducement being the ridiculously low price. The Chinese tailor measured me at 2 o'clock, and "tried it on" three hours later. He told me his best workmen received a dollar a day, Mex., or about fifty cents of our money. Think of an American coat-maker working for fifty cents a day! . . . My tailor brought his samples to my room, measured me in my room, and "tried it on" at the same place. I did not see his shop at all.

I went about Hong Kong to-day with a Chinese guide: all he asked me was 75 cents a day of our money. The rickshaw man who pulled me has his hair done up on top of his head in a big braid. Everywhere we saw white babies with Chinese women as nurses; all the work here is done by the Chinese.

On my rounds to-day I met a Chinaman sprinkling the streets by means of two big buckets carried over his shoulders with ropes and a pole. Out in the suburbs we saw Chinese women watering gardens in the same way. The sewage here is collected with great pains, and used in fertilizing crops. As a result, very few Americans will eat lettuce or celery or other garden stuff of that kind.

I was never before quite so tired of anything as I am of the Chinese and their pigeon English.

Coal is handled here a good many times. Ships bring it into the harbor, and coolies then unload it into flat-bottomed scows, and unload it again into warehouses. When other ships buy the coal, it is loaded into the scows from the warehouses, taken out into the bay, and loaded into the ships. It is thus handled four times in Hong Kong, by Chinese cheap labor. A Chinaman carries two wicker baskets loaded with coal: the baskets are suspended from a pole by ropes, on his shoulders.

This is the southern part of China, and cocoanut and banana trees are seen here. Flowers are in bloom in the open air. I saw a flower to-day—acres of it—entirely new to me: large and bright red. It looked a little like what we call a tiger lily, but flatter, and many times larger. It is grown in pots, and in open gardens as a shrub five or six feet high. I also saw the green hedge with the bright red flower so noticeable at Honolulu.

I have been unable to find out the use of that blackboard in my room, although I have inquired industriously. There has been a procession of tailors to my room all day, but none of the tailors could explain to me why there should be a blackboard, and no chalk, in every room in a big hotel.

TUESDAY, December 5.

The Chinese women seem to actually learn English. I went into a drygoods store to-day to make a purchase of handkerchiefs, and a Chinese girl who waited on me spoke as good English as the girl clerks at home. But the Chinese men never learn the language: there was an educated Chinaman on the "Siberia," who had been in business in New York twenty years, but I understood him with difficulty. He knew the words, but could not pronounce them.

We attended another Chinese theater last night in Hong Kong, and sat on the stage, as we did in San Francisco. The audience was very large, but the people paid little attention to us; they paid strict attention to the play, which seemed to be a tragedy. The guide was a Chinaman, and, while one of the actors was declaiming his wrongs or his love (I couldn't tell which), the guide took hold of the actor's costume, to explain to me that it was a very expensive one. I stepped over to the front of the stage to look at the actor's clothes. The actor finished his speech while the guide still had hold of his clothes, and was ready to retire, but kindly waited while I looked him over and said he was all right, so far as costuming went. It seemed as much out of place as did our walking among the worshippers in the Japanese temples. . . . The moon was out last night, and as we passed through the dark, steep, narrow streets, with columns and porches and arches and arcades on either side, the effect was very Oriental: it reminded me again of "The Arabian Nights," and of Bagdad. On many of the sidewalks, people were sleeping, and we stepped over them rather than disturb them.

I went on the streets of Hong Kong this morning during a rain, and walked for an hour without getting wet. The buildings extend out over the sidewalks, and above the sidewalks are other galleries, extending many stories high. This style of architecture is popular here, because of the extreme heat: particularly

in summer, when it is warmer at Hong Kong than at Manila. In an idle way, while walking this morning, I noted the first hundred people I met. Ninety-two were Chinese, and the other eight were from India. One of the Indians was a very fine-looking man: apparently a gentleman of rank, or a high official. I saw an Indian engaged in an animated conversation with a woman of his race: he was humbly explaining, but the woman would not accept his explanations. Finally the man sneaked away, like a whipped dog, and the woman looked after him in the scornful way which distinguishes white women when they look at men who have offended them. . . . As I came out of the hotel, I was accosted for the fourth time by a blind Chinese beggar boy. The beggar is led around by another boy, who seems to be his manager. As I have regarded this boy as a hoodoo, I sent him away rather roughly; but I afterwards thought that wouldn't do, so I spent a half an hour looking him up, and dropped a dime in his palm. As I did so, I lifted up my right toe, and bent the thumb of my left hand downward. I hope this will break the charm, for I am uneasy about the trip to Manila, as the ship is a light one, and my room is perilously near the stern. If we encounter rough weather, I shall swing like the pendulum of a clock all the way. . . . When I bought tickets for Manila, I was compelled to make a lot of declarations in regard to age, occupation, whether married or single, nationality, last place of residence in the States, my purpose in visiting Manila, etc. In looking over the chart, I noted that there were thirty-

six passengers, and that all of them were Americans, with five exceptions. . . . The round-trip fare from Hong Kong to Manila is \$62, Mex.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon, we went aboard the "Teann" (pronounced T-Ann) for Manila, and stood around two hours, watching the Chinese load freight, before we started. Most of the freight was American condensed milk, American canned meats, fruits and vegetables. Some Chinese junks were lying alongside. One of these boats was managed by a mother and her four daughters. As evening approached, one of the daughters began preparing supper, while the others managed the boat, which was loaded with steamer-chairs to sell to the passengers on the "Teann." We bought two of these chairs for \$5, although the Chinaman at first asked \$9. The preparation for supper on the little boat interested me as much as anything I have seen. The girl had a little stove without a pipe, and a curious mixture she was getting together! All the Chinese boats hovering around were managed by women, one of whom worked an oar with her hands, the tiller with her foot, and soothed the baby on her back by swaying it up and down.

The "Teann" is a shock after the "Siberia." It has Chinese cattle forward, penned in bamboo stalls, and these cattle are not twenty feet from the open windows of the dining-saloon. When we arrived on board, we found that our rooms were in the second cabin, al-

though we paid first-class rates. There are seats for twenty passengers in the dining-room and there are about thirty-six passengers, so there will be a second table. The boat is a twin-screw ship, about three hundred feet long, and is about as good as there is in service between Hong Kong and Manila: if you ever visit Manila, go by one of the liners which touch there; don't forget this, or you will have a horrible experience between Hong Kong and Manila. A few of the boats sailing from San Francisco, Seattle and Victoria to the Orient go direct to Manila from Nagasaki, and stop at Hong Kong on their return. Take one of these boats, if you must go to Manila, for everyone howls about the boats from Hong Kong to Manila. They are small, dirty, and thoroughly uncomfortable. The "Teau" has no stewardess, no barber, no purser, no head steward, and a filthy lot of Chinese waiters. In addition, the agents in Hong Kong deliberately charged us first-class fare for accommodations in the second cabin, without any hint of the confidence game they were working. One of the men swindled in this way is an American doctor who has lived in Manila six years. He was accompanied by his wife, and they slept on deck most of the time, being unable to endure their room. There were two other men in my room: a captain in the marine service, and a paymaster in the navy. Another victim was the commandant of the naval station at Cavite, so that the ticket agents of the steamship company had victimized whoever applied. In one of the second-class cabins were four American women who had paid for first-class passage. They

were permitted to eat at the second table in the first cabin. In the second cabin—paying second-cabin rates—were several Chinese, and two barefooted Spanish friars. I should have left the ship in disgust after looking it over, but the tender had gone back to shore, and I was in for it. . . . At six o'clock, we got away. Fortunately the sea was smooth: had the weather been rough, some of the passengers in the aft cabins would have died of seasickness. . . . When I went to my room, and remembered that I had paid a high price to be miserable, I thought of the "good time" travelers are supposed to have. When a soldier roughs it, he at least has the comfort of knowing that his expenses are paid, and that he receives \$13 a month; he has the satisfaction of realizing that he is a patriot, and that when he returns home, at the end of his enlistment, he will probably be nominated for county clerk, or county treasurer, and elected by a rousing majority; but I had nothing of this kind to comfort me. I had paid a high price to be wretched. I suppose I have as good a bed at home as any man in town; but you should have seen my bed on the "Teau." The Chinese waiters wear white suits that have not been washed in six months. On the upper deck—the best deck—Chinese servants and sailors are constantly passing among the passengers, carrying filth of every kind. The passengers are very indignant, but their indignation does them no good.

WEDNESDAY, December 6.

I find that a big ship has one set of disagreeable motions, and a small ship another set. I had become rather accustomed to the motions of the "Siberia," but have been compelled to learn the disagreeable ways of the "Tean," which are as different as day is from night. The roll and pitch come oftener, and in an entirely different way. The "Siberia" was a splendid ship, and immaculately clean; it was splendidly officered, but the officers of the "Tean" look cheap and careless. Both the forward decks, which are loaded with Chinese cattle, are littered with straw, and a match would do a great deal of harm; I have been unable to sleep from thinking of the trouble a careless Chinaman might cause with a match. The China Sea between Hong Kong and Manila is as lonesome as the Pacific between Honolulu and Yokohama. . . . Although the sea is very calm, all the passengers are miserable; one man who was never sick before, admits that the "Tean" is too much for him, with its miniature rolling and pitching. The captain of the "Tean" says that every time he starts from Hong Kong or Honolulu he is seasick for a while. So you can imagine what the rest of us get for our money. And as nine-tenths of the passengers left the magnificent "Siberia" at Hong Kong, you can imagine their indignation over their accommodations on the "Tean." The "Siberia," being long and wide, would run through the sea we have had to-day almost without motion, but the "Tean" is pitching and rolling almost as much as the "Siberia" did during our worst storms. I doubt if I

could live through a bad storm on the "Tea": and this is the home of the typhoon. . . . I heard a new story to-day. A disgusted passenger said he had a notion to shoot himself. "Why not jump overboard?" the captain suggested. "I am afraid somebody might rescue me," the passenger replied. . . . The China Sea has a bad reputation for storms, but a passenger who has crossed it six times, says the weather was pleasant on each occasion.

The cattle on the two forward decks have humps, like buffaloes, and are very small. They are beef cattle for the Philippines, and in good condition. A good many of them are down to-day, and the sailors are trying to get them on their feet.

To-night, when I went to my room, I saw twelve of the passengers asleep on deck. The Chinese waiters had brought the bedding from the rooms, and the passengers remained there all night. The weather is very warm. I am wearing the clothing I wear at home in August.

On the "Tea," there is no disguise about anything. The condensed milk, instead of being mixed with water, and brought to the table in a milk pitcher, is brought on in the original can, as is done in a hunter's camp. On the "Siberia," we could not see the cooks, and the firemen, and the engineers, and the scullions, but we can see them here. The fare is not bad, but the lack of cleanliness disgusts everyone.

We left Hong Kong Tuesday at 6 p. m., and should arrive in Manila at 9 a. m. Friday after three horrible nights and two wretched days. The "Tean" steams less than ten knots an hour; about half the speed the "Siberia" is capable of making. If I said anything in previous letters disparaging of the "Siberia," I apologize. I now regard that ship with the warmest affection.

THURSDAY, December 7.

The record of yesterday has been repeated to-day: there has been nothing decent except the weather, which continues merciful.

The "Tean" is only two years old, but the designer of the ship must have been a crazy man. I cannot imagine a more inconvenient arrangement. There is no smoking-room, no ladies' cabin, and the doctor is a Filipino. From the upper deck, a stairway leads to the dining-room below. At the head of this stairway is a little room, possible twenty-five feet square, which is known as the "saloon." Here the men smoke, if they are well enough, and the women lounge about in spite of the tobacco-fumes. The women who don't like tobacco-smoke are compelled to go down to the dining-room, and look out of the windows at the cattle. A trip on the "Tean" is "roughing it" all right. I'd rather be a section-hand on an American railway than to make a trip to Manila on the "Tean."

I was coaxed into the Manila trip by my daughter; for some reason, I dreaded it long before I saw the "Tea." I can now understand how mothers are likely to be managed by their daughters: it is difficult for fathers to avoid it. Hereafter, I intend to be the "boss."

The route over the China Sea we are taking is the route Dewey took when he fought his battle at Manila. Dewey was never in as much danger on that trip as I am in my trip on the "Tea." If my countrymen would do the right thing, they would erect a memorial arch because of my bravery in going to Manila in the "Tea." During the "battle" in Manila Bay, the men on the American ships stopped fighting, and ate breakfast; a thing I have not been able to do since leaving Hong Kong.

Last night, while sleeping on a hatch on the lower deck—the mattress from my bed had been removed there from the stateroom by the steward—I tried to rearrange my second pillow. This morning I discovered I had pulled a pillow from under the head of a strange woman sleeping on the other side of the hatch, whose head was next to mine.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon, we caught our first glimpse of the island of Luzon, but we shall not reach Manila until to-morrow morning. . . . The sea remains very calm; the captain says this is the most favorable trip he has made in six months. The cap-

tain really wants to be agreeable: the trouble seems to be lack of discipline, lack of cleanliness. This evening, a lady dropped a \$5 gold-piece on deck, and the captain and chief officer secured lanterns and looked for it. . . . I hear a great many typhoon stories out here, and reply to them with cyclone stories. . . . You will regret to learn—at least, I did—that when the “Teau” was built, five others just like it were built. . . . I notice that the favorite brand of condensed milk out here is the St. Charles. Formerly, the Highland brand had the lead, but the St. Charles people cut the price, and have had things their own way ever since. People in the Orient discuss the condensed-milk question as we discuss the corn question.

FRIDAY, December 8.

When I awoke this morning, we were in sight of land on either side: we were approaching Manila Bay. I have always thought of the Philippine Islands as flat and marshy. The country is generally mountainous, and the mountains are covered with valuable hardwood trees. Near the entrance to Manila Bay we saw an American ship lying on the rocks; run there by a treacherous Filipino pilot. We passed through the entrance to the bay at breakfast-time. . . . Manila Bay is forty miles long; consequently it is not a harbor. By ten o'clock, we could see warships ahead of us, and Cavite off to the left. . . . Manila lies on flat land, with mountains back of it; a good many miles

back of it, apparently. At eleven o'clock, the "Tean's" bells began to ring, and we slowed up to get in behind the breakwater, erected with a great expenditure of American money.

Manila is much more of a city than I expected to find it. This was my impression as I viewed it from the ship's deck, while waiting for the port doctor and the custom-house officers. These officials finally came off, but were very slow. We Yankees are rapid and bustling according to patriotic American literature, but I noticed that the native Filipinos unloaded two hundred cattle from the ship before the American officials unloaded thirty-six passengers. . . . I was surprised at the size of Manila as I viewed it from the bay: I was still more surprised after we passed into the Pasig river, and steamed toward the custom-house: the buildings are larger than I expected to find them, and more imposing. The bay was crowded with ships, and the Pasig river was lined on either side with small boats. I found Manila a busy, important city, nearly as large as San Francisco, with wide streets and imposing buildings. I had read a great deal about Manila, of course, and had often heard it described, but no one had ever made me realize it.

We decided to go to the Delmonico Hotel, and were taken there in a queer two-wheeled vehicle, with the driver sitting on a little seat just in front of us. The Delmonico Hotel is within the walled city. During the Spanish régime, Manila was surrounded by an im-

mense wall and a moat. The wall has been torn down in many places, and the moat filled up by the Americans.

Within an hour after our arrival at the Delmonico, Louis Hillis and wife, formerly of Atchison, called on us, and we went for a drive about the city. At six o'clock we attended a concert given by a band of eighty men, in a fine park on the shore of the bay. A double-track street railway runs on one side of the park, which was brilliantly lighted with electric lights, and thousands of orderly and well-dressed people walked about. Seven out of ten of the men were dressed in white. Handsome horses, with fine carriages, were drawn up around the band-stand, and automobiles were numerous. I haven't witnessed a finer scene in years. . . . The band was the Constabulary Band which played at the world's fair in St. Louis. The leader is a negro, a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music, and when he appeared, dressed in white, the eighty members of the band arose to salute him. At the conclusion of the programme the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and nine-tenths of the men took off their hats. And this in Manila, Philippine Islands!

SATURDAY, December 9.

The Delmonico Hotel, where we are staying in Manila, was a nobleman's palace during the old Spanish days. My room is on a corner of the ground floor,

and was formerly used as the nobleman's office. Both the large windows are barred like a prison. The floor is of tile, and there is no carpet. The room is thirty by forty feet, with very high paneled ceiling. Around the ceiling runs an elaborate border, of patriotic and religious emblems and pictures. . . . The hotel has an interior court and a garden, in the Spanish style, and banana trees are growing in the garden. The front entrance to the hotel is large enough to admit a carriage, which was probably the rule at one time, for the entire court is paved with heavy flagstones. The entrance corridor extends entirely through the building, to admit light and air. Opening on this court is the garden. The dining-room is reached by a magnificent stairway, and the present dining-room was probably at one time the great reception hall of the palace. Some of the upper rooms are very fine, with private baths, and royalty may have been entertained here in the old days. . . . In the street opposite my room is an electric railway, and crowded cars go by at frequent intervals. Across the narrow street on the other side of my room is an American beer saloon, and every time a sale is made I can hear the cash register ring. This street is paved with stone blocks, and last night a team of horses, stalled within six feet of my window, threshed around as contrary horses do. The driver clucked to the horses exactly as an American might have done, but didn't swear; indeed, he didn't say anything: he backed and turned the horses, and clucked to them, until he finally got away. . . . There is no wire mosquito

screen at the windows of my room, but over the bed is a frame, and this frame is covered with white mosquito netting. The windows being open, mosquitoes are very numerous, and last night they made a noise about my bed which reminded me, in a subdued way, of a thousand cat-fights going on at the same time.

When I arrived at the Delmonico, I was met by a Filipino boy. He didn't understand what I wanted, and sent for another boy. The second boy couldn't understand me, either, and sent for a man. The man sent for his wife, and she understood that I desired to register. The Delmonico seems to be patronized by American army and navy officers who have families; the bachelors go to the Army and Navy Club, a big affair which furnishes rooms and meals. When I went there last night, an army orchestra was playing in the dining-room during dinner.

Yesterday afternoon, while driving about the city with Mr. Hillis, we visited a section of the native quarter, and went into several of the houses. The native houses are built four or five feet from the ground, on posts, to get as much air as possible. They are almost universally built of bamboo and thatch; that is, in the poorer sections, and are about as big as our chicken-houses. Usually there are two rooms; a little room in front, where the cooking is done by means of a small charcoal stove. Adjoining this room is a larger one, where members of the family sleep. The floor of this

room is made of split bamboo, and resembles an old splint-bottom chair, very coarsely made. The floor is self-cleaning, the dirt falling to the ground for the chickens to wallow in. When members of the family are ready to retire, they roll over on this floor, and in the morning there are no beds to make. The weather is always warm, and no covering is needed. In front of every house in the poorer quarter, you find a game-cock tied, and when the man of the house comes home he fondles and trains his pet fighter, getting him in condition for the day when he will bet that his rooster can whip any other rooster in his part of town, or possibly in Manila. These fighting chickens are groomed and trained as race-horses are groomed and trained, but I do not know the process.

Practically all of the Filipino women of the lower class smoke cigarettes and cigars, and many of them chew tobacco. Native families live on the small boats seen on the water-front, as they do in China and Japan, and the women smoke as they work. In many respects, the Filipinos resemble the Japanese; in many respects, the Philippine islands, four hundred in number, resemble the Japanese islands: from the two extreme points in the Philippine islands, the distance is about a thousand miles. The Philippine islands are larger than Japan, but, being located in the tropics, the Filipinos are not so industrious as the Japs, and the population is only seven or eight millions, although it is stated that the population of the Philippine Islands was once three times what it is now. A great plague

reduced the population to its present proportions. The Filipinos, of course, do not compare in thrift, energy and intelligence with the Japanese. The tropics produce few great men, and no great races. Cold weather seems to be necessary to keep men active and progressive.

On the water-front, when a stranger asks what certain notable buildings are, he is told that they are Catholic churches, cathedrals, monasteries, etc. It is said that three-fourths of the natives belong to the Catholic church. There are several different Catholic orders here, which differ from one another in doctrine about as much as Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists. (This statement is made on the authority of a Protestant minister; I do not know anything about it, myself.) The different Catholic orders are rich: the land on which one Catholic church in Manila is built, is said to be worth two million dollars. Most of the Catholic churches are expensively and elaborately built, and contain art works of considerable merit. These, of course, are Spanish, and not Filipino. In the early days the Catholic orders were given public lands by the Spanish government, and these lands were worked by the natives on "shares": a Filipino always prefers to escape responsibility and to work for wages, or on "shares." Thus the "Friar lands," of which you hear so much, originated. And it is said by Protestants over here that the friars charged the natives less rent than the present rent in the Philippines amounts to. The Catholic monasteries over here, as

elsewhere, have done much for education; the most important weather station in the islands is a Catholic affair, and the weather reports from this station are accepted as final. A wonderful contrivance known as a typhoon barometer was invented by a monk, and is now in use on nearly every ship, as it gives long advance notice of the approach of a typhoon, but does not record other weather conditions.

Last night I saw one of the Catholic churches brilliantly illuminated, by means of little tumblers filled with cocoanut oil. These were lighted, and suspended by the thousand from the front of the church. The yard in front was also brilliantly lighted, and packed with people. There were dozens of gambling games, and hundreds of women selling all sorts of ices, confections, etc. It was a sort of church fair. A very good Filipino band played in the yard, and the bass drummer was the leader. . . . The players played all the evening without music, a characteristic of Filipino bands. The Filipinos are very fond of music: in the great church processions here, as many as fifty bands appear.

Among other places I visited yesterday was an extremely creditable club-house, maintained by the Episcopal Church. There is a chapel in the second story, with wide balconies, gymnasiums, lounging-rooms, billiard-rooms, reading-rooms, etc., on the lower floor. This is a kind of missionary work that anyone

can appreciate, and lately the tendency is very decidedly in that direction. The Catholic priests in the old days amused the people as well as looked after their spiritual welfare: it is claimed that after the early Sunday services, the old-time priests took part in the cock-fighting. The Protestants might make headway in their work in the islands by favoring baseball, which takes wonderfully well among the natives; at a dozen different places, during my drive yesterday afternoon, I saw crowds of native boys playing the game. Manila has baseball games played by army and navy teams against teams maintained in the city by government employees. It costs a dollar (native currency) to see these games, and the natives who attend know all the slang of the game, and become wildly excited in true American fashion. At a normal school I visited, I found the school-rooms full of catching-masks, catching-mits, and other baseball paraphernalia. The professors said the students played baseball with great enthusiasm, and with considerable cleverness. As there is no winter here, the game is played all the time. But I do not expect that American league clubs will ever draw on the Philippines for star players: the Filipino is not big enough to become a professional, and not capable of sufficient exertion to meet the great climaxes of baseball.

Before I left home a friend gave me a letter of introduction to Major W. H. Bishop, formerly of Salina, Kansas, but now a leading lawyer of this place. Major Bishop came over here in the early days of the Ameri-

can occupation, with the Kansas regiment, liked the country, and has remained ever since. I never present letters of introduction, but soon after my arrival, Major Bishop walked into the hotel looking for me, accompanied by P. F. Wall, a Manila newspaper man, formerly a carrier-boy on the *Topeka Journal*. These gentlemen, aided by Sam Trissel, another newspaper man, have paid me a great deal of agreeable attention: agreeable because they are pleasant gentlemen, and because they "know the town" thoroughly. Every time I leave the hotel I find Major Bishop's private carriage waiting for me, and the other evening, when I returned from Cavite, I found the major waiting for me at the boat landing. When the major has been busy in court, Mr. Wall or Mr. Trissel has accompanied me on different excursions. And I have kept them pretty busy: One morning I started at six o'clock for a drive to Fort McKinley; at 11:30 I left by the naval launch for a trip to Cavite; at 1:30 P. M. I attended a luncheon on board the battleship "Oregon"; at 3 P. M. I attended a cock-fight; at 6 P. M. I heard the Constabulary Band of eighty men on the Luneta, the great driveway of Manila, and at 7:30 I attended a dinner party. The other days I have spent in Manila have been equally busy, so that I have seen a good deal, accompanied by the best guides in town. I have made two railroad trips into the country, and a launch trip up the Pasig river by moonlight, always accompanied by an intelligent citizen of Manila, and I imagine my guides will sleep a day or two after my departure, to rest up, for I

always start out before breakfast, and return late. One day, I did not eat a single meal at the hotel. When I went on the first railroad trip, Major Bishop's carriage was waiting for me at the hotel door, although I started at 5:45 A. M. When I reached the station, Major Bishop was there, and had provided a lunch, a package of cigars, and a bottle of distilled water. (When people here go into the country, they take distilled water with them, as the ordinary water is considered dangerous.) Major Bishop could not go along, so Mr. Wall accompanied us. But we met the Major again, later in the evening, when we started up the Pasig river for a launch-ride by moonlight, accompanied by Mr. Wall and Mr. Trissel. I doubt that Secretary Taft and Alice Roosevelt received more attention in Manila than we have received. In addition to the three named, we have had attention from Mr. and Mrs. Hillis, several army and navy officers, and from several passengers we met on the "Siberia."

Manila is said to resemble Havana in many respects. It is divided into two sections by the Pasig river, eighteen miles long. At the upper end of the river is a large lake, thirty or forty miles long and twenty miles wide. On the Pasig river are numerous boat lines carrying passengers, and the boats are always loaded, as the shores of the river and lake are thickly populated. The old section of Manila is known as "The Walled City"; it is surrounded with an immense wall and a moat, built by the Spanish many years ago, to afford protection from the natives. This



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fortification was at one time very strong, and has seen much fighting: the walled city was once taken by the English, and at another time by the Chinese. In the base of the wall are immense dungeons, where prisoners were formerly kept. As a rule, they were not kept very long: they were backed up against the wall, in squads of sixty or seventy, and shot, as provisions were scarce, and the Spaniards were, besides, very cruel. At night, the drawbridges were drawn up. There are half a dozen gates to the walled city, and through some of these electric cars now run; others have been torn down by the Americans. The wall must be sixty feet thick at the base, and it is a dark, damp, curious experience to ride or walk through the gates. . . . The newer portion of Manila is on the other side of the river, and here you find many large and comparatively modern buildings. I believe I have already stated that Manila has 350,000 people, and fifty miles of street railway. The electric system was completed and put in operation during the present year; during the old Spanish days the town had horse cars, but the present water-works system (now being greatly improved) was in existence then, and the town had electric lights before the American occupation. The town was practically as it is to-day when the Americans arrived, except that it was run down, very dirty, and in bad sanitary condition. Cholera epidemics were frequent, and hundreds died daily. All of the public buildings now occupied by the Americans were occupied by the Spanish for similar purposes: the custom-house,

the governor's palace, the treasury building, etc. . . . I had a notion that Manila was a town of thatched huts. Such huts are abundant in the suburbs, but I found modern and busy streets, enormous buildings, handsome stores, mechanical electric lights, etc. One night at the Luneta, the great resort on the shore of the bay, I saw certainly a thousand private carriages, many of them stunning, while listening to a concert given by the Constabulary Band of eighty men. These concerts are given every evening, except Monday. In one quarter of the town the rich residents live, with their houses fronting on a wide street, and, in the rear, looking out on the Pasig river. Bear in mind, in considering these statements, that in the suburbs are miles of thatched huts, built five or six feet from the ground, on bamboo poles. In these native huts, the people live very simply, and inexpensively. Little stores and shops are operated in many of the huts; the only large buildings in the native sections are Catholic churches. There are possibly fifty large Catholic churches in Manila, and as many more small ones. Originally there were 126 church festivals celebrated in the Philippines, and so many are celebrated now that Americans are constantly complaining, as their servants are always "getting off" to attend them. One night, in returning from a drive, I was blockaded for an hour by a church procession. There were thirty or forty floats in the procession, and five brass bands, besides thousands of men, women and children marching. The floats consisted of images taken from the churches, and carried

on platforms on the shoulders of men. All the images were life size, standing on gold or silver platforms, and lighted with candles in expensive candelabra. I suppose the images were of favorite saints. All the people marching in the procession were uniformed in church fashion, and there were thousands of them. During my four days in Manila, I have seen two fiestas in churches, and two processions: one of the processions was given on the river, and it was a very elaborate affair. . . . The Catholic authorities, of course, do not like the Americans; you often hear it said that the church could settle the Philippine problem in a month, if it saw fit, as the church has almost absolute control over ninety-five per cent. of the natives, outside of the insignificant Mohammedan provinces. Most of the Catholic priests are natives, educated by the Spanish, and they naturally hate the Americans as cordially as they hate the Protestant Church. I do not criticise them for this: I should do the same thing, under similar circumstances, and so would you. The Catholics have a good deal to do with the control of the islands at present; a majority of the members of the ruling Philippine Commission are Catholics, as are a majority of the Supreme Court judges. The Philippine Commission has control of the islands, and the Supreme Court is the court of last resort. The Congress of the United States may interfere in great emergencies, but this is rarely done.

I shall write a good deal about the Philippines, but may not always be accurate. The best informed

men here do not agree. The other day a school-teacher told me that his pupils were more apt than Americans. Within five minutes, another teacher in the same school denied this, and expressed a lack of respect for the Filipino children, and for the Filipino experiment in general. This is the rule in everything here: those best informed, those in position to know, contradict the statements of one another. I will try, ultimately, to make a summary of my "impressions," but I have to admit I do not know much about the Filipino problem. The longer a man remains here, the less he confesses to knowing. An old priest was once asked to tell, in writing, what he had learned of the Filipinos, after a residence of many years among them. His report consisted of blank sheets of paper.

SUNDAY, December 10.

Early this morning I took a drive to Fort McKinley, five miles from Manila. Fort McKinley is not a fortification: simply a fine site for building fine quarters for soldiers. It is supposed to be the largest military post in the world. It is certainly very extensive and very expensive. In addition to Fort McKinley, there are other military posts all over the islands. It is estimated that there are fifteen thousand United States regulars in the Philippines at present, and ten thousand marines and sailors on warships. And then there is the constabulary, thirty thousand strong. The constabulary is recruited from the natives, and

is a cross between what we know as police and militia. A well-known lawyer at Manila told me that United States troops in the Philippines quell disturbances exactly as they do at home: only after the power of the local officers has been exhausted, and they are called for in the usual formal way. The constabulary watches the people, and the United States troops watch the constabulary. One citizen of Manila told me the only use the people had for the constabulary was for the band of eighty men, which gives concerts on the Luneta. The constabulary is looked upon as a useless expense, since there are fifteen thousand United States regulars in the islands. At present there is no organized insurrection in the islands; I heard there were eight or ten insurgent chiefs at different points, with from four to thirty followers each. When one of these chiefs is killed another leader immediately takes his place, so that there is trouble all the time. And there would be a great deal more trouble were it not for the presence of the troops, constabulary, and warships. The Mohammedan natives believe that if they are killed in battle they will immediately be transported to the Mohammedan heaven, where every warrior will be waited on forever by thirty beautiful houris who will never grow old. Therefore these fantastic fools rush into danger in a religious frenzy, and our soldiers promptly accommodate them in their desire to die.

I have eaten only three good meals since leaving San Francisco. One of them was a luncheon I at-

tended on board the "Oregon," on the invitation of Captain Fred Wise, who has charge of a company of marines on the famous battleship. Captain Wise was one of our acquaintances on the "Siberia." In order to reach the battleship, which was lying off Cavite, we were told to take the naval launch at the custom-house wharf in Manila, at 11:30. After steaming down the bay for an hour, we reached the vicinity of the "Oregon," and a launch from the battleship came off to meet us. In a few minutes we were on board the "Oregon," probably the most famous ship in the navy, because of its run around Cape Horn to save the country in Cuban waters. The Oregon's run has become as celebrated as Sheridan's ride at Winchester, and I greatly enjoyed the opportunity of seeing the veteran ship; and it is a pretty good warship yet, as it stands first in the American navy in target practice. The "Ohio," a larger warship, was lying near; indeed, there were half a dozen other war vessels in the vicinity. . . . Soon after our arrival on board, luncheon was announced, and we took our seats in as neat and clean a dining-room as you will find on the best liners. Incidentally, I may say that the "Oregon" was the cleanest ship of any kind I ever saw. The captain of the "Oregon" does not eat with the other officers, having a dining-room of his own, therefore Commander Rohrbaker sat at the head of our table, and I sat at his right. The others at the table were Captain Wise, Lieutenant Kearney, Dr. Nash, Ensign Marquette, Dr. Grieve, Ensign Nightengale, Paymaster A. S. Brown, and the Atchison

girl. The meal was cooked and served by Chinese servants, the waiters wearing the usual blue night-gowns, which are changed to white at dinner. At dinner, by the way, the naval regulations require the naval officers to wear dinner-coats; in this hot climate, white duck coats are used, but in cold climates they wear the regular swallowtail. . . . In looking about the ship later, I found that the kitchen of the officers' mess was located in the torpedo-room, and that a huge torpedo was suspended near the cooking-range. A Chinese cook was stepping about the kitchen in the cat-like way common to the Chinese, and paid no attention to the torpedo or the torpedo tube. I have come to depise the Chinese; without any particular cause. I hear only good of the Chinese; but I despise them as you despise some Truly Good men you know at home. They are always so proper; always so quiet and lamb-like. I have nothing against them, except that they do not wash their blue and white night-gowns often enough, but they have been about me for more than a month, and I am tired of them. . . . The meal on the battleship was cooked in a "home way" that met my fancy, and if I could have talked Chinese, I should have asked the cook for his receipe for muffins. . . . After the luncheon, we were shown over the battleship, from engine-room to the fighting-tops. You will appreciate the wonder and awe with which a man from Kansas looked over the famous old fighting machine. The ship carries a crew of nearly seven hundred, and the men were lying about the hot decks, trying to keep cool, for the day was a very

warm one. The ship had been at Cavite for six or seven months, and the men are becoming tired. Fortunately, they will sail for home in February. . . . I was told that when the big 13-inch guns are fired, the explosion is not so disagreeable or jarring as when the smaller guns are fired; also, that the torpedoes are not accurate and therefore do not amount to much; also, that the conning-tower, built at so much expense, is not used by the captain in a fight: he gets out on the bridge, where he can see better.

After the luncheon, we were taken to Cavite, to see the old Spanish fortification there, which is very old and very extensive. In one corner of the fortification has been built a grand-stand, where we witnessed a baseball game between the crews of the "Ohio" and "Oregon." At another place we were shown an execution pit: a place where the Spaniards backed their prisoners against the wall and shot them. In the center of the execution pit was a huge cauldron for heating cannon-balls red hot before firing them. . . . Then we took little Filipino carts and drove out into the town to see a cock-fight. A thousand yelling natives were in the place, and the manager very politely gave us favorable seats, where we sat while three contests were decided. The cockpit was a big thatched hut, with a raised platform of dirt in the center. On this raised platform the fights took place, the spectators surrounding it on all sides from raised seats. The fighting platform was about four feet high and forty feet square. A Filipino would step into the ring from

a side gate, carrying a rooster under his arm. (Cheers.) Then he would remove his hat, take from it a roll of money, and hand it through a little wicket to a man who seemed to be in charge. Presently another man would step into the ring, carrying another rooster. (More cheering.) After the second man had put up his money, the two men would hold the roosters by the tails, and let them dash at each other a few times to get them in a fighting humor. Then each rooster was allowed to peck the other in the neck to make him mad. Meanwhile money was falling into the ring, to bet on the fight. No white man has ever been able to understand the game, but the Filipinos understand it, and there is never any quarreling after a contest is over. The preliminaries being arranged, the cloth covering the steel spurs on the roosters' legs is removed, and the excitement becomes intense. Then the roosters are released, and go at each other, as you have seen roosters do a thousand times. When there is a fierce mix-up, the people in the audience cheer. Occasionally a chicken shows the white feather, and runs away, but as a rule, the fighting continues fast and furious until one or the other is killed or disabled: usually they are killed. We saw three fights; all about the same. A good many sailors and soldiers were present; you cannot go anywhere in the Philippines without seeing soldiers and sailors. Many of those in the audience were Filipino women and children, and around the gates were hundreds of boys who couldn't get in. The sight was not so brutal as I expected, nor was it particularly interesting. I should not care to see another one: but

everybody out here goes to see one: a missionary told me he once attended a cock-fight out of curiosity.

Then we said good-bye to our friends, and took the ferry for Manila, where we arrived at the end of an hour, and found Major Bishop waiting for us at the landing, with his carriage. Then we all went for a drive on the Luneta, and to a concert by the Constabulary Band of eighty men. Then to bed at ten o'clock, to listen to a concert of mosquitoes, and to toss sleepless most of the night, owing to the heat.

I have determined not to solve the Filipino problem, but to leave it to some other tourist. That there is a problem here, no one can doubt, but the weather is so hot that I refuse to put my mind to it, and tell what should be done. I have a notion, however, that solving the Filipino problem is like raising a dog. After you have raised a dog, and taught him to lie down when you say "Charge!" you haven't accomplished much. I have no doubt that finally Uncle Sam will solve the Filipino problem, after a fashion, but will he ever get his money back? Certainly not in your time nor in mine. . . . The boat on which I went to the Philippines was loaded down, and crowded. Boats from the Philippines are always light: it is a case of a great deal going in and nothing coming out. I could not be serious while in the Philippines; the whole affair, from the fight in Manila Bay to the present, reminded me of a joke. You remember, no doubt, the story they tell

of the capture of the island of Guam? They say an American warship steamed into the harbor of Guam, soon after war with Spain was declared, and fired a shot at the little old fort. Presently a boat put off from the fort, and the Spanish commander came out to the warship. The Spanish commander said he was out of powder and could not make any resistance, but that he would not surrender until he had made sufficient resistance to satisfy his honor. So the American captain let the Spanish commander have a few charges of powder. The Spanish commander fired them at the battleship from a safe distance, and then formally surrendered the island to the Americans. Every night, as I lie under mosquito netting here, unable to sleep, I think about the surrender of Guam. The Philippine story is not like the Guam story, but somehow it reminds you of it, on a larger scale. And the Philippines are not paying any better than is Guam, as an investment. . . . The Philippines remind me of another story: of the undeveloped-natural-advantages story. Go into any American town and the people will tell you of their natural advantages, which eastern capital will not develop. . . . I never visited an American town that did not have great natural advantages, bound to be developed in time. You should hear them talk of natural advantages in the Philippines! Sugar, hemp, tobacco, cocoanuts, coffee, spices, quinine, rubber, indigo, timber, coal, chocolate: this is only a partial list of the natural resources of the Philippines. There is one small sugar refinery in the islands; the people say there should be a hundred big sugar refin-

eries: and so it goes. And there is a perfect chorus to the effect that eastern capital should build a good hotel in Manila. But the facts are that ships go to Manila heavily loaded and come away light. When the order will be reversed, I do not know. My guess is that the natural advantages of the Philippines will be compelled to await their turn with the natural advantages of American towns, and that the process of development will be slow. Meanwhile the United States Government is pouring money into the Philippines in sums to make every citizen nervous.

The reader will understand, no doubt, that three-fourths of the Filipinos are Christianized: they were Christianized by the Catholics many years ago. The Filipinos are the most religious people in the world, I am told; they do not lack Christianity. They are not savages, except in a few remote islands, and these few savages hate the Christian natives as much as they hate the Americans. The problem in the Philippines is not to develop a savage people, but a Christian people; a people who have been Christians a great many years. The reader will also understand that many of the natives are cultured and educated; the Filipinos exhibited at the world's fair at St. Louis, at ten cents a village, were from remote savage districts. For many years the Philippines have had rich and intelligent natives to consider the natural advantages of the islands. An American resident of Manila told me that the Filipino women were the most virtuous in the world; later he changed this, and said they were as

virtuous as any women in the world. The Philippines have had great men, although it is said that the great men of the islands are half native, one-quarter Chinese, and one-quarter Spanish: that the full-blood native is very seldom really intellectual. The problem in the Philippine islands is lack of energy rather than lack of capital, for some people say the islands can never be developed unless laborers are brought in from the outside. And about the first thing Americans did was to prohibit Chinese immigration. There are possibly a hundred thousand Chinese in the islands now, who are very thrifty, and rapidly becoming merchants. . . . Has it ever occurred to you that the native Filipino can live with very little work? There is no winter, consequently a thatched roof answers the purpose of a home. And bananas, and many other fruits, grow wild. Pigs and chickens pick up a living here, and I have heard it stated that a Filipino can live on two cents a day; I know that Filipino girls work in some of the cigar factories for forty cents a week, for the superintendent showed me his books. The climate is responsible for the lazy people, no doubt. The question is, will not other people who settle in the Philippines become lazy, and neglect the natural advantages? I talked with a housekeeper here who employs six native servants, and she estimates that the entire six cost her twenty-five dollars a month, counting everything. Will people of this kind develop natural resources?

You often hear it said over here that the Americans have ruined the entire Orient. Formerly a Filipino

carriage—a very poor affair—could be hired, with a driver, for fifteen cents an hour.

“What!” the American would cry: “Fifteen cents an hour! Well, here’s a quarter an hour.”

This has gone on in China, Japan, and India, as well as in the Philippines, until prices are becoming high enough to suit the most fastidious. The question is: Will a people who failed to develop natural resources when labor was very cheap, do any better when labor is very high?

The missionaries say that in the Philippines a marriage costs \$25. As the people are very poor, many live together without being married. I believe that lately the law recognizes these alliances as common-law marriages. Americans say that Filipino women will not have much to do with American men, but that Chinese and negro men are more favored. I suppose the women look upon the Americans as flirts, and on the Chinese and negroes as lovers. A man who has lived here four years told me that Filipino women are anxious to marry American men, and go too far in love affairs. He also told me some startling stories about Filipino morals, whereupon I recalled the statement of another American, that Filipino women are the most virtuous in the world. Barring their yellow teeth, from smoking, the Filipino women are good-looking.

Nearly all the American men here came as soldiers. In passing through the little huts, I often saw white

men; white men married to native women. Many of the most successful business men in the islands came originally as private soldiers. Marriage on the dead square with native women is not looked upon with much favor. Army officers who have married Filipino wives have resigned.

By far the most influential natives are the street-car conductors and motormen. It is said they are generally "looked up" to in the sections where they live, and that occasionally even the priests go to them to interpret a knotty point of Scripture. These men receive \$15 a month. The street railway here was built by native labor, at very low wages, but the total cost was what it would have been in an average American city. The rule is, low wages, little work.

There are two morning papers in Manila, the *American* and the *Cable News*, and one evening paper, the *Times*. There are also several good weeklies. Telegraph tolls are very high here, and on some days the *Times* receives only eight words of telegraph. The morning papers boast that they receive thirty-five to forty words each per day. The typesetting on the *American* is done by Filipino printers who do not understand a word of English; they blindly follow copy; setting one line at a time in a curious little stick, and emptying the line before they begin another. American hand printers use a stick holding fifteen to twenty lines. The newspaper men here are cosmopolitans, and

have worked in many places. One man who interviewed me worked for a year as an Associated Press correspondent during the late Japanese-Russian war, and gave me a bundle of his original dispatches, as curiosities. When there is news in the Orient, the newspaper men out here are promptly drafted by the Associated Press, to save time. . . . The *Manila American*, although an important paper, is printed on an old flat-bed press, two pages at a time. Although Manila has 350,000 population, only five or six thousand buy American newspapers. I noticed the same thing in Honolulu; the important papers use old flat-bed presses, as their circulation is necessarily small. The GLOBE perfecting press would be a curiosity in Manila or in Honolulu.

MONDAY, December 11.

Early this morning I left for a railroad trip into the country. The railroad system of the Philippines consists of one line 125 miles long. I traveled for two or three hours, merely to see the country, and returned shortly after noon. The track is between our standard and narrow gauge, and the cars are of two varieties: compartment cars like the English, and cars like ours. When a train is ready to start, a man blows a tin horn, then another man rings a hand-bell, and then the engineer whistles and applies steam. You have remarked, no doubt, the queer pictures of locomotives in geographies; that's the kind they use in the Philippines. . . . The road runs through a level coun-

try, and we saw many rice-fields cultivated in a shiftless way; you notice a great difference from the manner in which rice is cultivated in Japan. Everywhere we saw water buffalo, the work animal of the islands. They say that unless these animals are permitted to wallow in mud and water every few hours, they become crazy, and run away, and break the crooked sticks which are used as plows. These water buffalo are found wild in certain parts of the island, and hunted, but it is against the law to kill a domesticated one. When a water buffalo is turned out to graze, a Filipino always rides him; to keep him out of mischief, I suppose. In one place I saw a Filipino lying on a water buffalo's back, sound asleep; a Filipino seems to sleep most of the time. When I first arrived in Manila I took a carriage and drove around to do some errands: to the cable office, to the steamship office, etc. Every time I came out of a place, I found the driver sound asleep.

. . . Mr. Wall, our Topeka friend, accompanied us on the trip into the country, and was of the greatest assistance, as he had "soldiered" all over it. The Spaniards were content to hold the towns, but the Americans demanded the entire country. The war was fiercest in the country through which we were passing, and beside the track we saw a monument erected in memory of a fallen hero: an upright cannon on a stone base. . . . The American soldiers were always ready to fight in the Philippines, and certainly didn't lack bravery, but all they found to do was to chase bushwhackers. About the worst thing that happened over there was the massacre of fifty out of a

company of sixty United States regulars. . . . We spent an hour between trains at Malolos, the capital of Bulacan province. Malolos was once the insurgent capital, but the Americans soon took it. When the Americans heard of a bunch of insurgents, they "went for" them in vigorous fashion. Malolos has 28,000 native population, twenty-two Americans, and no newspaper, although it is the capital of what we should call a state. Loafers begin gathering at the station at 7 o'clock in the morning to see the 8:30 train go by. You can have no real idea of shiftlessness until you have seen Malolos. Native "carriages" are hired there for fifteen cents an hour, but the horses do not weigh more than three hundred pounds, and the "carriages" are old and dilapidated affairs on two wheels. English is not so generally spoken in the Philippines as in Japan, and if Mr. Wall had not been able to speak Spanish we should have had trouble in getting about at Malolos. There is nothing to see in the town, except the ruins of a curious old church, burned several years ago. In the country, as in Manila, the principal buildings are churches. You will never know what the term "religious liberty" means until you travel through Japan, China, the Philippines, and the Orient generally. . . . At one place on our trip, we passed beside a field in which grew green corn a foot high; in another field corn in tassel. And in December! But little corn is grown here; the principal crop is rice, every plant being placed in the ground by hand. And the crop is gathered in the same laborious way. . . . There are practically no

fruits or flowers in the Philippines; the natives are too lazy to grow them. Yet a country more favorable to fruits and flowers could not be imagined.

When we entered the train to return to Manila, we found a number of American army officers playing high five. One of them made some sort of wish. "I tell you what I wish," another one said, as he fought the flies: "I wish I were back in Iowa, wearing an overcoat and woolen underwear, and going to town in a sled." "Well," another one said, "it will be a long time before you get there. While you are waiting, lead."

At the country stations, most of the passengers who got on were men carrying fighting roosters: they were going to Manila to make matches. There were no women shoppers; the women were busy with the rice harvest. I should think an American would go crazy in a Filipino country town in three days. At the country stations many of the town loafers standing around carried fighting roosters, and affectionately stroked their feathers.

These people are frightfully ignorant, although they have been Christianized many years. You may remember that during the late war the chief insurgent claimed to have a navy, although he hadn't so much as a row-boat. At intervals he would announce great victories, to encourage his followers. Once he announced that the Filipino navy had sunk every Amer-

ican warship in the bay, whereupon the people indulged in a fiesta, and carried their sacred images through the streets.

On the trip back to Manila I stopped at a station several miles out, and took an electric car to the town of Malabon, where I intended calling on Wm. F. Montavon, superintendent of schools; I had met him on the "Siberia," and admired him. His home is at Portsmouth, Ohio, and, on his return to the Philippines, he was accompanied by his wife and sister. Mrs. Montavon is also employed in the schools of Malabon. I found them at work in one of the school-houses, an improvised building with split bamboo floors, which have the advantage of being self-sweeping. Malabon is a town of 32,000, and when Mr. Montavon went there three years ago he found nine teachers teaching nineteen pupils. Now, twenty-eight hundred children attend the schools. Mr. Montavon's story of school work in Malabon is very interesting, and he is quite enthusiastic. When he first attended the meeting of the board of education he carried a loaded revolver, and placed it on the desk when he spoke. He asked that he be given a trial, and he now seems to be getting along with the people; when I walked through town with him, the mothers of his pupils spoke to him quite pleasantly. He speaks Spanish fluently, and seems to be an ideal educator. In one of his schools, the children recited, read, and sang for me, and did all sorts of problems on the blackboard; it seemed like any other school, barring the queer

building, the queer pupils, and the queer buildings outside—mainly poor thatched huts. A boy was asked to stand up and read out of the second reader. He knew the words, but his pronunciations were foreign. "Who is de *POY* in de tree?" he would read; "He is a *PAD POY* stealing de goot man's aples." None of the pupils pronounced their words correctly; I met a native teacher, and her pronunciations were also queer. A problem in cube root was given out, and a higher class worked it out very quickly. "Glance it over," a teacher said to me, "and you will find it correct." It was a joke on me, for I know nothing about cube root, and never did. "Did you ever teach school?" another teacher asked me; "most people have." "No," I answered; "I never so much as attended after I was eight years old." Therefore the absurdity of asking me to do a problem in cube root!

After school was dismissed I visited the only sugar refinery in the islands, with Mr. Montavon. By the way, I never before visited a sugar refinery. Then we went down to Mr. Montavon's house for luncheon, and here I saw a Filipino cooking-stove: it is simply a camp-fire—two rocks on a raised dirt platform, the smoke being carried off by means of a sheet-iron hood. A Filipino woman cook was preparing dinner on the "stove," her fire being built of pine box lids. The Montavons had moved into the house only a few days before, and had an American range coming. Their goods had not been unpacked, and the luncheon was all the more enjoyable because of its informal character.

Mrs. Montavon had a number of native servants, but I noticed that she did most of the work herself. The house was a large rambling affair, fronting on the river. When Mrs. Montavon needs groceries, she is compelled to send a servant to Manila. The condensed water they use, and their ice, also comes from Manila.

At the Filipino school I visited, I learned that the best scholars were ambitious to become teachers. Isn't this the case in nearly every school in the world?

At home, when a gang of workmen stop a few weeks at a place, they live in tents. Here, native huts are built; and this fact illustrates the cheapness of native houses. Not a nail is used in the average native hut.

You may think the American government at least buys a good deal of American beef and pork for the Philippines. I am informed that this is not the case: they come from Australia, which is nearer. The Australian pork shipped over here is cured in a queer way: the entire side of a pig in one piece, including the ham and shoulder. The butter used here also comes from Australia. Milk is frozen in bottles in Australia, and shipped here in refrigerating ships.

Although you would think the Philippines the paradise of the vegetable, the native tomatoes look like little red warts. I visited several of the native markets, but American and European residents do not

patronize them. Splendid vegetables and fruits are grown at Uncle Sam's experiment farms, but the natives seem to be satisfied with the old way.

A good American, and an intelligent man, told me that the taxes collected by the United States Government from the natives are three times greater than the taxes formerly collected from the natives by the Spanish government. But the statement may not be true: you can hear anything over here.

All the native women have big feet. At the railroad stations I would see girls standing, and think them pretty until I looked down and saw that their feet were as big as hams. I suppose this is a result of going barefoot.

The horses in Manila are so small as to be laughable, and the further you go into the country, the smaller the horses are. In the country, the horses are compelled to take a run to get a cart over a clod.

One of the school regulations in the Philippines is, that no teacher is permitted to punish a pupil. As a result, the children are said to be very impudent; occasionally a pupil kicks a school-teacher on the shins, and very frequently every child in a school will take his things and go home. The Manila papers say the regulation is foolish, and so do the teachers; but foolishness is no new thing in the Philippines. The policy

of Benevolent Assimilation is not endorsed by the American residents, who contend that the islands should be managed as a business proposition, and the natives treated as subjects, and not as brothers.

Wherever I go here, I am impressed with the politeness of army and navy people. They are an exceedingly creditable class. I have heard that the officers drink too much, but I have seen little of it, except that one night, on board the miserable "Teau," an army man who was a passenger, bowled up to whip the captain of the ship. But the fight didn't come off; indeed, the two afterwards became quite chummy. The army and navy people are always well-bred and intelligent, and you cannot be around them without admiring them.

Living is very expensive in Manila. Major Bishop pays \$75 a month house rent; he owns a better house in Salina for which he receives \$18 a month. He pays \$100 a month rent for his law office: at Salina, he says, an equally good office can be rented for \$15 a month. Nearly everything the people eat is shipped in from Australia or America, and prices are consequently very high.

One of the most imposing buildings in Manila is a government pawn-shop, erected in the days of Spanish occupancy. People went to the pawn-shop and borrowed money on collaterals at a low rate of interest. The place is now conducted by the church.

They say the meanest Filipino is the Togalo, the variety living in Manila. I often heard while there that the natives out in the country were much superior to the natives of Manila; and to those living in the immediate vicinity, for Manila is really composed of many little towns that have grown together. These little towns maintain their identity, as far as possible. The only voting a Filipino is permitted to do is to vote for the mayor of his town, and for the governor of his province; but the mayor and the governor are more or less figureheads. If the governor is not satisfactory, a military governor is appointed, who takes charge and chases the bandits. Cavite province, only a short distance from Manila, has a military governor at present, and I met the governor, who is a captain in the army.

The Americans are filling up the low land on the bay shore, and that part of Manila will be greatly improved. It is said the land now being reclaimed is larger in area than the old walled city. The mud taken out in the process of deepening the harbor is used in reclaiming the bay shore.

TUESDAY, December 12.

You frequently hear it said that at Manila people sleep under blankets every night. But you should see the blankets: they are about as thick as the veils ladies wear at home. All I am certain of about the climate

of the Philippines is that I visited the islands in December, the coolest month of the year, and that my face became badly sunburned; a thing that never happened to me at home in July or August. I found the weather extremely hot and sultry, and the mosquitoes a pest. The principal of a normal school I visited, said the climate at Manila was superior to the climate in southern California; other enthusiastic residents said the climate of the islands was almost identical with that at Honolulu. I noticed, however, that the best things about the Philippines were said by government officials: men who received salaries for living there. The average citizen, compelled to "hustle" for his living, was nearly always bitter. Of course you know that at home some people become frantic with rage whenever the Philippines are mentioned, as they believe the colonizing experiment a hopeless one, bound to prove very expensive. Many American travelers who come this way, refuse to go to the Philippines: they dislike to hear the subject talked about. I met no one who unreservedly endorsed our undertaking in the Philippines; the most friendly critics said no more than that the process was slow and expensive, but would no doubt come out all right in the end. . . . The principal of the normal school I visited said the pupils were governed with much less difficulty than American pupils. This I saw denied frequently in the Manila papers, which stated the schools were becoming ungovernable, because of the rule prohibiting corporal punishment. So far as I am personally concerned, a visit to the

islands has not changed my views; and I have always been unfriendly to the American occupation. Manila is a larger and more important city than I expected to find it, but in other respects I found the islands about as they have been represented in the newspapers and by returning travelers.

One citizen told me that dissipation was the trouble at Manila, and not the climate. Few of the men are married, and they drift into vice. It is admitted that married men get along much better than single men, the married men having better habits. The climate is harder on women than it is on men.

When the American soldiers came over here, their bands brought many tunes with them that struck the Filipino fancy. One of these was "A Hot Time in the Old Town," which is frequently played by Filipino bands at funerals, as the Filipinos do not know the character of the song. The Filipinos are very fond of moving-picture shows. Recently the Passion Play was being given before a Filipino audience, by means of moving pictures, and the band played "A Hot Time in the Old Town" during the crucifixion. . . . The Filipinos are very fond of plays also, and there are several native theaters in Manila. The plays presented are maudlin in sentiment, and occasionally the government is compelled to suppress one because of treasonable sentiments expressed. The Filipinos are very ardent

lovers, and the love scenes in their sentimental plays are something fierce. . . . One of the streets in Manila is named Heart of Jesus street, and the letters written by Filipino children to their American teachers abound with the most extravagant religious and sentimental expressions.

I sent a cablegram from Manila, by way of Guam, the Midway Island, Honolulu. and San Francisco. There were seven words in the message, and the cost was \$7.50. I received an answer within a few hours, and every word was correct, in spite of the great distance and many relay stations. My message was taken by a clerk who understood English with difficulty, and I said to him:

"I have submitted to this sort of thing for a month. Won't you kindly send an American to the counter?"

Thereupon a very pleasing young American stepped up, and I had an interesting talk with him. I asked him how long he had been in jail, and he said three years.

In the gloomy stone passageway to the walled city, I patronized a boy who kept a stand for blacking shoes and displayed this sign: "Say, Mister, you need a shine." The sign attracted my attention, but the boy could not speak English.

I was told by a Protestant preacher that there are three million bolting Catholics in the Philippines;

that is, a reformed Catholic church has been organized, and three million of the natives have left the old church to join it. Other people told me, however, that the bolting church did not amount to much; that its priests and bishops were renegades from the old church, who did not have the confidence of either the natives or the Americans.

The same Protestant preacher told me that the number of natives who had joined the Protestant churches was about seven or eight thousand, and I suppose he made the number as large as he could consistently. The same man estimated the number of Catholic natives at six or seven millions, so that Protestantism seems to be making little headway. A citizen who said he was a Presbyterian, told me that when a native was converted from Catholicism to Protestantism, he was injured and not benefited.

Seven-tenths of the men in the Philippines wear white duck clothing. A man buys a dozen of these suits paying from four to seven dollars a suit, and sometimes changes three times a day. There are places in Manila where the two-piece white suits are washed for six cents, and I often heard gentlemen discussing the different Chinese laundries, and their prices. The officers in the army and navy wear the white suits almost universally, with brass buttons and shoulder-straps. I see no reason why the men at home should not wear these white suits during July and

August; I intend to, in future. Why should all the cool, clean summer things be monopolized by the women?

There were good men in the Philippines before the American occupation: the water-works system was a present from a rich Spaniard, who provided for free water for the poor natives under certain conditions. A rich Spaniard also presented the city with a very large tract of valuable land, and built a hospital for lepers. I visited this hospital and walked among the patients; it is said no white man ever contracts the disease from being around it in hospitals. There were several hundred patients in the institution: men, women, and children. Some of the children were just showing the preliminary blotches; many of the older patients were almost eaten up with the disease. I was shown two patients who were perfectly cured of leprosy, so far as could be determined, by the X-ray treatment. This treatment is entirely new for leprosy, and Dr. Wilkinson, who accomplished the cures, may become famous.

One-half the native children born in the Philippines die before they are two years old, from neglect. The mothers are usually young, as marriage is possible at twelve years old. An American doctor told me that American women could do a useful work in the islands by showing native mothers how to care for infants.

There are two race-tracks in Manila, and the natives are almost as fond of running races between the native ponies as they are of rooster-fighting. Nothing is known of the trotting-race.

This morning I gave a Chinaman a bundle of laundry at 9 o'clock, and he had it back at the hotel in four hours. I should like to see an American steam laundry beat that record.

One man told me that the women do all the work in the islands, while the men engage in cock-fighting. Another man denied the story. I was told that if an Igorrote woman went wrong, she was promptly killed. I quoted the story, and it was denied and laughed at. That is the way with everything a traveler hears over here.

They say over here that the monkeys treat Americans with the greatest deference: that they will bite and scratch natives, but treat Americans as their masters. You can buy a monkey for fifty cents, if you should be so silly as to want one at any price. The natives catch them in the country and bring them to town. . . . The Philippines are said to afford the best hunting in the world. Ducks, deer, wild boar, wild water buffalo, and wild chickens are plentiful; particularly wild ducks, and other water fowl. You cannot own a gun in the Philippines except under strict regulations: as a result, the natives have no guns, and the whites get all the hunting.

They have a "chit" system here that is very annoying. When you buy an article, instead of paying for it, you sign a ticket, or "chit." If you order a carriage, you sign a chit when you dismiss the driver, noting on the card the time you dismiss him. But some of the Americans sign chits who cannot pay at the end of the month, and there is likely to be a change.

I learn that Dr. Musgrave, who vaccinated me on board the "Siberia," is quite a noted American doctor in Manila. I met him while he was returning from a vacation in the States. He has made an important discovery in some "ology"; I was told what it was, and recall that I did not know what it meant. In effect, it is a cure for dysentery, which is a curse of the islands. He gives quinine by hypodermic injection, and in seven weeks this treatment cures dysentery. He certainly did a good job of vaccination on my arm, but it is now well, and I am supposed to be immune for seven years.

These notes have been hurriedly written, and many inaccuracies will be found in them. But I have "authority" for everything. In looking over a scrap of paper to-day, I found that some one had told me that the constabulary force numbers ten thousand men. But I am certain another man told me that the constabulary numbered 25,000 men. If these notes have any value at all, it will be because they record the gossip of the islands, reported by a traveler

who ran about very faithfully for four days, and who met many people in position to know the facts.

At 2 P. M. we began packing our baggage again; I am becoming almost as familiar with this process as with climbing up and down the sides of ships. At 3 P. M. we said good-bye to a number of friends at the hotel, and departed for the custom-house dock, where we soon went aboard a tender, and left for the ship "Teau," on which we had bought round-trip tickets at Hong Kong, without knowing its character. Arriving at the ship's side, and climbing the stairway, we found the decks had been scrubbed, and that everything was cleaner. We had excellent rooms, and were disposed to feel more friendly, particularly as Captain Brown welcomed us back, and predicted a fine voyage. At 5 P. M. promptly, we got under way, and bade farewell to Manila, and its church and cathedral spires. Mr. Wall gave me so many Manila cigars in saying final farewell that I shall probably return home with half of them still on hand.

WEDNESDAY, December 13.

The "Teau" has been rolling heavily all night, and seems determined, this morning, to turn over. Of course the ship is lightly loaded, being outward bound from the Philippines, and the motion is the worst I have ever experienced. We are in a northeast monsoon, and I may as well say here that the blowing and the

rolling continued until we reached the shelter of Hong Kong harbor, at 10 o'clock Friday morning. The pitching of the ship didn't amount to much, but the roll was frightful. I practically did not leave my bed from Wednesday morning until Friday morning, and ate nothing. Fortunately I slept a good deal, managing to keep in bed by stuffing pillows about me. The sea did not seem so very rough, when I looked out of the window, but the "Teian" is only 312 feet long, and I noticed when coming on board that she sat high on the water; that much of her red hull was showing. If you must go to sea, select a big ship: the larger the ship, the more endurable the voyage will be. A small ship is tossed or rolled by a single wave, whereas a big ship rides two or three, and steadies herself.

In ten years from now, if I am still alive, I expect to suddenly break into a frenzy, and violently curse the "Teian." And this is what I hope: That some day, when it is rolling and rolling, and is not loaded with anything more important than the crew and condensed milk, the old tub may finally succeed in its ambition to turn over. The "Teian" is a noted roller, and struggles like an old horse when turned into the pasture, to turn over. And I hope it may finally succeed. If I have any friends left, I ask them to curse the "Teian." I do not ask that they use actual profanity in cursing the "Teian" for me, although I should prefer that as vicious words as possible be used; but I do expect them to at least say: "Plague take the 'Teian,' of the

China Navigation Co." Captain Brown is a pretty good fellow, and did his best to make us comfortable, but his ship will make many more people miserable if it continues in service. Captain Brown is a good sailor, and understands his business, but the company refuses to give him the help he needs: one man cannot do everything. I hope he will have a larger and better ship before the "Tea" finally turns over, and that the chief engineer and the first assistant will have left the "Tea" with him. But the Chinese waiters and Chinese sailors need a bath, and I don't care if they are on the "Tea" when it flops.

There were twelve passengers on the voyage: a naval lieutenant, three army doctors, a man and his wife going from Manila to China to get out of the hot weather, the inevitable Englishman, and several brown men, nationality unknown. The woman from Manila was once a passenger on the government transport "Thomas," when it encountered a typhoon, and told a graphic story of how the men and women collected in the dining-saloon, and screamed and prayed. I heard this story Tuesday evening, while we were still in Manila Bay, which is forty miles long. She said the "Thomas" frequently rolled forty-eight, fifty-one being sufficient to send it over. I used to think, while lying in my bed in the "Tea," that she did better than the "Thomas," and that she rolled fifty, at least. . . . The Captain gave us seats on his right, at the table, but we occupied them only once: on the evening we left Manila, while we were still in the bay. He told us interesting

stories of his experiences at sea, but I have forgotten them: everything after the rolling began seems a blank.

THURSDAY, December 14.

No let-up in the storm; in fact, it is worse. When there is a particularly vicious roll, everything in the kitchen goes clattering and banging, and I can hear it all from my room. Occasionally Captain Brown comes down and curses the Chinese in the kitchen. "What are you trying to do?" I once heard him ask angrily; "trying to break everything on the ship?" The Chinese waiters bump around, and do what they can to make me comfortable, but all that is possible is to stuff pillows about me in bed. My door was left open, and once Lieutenant Kearney, of the battleship "Oregon," shot in. He is a passenger, and *en route* to his home at Springfield, Mo. He came in to ask if he could "do anything," but I was so sick that I barely replied to his question. Then he expressed regret, and I heard him bumping through the hall on his way to the upper deck. My clothes were scattered all over the room, and pounded into wads by the trunks rolling on them. I first went to bed with my clothes on, but managed to get them off, by degrees.

FRIDAY, December 15.

At 8 o'clock this morning we were in sight of land, but the rolling did not let up. When I raised my head,

and looked out of the window, I could see the waves dashing angrily over the rocks. Even after the ship entered the outer harbor, the rolling continued, and it did not cease until we were in sight of Hong Kong. Then I rolled wearily out of my damp, stuffy bed, and began dressing and packing my luggage. At 11 o'clock we went down the stairway of the ship: how accustomed I am becoming to this sort of thing! In a little while we were on land, and I shook my fist at the "Teau," and said a final farewell to it, after the most uncomfortable experience in my life.

I didn't like the rooms at the Hong Kong Hotel very well, so I determined to go to the King Edward. A fellow-passenger said I should make a mistake if I went to the King Edward, but I have made so many mistakes that I rather enjoy them: so I went to the King Edward, and found the best hotel I had been in since leaving San Francisco. The rooms were new, clean, and airy, and how I enjoyed the change from the dirty, cramped quarters of the "Teau"! I went to bed early, and slept like a log until morning. . . . I have found it is better not to follow the tourists. When we first arrived at Hong Kong, ninety-five per cent. of the "Siberia's" passengers went to the Hong Kong Hotel; some friend had recommended it, yet they could have done much better at the King Edward. It always pays to "look around" a little. At Yokohama all the tourists go to the Grand Hotel, an old house, yet the Oriental Palace, entirely new, is much better.

Many a good new institution starves to death before the jays hear of it.

The crying need of Hong Kong is a first-class architect. The buildings are heavy and clumsy and ugly. A plumber is also needed in Hong Kong. Although the King Edward is a new hotel, its bath-rooms would make you laugh. Nothing new about them; and the same is true of the lavatories. They say Americans boast a good deal. I have heard no boasting from Americans on this trip, having found them universally polite and modest; but it is a fact that Americans have reason to be proud of their country and of her institutions. I think more of America and of the Americans now than I ever did.

I found it necessary to tie myself at Hong Kong, to keep from taking the "Minnesota" for home. The "Minnesota" is a fine American ship which sails in a few days for Seattle. I do not attempt to be "different" when I congratulate those Americans who have sense enough to stay at home. It is not the slightest exaggeration to say that a tour around the world is a hardship. This is particularly true of the ocean voyage. I can give you no idea of the discomfort you must undergo. Don't let returning travelers deceive you; give up your longing for a long foreign trip. You may think you would enjoy it, but you wouldn't. I constantly hear travelers about me saying they have nothing to eat, when they have everything: soup, fish,

birds, beef, sweet-breads, ices, fruits, nuts, cakes, etc.; the trouble is, the cooking does not suit them. And on every ship, and in every hotel, the cooking is different from that you have been accustomed to. I have not had a good cup of coffee since starting from San Francisco. I am accustomed to coffee prepared in a certain way, and the cooks I meet have a different way. I have long been accustomed to certain kinds of food. In every country I find the food different, and prepared in a different way. As a result, I am slowly starving to death, although surrounded by an abundance of food, served from four to seven times a day. I would not repeat this trip, if paid a large salary. There has been just one recompense: I have seen many strange things. After a man has lived in one place twenty-eight years, he has become very familiar with everything about him, and there is a sort of rest in going abroad and seeing things he had never so much as heard of. My own affairs have been almost completely crowded out of mind by the incidents of the trip, and I suppose I have been benefited in that way, but I shall not appreciate it until after I have been at home again several weeks. When I leave the ship at New York, I shall be thinner than I was when I started: I can't possibly get fat on an experience like that I had on the "Tea." But I have enlisted for the war, and to-morrow I go on board the Peninsular & Oriental ship "Simla," to continue my journey around the world. My first stop will be at Singapore, in the Straits Settlements.

At Hong Kong I heard the particulars of the suicide of Captain Smith, of the "Siberia," on which I had spent a month; we had heard rumors of the affair at Manila. The ship was lying in port at Hong Kong, and Captain Smith was seen sitting in front of his cabin at ten o'clock at night. At six o'clock the next morning, when Moon, his personal servant, went into the room, he found the captain lying dead on the floor, his throat cut from ear to ear. He left a note saying he had decided to kill himself. He had some sort of trouble with the Pacific Mail Company, and he also had domestic trouble; he had divorced his wife, and she had married again. . . . For a month I sat at his table, and talked with him a dozen times a day. He was always morose, but always tried to be cheerful; you may recall that I have frequently spoken of his attempts to be cheerful with the passengers, and how he didn't succeed very well. I never bothered him much, but he often sat down beside me, as I wrote in the smoking-room, and told me of things in which he thought I was interested. He invited me to his cabin, and once wrote for me the explanation of how we lost a day at sea between Honolulu and Yokohama. . . . He was the gloomiest man I ever knew, but I thought it was due to seeing tourists so much; I thought he was tired of seeing them. I hear that he told his officers before reaching Hong Kong that he would not return with them. The voyage was the "Siberia's" thirteenth. I have already told about the accident at Honolulu; in addition, a fire was discovered in the hold at Hong Kong, and in the same port

a Chinese sailor fell from the rigging and was killed.
. . . I think about Captain Smith a good deal;
a man who commits suicide always interests me.
What a load he must have had on his mind! He must
have been worse off than I was during the blow on the
"Tean."

Here at the King Edward Hotel, in Hong Kong, I
am much interested in a Mr. Richardson, of Iowa. I
don't know that his name is Richardson, or that he is
from Iowa, but he is an elderly American, and I know
his history as well as I know my own. I see him in the
halls, and in the dining-room, his little fat wife pattering
around after him. Richardson is not having a
good time, and he wants to go home, but Martha, his
wife, wants to continue the journey, and Martha will
have her way. I know her name is Martha, because
Richardson calls her that.

"Martha," I have heard Richardson say, "let's cut
out the rest of the trip, and go home on the 'Minnesota.'
I'm tired of this foolishness."

I have never heard Martha's reply, for she always
speaks in low tones, as all persuasive women do, but I
can tell she is opposed to going home by the shortest
route; so Richardson will be compelled to go through
India and Egypt, and play the game out; for the next
two or three months he will be compelled to pay high
prices for food he cannot eat and for trips he cannot en-
joy. Richardson is so bald that he attracts attention,
for bald heads are not the rule here.

I know nothing whatever about Richardson, but here is his history, as I guess it: He was a farmer's boy, and attended a district school in winter. When fifteen or sixteen years old he went to the county seat, and entered a store. He knew enough to be honest and industrious, so he prospered slowly; prosperity is always slow. He knew enough to remain in one place, so when times became dull in Iowa, instead of running away to another town, he picked up a little property at low prices. When prosperity returned—and it always does, everywhere—he sold a little, and bought bank stock. In time, he was elected to a county office; then he got into the bank, as a director. Later, he was made vice-president of the bank, and then president. He gradually accumulated farm lands, and these gradually increased in value. I am not certain, but I think one of his daughters is married to a congressman, and another to the district judge. He also has three or four good sons who are prospering. If Richardson is not from Iowa, then he is from Illinois, or Ohio, or Indiana, or Wisconsin, or Minnesota, and his history is about as I have stated: there are many Americans who are just like him. The only remarkable thing about Richardson is that he had sense enough to be industrious, and honest, and wait for prosperity in one town.

SATURDAY, December 16.

At 11 o'clock this morning we left Hong Kong in a tender, and went out to the P. & O. ship "Simla,"

lying at anchor in the harbor, and advertised to leave for Singapore at noon. Arrived at the ship's side, we climbed another stairway, and went on board to look for our rooms, and complain about them: people are never satisfied with the rooms they draw in a ship lottery. . . . The "Simla" is an old single-screw boat, about 500 feet long, and runs between Shanghai and London, but we are to leave it at Colombo, cross India by rail (first reaching Calcutta by another boat), and then take another P. & O. boat at Bombay for the trip to Port Said. . . . The crew of the "Simla" is made up of natives of India, and very queer they look in red caps, red sashes, and blue night-shirts. All the Indian sailors go barefoot, and I note that many of them wear rings on their great toes. The waiters in the dining-room are also dark men from India, and the firemen are very black men from somewhere in India. . . . One of the passengers, a Mrs. Williamson, an Englishwoman, has accompanied us all the way from San Francisco. The tutor and his four American boys, who were with us from Kobe, are also on board, together with the mother and daughter from Kansas City. But we are the only passengers who have been to Manila. . . . My room-mate is a Mr. Moffatt, an Englishman, and he is a pretty good fellow. I never knew anyone else quite so anxious to secure all the rights of a traveler, but he is very polite to me. He has the dining-room waiters and the stateroom stewards standing on their heads half the time. His luggage is the queerest-looking lot, and he is evidently an old traveler: his luggage

is covered with all sorts of curious labels. I may not accumulate anything else on this trip, but I am accumulating labels on my trunk and on my suit-case. They are pasted on everywhere, and as these labels are highly prized by people at home, I shall probably, on my return, offer my trunk and valise for sale to the highest bidder, and get new ones, as the sight of these foreign labels makes me nervous. I went down to my room a while ago, and was amused at sight of my trunk, which was covered with hotel labels from Japan, China, the Philippines, etc., in addition to the labels of three steamship companies. The trunk was shoved under my bunk, and on the end sticking out the modest initials "E. W. H." appeared from the mass of foreign labels. The trunk looked ashamed of itself: it seemed as much out of place as a farm mule attached to a buggy.

At 1 p. m. we got away; a ship never sails on time. A few miles outside the harbor we ran across the "Siberia," *en route* home. It had sailed the morning of the day before, and had been to a Portuguese town up the coast after a big consignment of opium, which was loaded at sea, from heavily armed junks, as a protection from Chinese pirates. Captain Smith's body is being taken to San Francisco on the "Siberia," the first officer in command. It will be a lonesome journey. About twenty passengers embarked at Hong Kong for the trip to America.

The "Simla" is an English ship, and most of the passengers are English. The Englishman is very smart and capable, and he knows it; possibly this is his greatest fault. Talk about the assertive Americans; I have never known an American who is the equal, in this respect, of the average Englishman. He is polite, but he wants all that is coming to him, and will get it. No wonder the caricature of an Englishman is met with so frequently on the stage, for travelers never forget the Englishman. But the stage Englishman is not at all like the real thing. When you first meet an Englishman you don't like him, but before he leaves you you discover that he is a pretty good fellow. He is no joke, as is the stage Englishman, for he will hold up his end in anything, from an argument to a fight, and is always well-bred. But he wants to know, and will find out. And when an Englishman puts on his dinner-coat and appears in the dining-room, he has an air of being the Whole Thing that is irresistible. In this he reminds me of a Chicago man who takes off his hat in a hotel elevator when there are ladies present; under such circumstances, the Chicago man seems to say: "Note what a perfect gentleman I am!"

. . . Mr. Moffatt, my room-mate, not only looked after himself in the dining-room, but secured me a seat as good as his own; I sit at the first officer's table, in an end seat. The first officer is very intelligent and agreeable, and we pick up the gossip of the voyage from first hands: we shall stop at Singapore twenty-four hours, to coal; at Penang, six hours,

etc. In traveling out here, you pick up information as you go along; by the time you reach a place, you know a good deal about it.

SUNDAY, December 17.

A steady monsoon has been blowing since we left Hong Kong, and helping us along: the smoke from the stack of the "Simla" is always ahead of us. We are in the China Sea, but the ship is large and acting very well, although I feel the old touch of seasickness. "I feel," I heard a man say once, "as though I had been sent for and couldn't come." That is the way I feel: I feel hungry, but can't eat; I am generally upset, and this is always the way with me when I am at sea. I have a bad taste in my mouth, and have bad dreams at night.

At Hong Kong I experienced the luxury of a cold day, which was particularly agreeable, as my face had become badly sunburned at Manila, but we are running into warm weather again. The men are putting on white suits, and talk of sleeping on deck to-night.

The sailors from India squat around on the forward deck, and eat as the Chinese and Japanese do: all these brown people seem to be distantly related. The Indian sailors bring up a big bowl of rice, squat

about it in a circle, on their haunches, and eat precisely as the Chinese do, with chopsticks.

There is a glum old fellow on board who has amused me since yesterday: he seems to be looking for a fight. He accosted me to-day, and said he was from Missouri. There is nothing the matter with him, except that he is not getting the worth of his money. He became quite cheerful when he found opportunity to talk about home.

I was sitting in the smoking-room to-day with Mr. Moffatt, and we decided to order a lemonade. The steward brought us an insipid bottled lemonade: another thing I never heard of before. Mr. Moffatt threw both lemonades into a spittoon, and said we wanted a lemon squash, or quash; a thing with lemon and sugar and ice in it. Finally Mr. Moffatt was compelled to go behind the bar and show the man how to make a lemonade.

By going to the King Edward Hotel at Hong Kong I missed seeing W. J. Bryan, who was at the Hong Kong. Somehow Bryan reminds me of the Philippines and their great natural advantages. Mr. Bryan's theories may be Natural Advantages, but eastern capital opposes them, and will not develop them. So the quarrel over Bryan's natural advantages, like the talk over the natural advantages of the Philippines and of every country town in America, will go on forever.

In the second cabin of the "Simla" are Chinese passengers; also, mysterious brown men of the kind you see in circus processions, and cannot place. In the second cabin, also, are Englishmen, and I noticed last night that they all dressed for dinner.

We are to celebrate Christmas on this ship between Singapore and Colombo, and we are already hearing of the big Christmas dinner we are to have. The first officer says we are to have a roast pig with an apple in its mouth, in addition to turkey, cranberries, plum pudding, and a Christmas tree. But it will be so hot that we shall probably eat our Christmas dinner on deck.

To-day Mr. Moffatt went down into the dining-room to do some writing. Calling a brown man, he ordered the punka put in operation. The punka is a fan device suspended over the tables, and a boy stands outside and pulls a string, to keep the fans in motion. They are used in India over beds, as well as over dining-tables. Exactly the same thing has been in use in the dining-room of Miller's restaurant, in Atchison, for the past twenty-eight years, to my knowledge. Therefore don't let travelers bluff you about the luxury of the punka. It is not unknown in Atchison.

Mr. Moffatt decided last night that the upper deck was not light enough, so he looked up the first officer, made a roar, and had an additional cluster of electric

lights put in. In getting his rights he is always good-natured, and the officers of the ship do not seem to hate him. I heard him grumbling to-night that the cold water in the baths is not cold enough, although it comes direct from the sea, and I have a notion he will demand ice, and get it.

I rather like the "Simla." The Indian waiters are an improvement over the Chinese, and understand English better. The meals are excellent, but we are compelled to submit to the abomination known as a table d'hôte dinner. That is, dinner does not begin until all the passengers are seated. Then the head waiter strikes a bell, and everything is served in courses. If you do not care for soup, you are compelled to wait for the fish course; if you do not care for fish, either, you wait until all the others are served with soup and fish. If you want only a little fruit, you get it at the end of an hour.

The citizen of Missouri, who isn't having a good time, sat in the smoking-room for two hours this afternoon and growled. Nothing suits him, and he cannot find out anything. Finally he walked out, saying: "I intend to write to the *Globe-Democrat*." He is down in the dining-room now, pouring out his indignation to his favorite newspaper. But the dining-room is warm, and the perspiration causes his nose-glasses to fall off, and this also exasperates him. The old fellow greatly amuses me, although I am sorry he is not having a good time. The Englishmen like

to gather around him and hear him grumble; and he makes a pretty good job of it.

We are still skirting the coast of China, and shall skirt it all day to morrow. China is a big country; we began seeing its shores before we reached Shanghai.

MONDAY, December 18.

I neglected to mention in its proper place that when we entered the harbor at Hong Kong last Friday we passed within a few hundred feet of three Russian war vessels lying at anchor. They are sneaking home by slow stages. There is a good deal of gossip at Manila about the three Russian warships lately interned there. American naval officers say the ships were not in bad condition, and that they still had fight in them. Citizens of Manila also said that the Russian officers were dissipated, and had plenty of money; they kept a large cash deposit at the Army and Navy Club, and spent it freely. The interned Russian ships left Manila a few days before I arrived there. One of the officers is accused of taking a noted Manila courtesan home with him. . . . I also neglected to say that the Mex. financial system prevails in the Philippines, a dollar being known as a peso, and worth fifty cents. The American government has issued paper money for the islands, the bills being about two-thirds the size of our greenbacks. On one side of the Philippine bills is a picture of Mc-

Kinley, on the other a picture of a native patriot whose name I have forgotten, although I became quite familiar with his face, and made a pilgrimage to his tomb. The Mex. silver dollar is worth about as much as our silver dollar, but its purchasing value is only half as much, owing to our gold basis. . . .

At Shanghai there is an institution known as the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, China, and Japan, with branches all over the Orient. It issues paper money at Shanghai, and at the Hong Kong branch the bank discounts its own bills five per cent. You meet with discounts everywhere; one traveler told me that he went into a bank to get a hundred-dollar bill changed and was charged two per cent. for the accommodation. Tradesmen also discount your money, as one currency is used in Shanghai, another in Hong Kong, another in Manila, and so on. As soon as a traveler arrives in a city he is compelled to go to a bank and get a supply of the money in use locally. If he has any left from the last city visited, he is compelled to stand a discount in order to have it changed. If I lived in the Orient, and could not be a bishop, I should certainly strive to be a banker. . . . I believe I have stated that Hong Kong, although without a railroad, is the greatest shipping port in the world. It has a mail line of ships to every known country except South America. _____

Last night there was a heavy rain, but to-day has been warm and bright, with a comparatively smooth sea. No one has been sick, so far as I have heard.

There are about seventy first-class passengers on the "Simla," and possibly half that number of second-class. It turns out that one of the four American boys accompanying the tutor was sent away for a purpose: on arriving at Hong Kong the boy learned that his father, a widower, had married a second wife. I heard the boy talking about the affair in the smoking-room to-day. . . . Two of the other passengers are Yankee old maids traveling together. On coming on board they found another woman in their stateroom, and they grumbled until they got her out. They know the power of the "kick," and are very near to the disagreeable line. But every traveler at sea grumbles when three are placed in a stateroom, the third being accommodated, very indifferently, on the lounge. The steamship companies all advertise "only two passengers in a stateroom," but they all put in a third when there is a crowd. It is one of the many discomforts passengers are compelled to endure.

The Missourian who is not having a good time, and who yesterday wrote a complaint to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, occupies a room across the hall from mine, and he frequently comes in to grumble. He leaves the "Simla" at Singapore, and goes to Batavia.

"I don't want to go to Batavia," he said to me this morning, "but if I don't go, when I return home people will say I missed the best thing out here. So I am going to Batavia, although I know nothing about it, care nothing about it, and hate the name of it. I came on this trip, anyway, just to please the neighbors.

They kept telling me of the delights of foreign travel; and here I am, as miserable as I can be. My stomach feels as though I had swallowed a rotten oyster; and I can't get rid of it. I shall see temples in India, but I don't care for them: they are nothing more than monuments erected in memory of fools; I'd rather see something new, and sensible. These people have nothing to show except what fools their fathers and grandfathers were."

When I return home I shall pretend to have visited every town and country on the road; not because I shall enjoy the reputation of being a great traveler, but as a protection. I have observed that when you have failed to visit a certain place, other travelers say you "missed it," and that the places you did visit are visited by everybody, and do not amount to much. In addition to this, I shall invent places of interest, and claim to have visited them. I resolved to do this at Kyoto, and asked forgiveness of the thousand images in one of the temples. If silence gives consent, it is all right with the images.

There is a row on board over bath-towels. Every passenger is given a bath-towel at the beginning of the voyage, and this he is expected to carry to the bath every morning, use, and then carry back to his room, for use the next morning, and every morning until the end of the voyage. Every passenger on the ship is in open revolt, except myself; I don't complain about anything. Mr. Moffatt, my room-mate, gets two

fresh bath-towels every morning, and he gets them without much difficulty, as he gets most things. Mr. Moffatt has been to Canton, China, trying to secure a concession to work copper mines on a Chinese island. But he could do nothing; the Chinese seem content to let the immense deposits of copper alone. Mr. Moffatt discovered that a French company once secured a lease on the copper mine, agreeing to pay a large sum in case they failed to operate it. The Chinese officials saw to it that the French were unable to secure either supplies or labor, and the French were compelled to abandon the enterprise and pay the forfeit. The anti-foreign sentiment in China is very strong, and Mr. Moffatt claims it is all due to the missionaries. It is believed over here that if the missionaries were expelled, the country would soon be open to foreign capital; and China really has great Natural Advantages. Canton needs a railroad, and its construction will be a great opportunity for somebody, but the Chinese are continually wrought up over missionary troubles, and will not grant the necessary concessions to the capitalists who are clamoring to build the railroad. The Missourian, who has a room opposite mine, says that he is a church man, but that in future he will be opposed to missionaries: there is no disputing that missionaries are very unpopular in the Orient. I have been much impressed by this fact.

Mrs. Williamson, the Englishwoman we have known since leaving San Francisco, is on her way to visit a Rajah in India, and while there she will engage in a

tiger hunt. She is a great traveler, but very modest and agreeable. She lived several years in South Africa, and was in Johannesburg during the Jamison raid. The women and children were ordered to leave the place in half an hour, and they collected hurriedly at the railroad station, without food, and many of them almost without clothing. For three days and nights they traveled toward Capetown, in cars so densely crowded that the passengers were compelled to stand up, or lie on the floor. A number of Cornish miners had secreted themselves on the train, and robbed the women and children of the little food they had. Two women and one child died during the terrible trip.

Last night was quiet and hot, and I sat on deck two hours, almost alone; there were only three or four passengers on my side of the ship. I spent my time in watching a light on shore; a light from a lighthouse, which gave two red flashes and then two white flashes. The lighthouse is built on a lonely cape running out into the sea. Here we bid good-bye to China.

Most of the passengers are as uninteresting to me as I am to them; I speak to them all every morning, but have made few acquaintances; the little talking I do is with the Missourian, Mr. Moffatt, Mrs. Williamson, and with the mother and daughter from Kansas City. The tutor is disposed to be friendly, but he took a pronunciation out of my mouth to-day and changed it, and I am done with him. . . . The Missourian

always interests me: he is a man of a good deal of native genius. He is a lawyer, and a railroad-builder. I do not so much as know his name, although he often comes into my room, and grumbles about what he calls "the fool trip." All he knows about Batavia, where he is going, to satisfy his neighbors, is that it has a vast tropical growth. I tried to persuade him not to go to Batavia, but he said: "No; I have made up my mind to go, and I am the sort of fool who never changes his mind." He knows that Singapore, where he is to land, is one of the hottest and most disagreeable towns in the Orient, and that Batavia is worse, but he has made up his mind, and to Batavia he will go. He was advised at home to go to McKow, and says all he found there was a disagreeable rain-storm. He thinks the managers of the steamship companies should be arrested because of the "lying literature" they have printed and circulated. . . . Yesterday afternoon was dull. I walked along the lower halls, in going to my room, and saw most of the passengers moping in their rooms: tired and disgusted. There was so little going on, that the stewardess was asleep in a steamer-chair in the hallway. But at 6:30, a half-hour before dinner, the passengers livened up, and began to appear on deck and walk about, and complain about the bath-towels.

TUESDAY, December 19.

I doubt whether anyone on land, who has never gone through with it, can realize how time lags at sea.

You may think you have seen a weary yawn, but you have not, unless you have seen a man yawn on the deck of a ship after it has been at sea seven or eight days. On land, there is always something going on; there may not be much, but there is something. If you live in town, a man may come in and tell you that the bridge over Big creek is out, and that he was compelled to go around six miles in order to get to town. If you live in the country, a candidate, or the assessor or a traveler, is likely to come along and tell you something you had not heard; but if you are on a ship at sea you soon see nothing new, and hear nothing new. There are the same passengers every day, and the sea soon becomes as uninteresting as the wall-paper in a room you have lived in for months. I have heard about the changing lights and shadows on the ocean, but have yet to see them. I have observed only two things of interest to-day, and they are not of much interest: a young Englishman appeared in a white dinner-coat, a curtailed affair that looked like a waiter's jacket. It seems men wear these during the hot season, being determined to wear a dinner-coat of some kind. The other item was that butter is not served at dinner; it is served at breakfast and luncheon, but does not appear at the formal evening meal. . . . The men sit around in the smoking-room, and talk about the same old things: Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Calcutta, etc. On the "Siberia" it was Yokohama, Kobe, Hong Kong, etc. Beyond Bombay it will be Port Said, Suez, Aden, etc. Occasionally a man tells a story; always a story I have heard. I

haven't heard a new story since leaving Atchison; there are men in that fine town capable of inventing new ones. . . . To-morrow night the "Simla" will anchor at Singapore, and the next day we shall go ashore to do our Christmas shopping; I expect to develop quite a Christmas trot in looking for presents for six people who sit at my table. I am taking more interest in Christmas than I show at home. The first officer talks about Christmas as I usually talk at home, and I am shocked: I shall buy him a present, though he says he does not believe in such foolishness. And he a Christian and an Englishman!

I met an old gentleman to-day who really enjoys traveling. Eighteen months ago he left home with his wife for a tour around the world, going by way of New York and London. In Egypt he ran into the war, and, not liking the prospect of sunken mines and warships, returned home leisurely. He remained at home a month, and then started again, this time by way of San Francisco. But he sold his home and his business three years ago, and so he is at home wherever he happens to be, all his children being grown and married. He will spend a month in Colombo; I shall spend two days there—fewer, if possible. He says he feels better when traveling than when at home. But he is the only contented traveler I have seen. . . . I told the Missourian about him, and you should have heard the Missourian snort with disgust.

I intend to have another vacation when I get home: I intend to ask the indulgence of my associates once more, and to stay at my house two weeks, resting up and not going downtown once. I intend to rush along faster, and earn the two weeks' vacation, by getting home earlier.

I have reached that point in my journey where it is hard to tell whether home lies to the east or the west: it is about as far one way as the other. We are now within a few miles of the equator; I believe we do not cross it; we keep a little to the north of it. Travelers who cross the line for the first time are ducked, and the sailors exact money with which to buy grog. . . . By the way, that is a good sea word: grog. I am sorry I have not thought of it before.

Nearly every passenger carries a kodak. There is more real art for me in a cheap kodak picture than in an expensive painting. We have a kodak, and have had many pictures developed. They are excellent, and beat all the descriptions a man can write. I must secure a picture of the Missourian: only a picture will enable you to understand how amusing he is, for his looks are as funny as his talk. As I write this he is seated in the smoking-room, watching the two games of high five in progress. The look of tired disgust on his face is worth studying.

WEDNESDAY, December 20.

The sea is almost as smooth as glass to-day; the

only excitement on board is the manufacture of a Christmas pudding. Mrs. Williamson, the Atchison girl, and Mrs. Williamson's maid are at work on it, and two Indian boys are fanning them. At a certain stage in the manufacture of the pudding the passengers were invited to stir it, and make a wish. Each passenger will be given a piece of the pudding on Christmas day, which will be celebrated at sea between Penang and Colombo. . . . Islands appeared off to the left this morning. . . . We are missing the Kansas winter, but are having unseasonably hot weather that is worse. It is so hot to-day that no one is comfortable.

The long ocean voyages render the trip around the world wearisome. From San Francisco to Hong Kong the time consumed is one month; Hong Kong to Singapore, five days; Singapore to Colombo, eight days; Colombo to Calcutta, six days; Calcutta to Bombay (by rail), from a week to three months, according to the time at your disposal; Bombay to Port Said, eight days; Port Said to Marseilles, seven days; thence to London by rail, two days; London to New York, eight days. And you are always likely to meet with delays. When I arrived at Hong Kong I found that the connecting steamer for India had just sailed. In my case, this meant a delay of ten days, and I spent the time in a trip to Manila. At Colombo there will be another wait, for a steamer to Calcutta. I could proceed to Bombay on the "Simla," but I should miss Delhi and Benares and Lucknow, and all the inter-

esting portions of India. From Bombay, a P. & O. steamer sails once a week for Europe; from Port Said, a steamer of some line sails for Europe nearly every day.

THURSDAY, December 21.

I heard many bad reports of Singapore: it was hot, it was uninteresting, etc. We arrived at Singapore by daylight this morning, and everybody went ashore after breakfast, as the captain announced that coaling would delay him until five o'clock in the evening. Singapore is the prettiest town I have visited, with the possible exception of Honolulu, of which it reminds me. Of course Singapore is tropical, being within twenty miles of the equator, and its botanical garden is one of the wonders of the Orient. The population is made up of Chinese, Malays, and Indians. The Indians here are as black as our negroes, except that there is a blue tinge to the black color, which makes them look like ebony men. The men wear their hair long; some of them do it up in knots, at the back of their heads, and wear circular combs on top of their heads. Others wear their hair loosely, and look as our women do when they first get out of bed. . . . The beasts of burden are queer oxen, which I have been accustomed to seeing in cages at circuses. I think this particular variety of ox is referred to in circus literature as the yak. I have seen hundreds of them to-day, and they all look alike. . . . The "Simla" was coaled by Chinese coolies, very much as the "Siberia" was coaled

at Nagasaki by Japanese women. Two Chinamen carried a big basket of coal between them, on a bamboo pole, and were paid two small coins as each basket was delivered. In addition to the coaling, the "Simla" had five steam winches going at one time, receiving and discharging freight. . . . Singapore has the best hotel I have seen on my trip, The Raffles. It also has many other fine modern buildings. . . . A great quantity of pig tin was taken on board; it is obtained here in considerable quantities. . . . The ship was surrounded early this morning by Malay boys, in canoes, who dived for coins thrown into the water by the passengers. An Indian money-changer came on board, and changed money for the passengers, at a discount. Straits Settlements money is used here. On one side of a silver coin I have in my pocket is the picture of the king, and these words: "Edward VII, King and Emperor." On the other side, this wording appears: "Straits Settlements; one dollar." The coin is worth about fifty cents of our money, although it is as big as our silver dollar. Singapore, Colombo, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Bombay, etc., although all under English control, have different money systems.

A firm you hear much of on a tour around the world is Thos. Cook & Sons. They sell railroad and steamship tickets, operate banks, hotels, railway and boat lines, issue insurance, take charge of travelers and estates, and do nearly everything else. This firm has become an important one because it has four thousand polite employees scattered in every part of the world;



COALING THE SHIP AT SINGAPORE.

travelers patronize Cook & Sons because their servants are polite, which is more than can be said of the employees of many railroad and steamship lines. Thos. Cook & Sons have been dead many years; the business is managed by three grandsons of the original Thomas Cook.

All the men in the Orient wear pajamas; I think I am the only man over here who wears a night-gown. I dressed early this morning, and went on deck because of the land to be seen, and all the other men were out, also. But they were not dressed; they were wearing pajamas, and a few of them had on gaudily flowered kimonos. I suppose I shall finally be compelled to adopt a kimono, as well as pajamas. Pajamas and kimonos are almost universally worn in the hot countries. A number of men on the deck of a steamship, wearing kimonos and pajamas, and all barefoot, is a sight to make a modest man scream.

FRIDAY, December 22.

We got away from Singapore yesterday evening at 5 o'clock. The Atchison girl had an adventure there. I went uptown with her, but tiring of sight-seeing early in the afternoon, I returned to the ship, leaving the girl in the care of Mrs. Williamson. The two went shopping, looking particularly for a small Christmas tree. There was no such thing in the stores, so the Atchison girl and Walker, Mrs. Williamson's maid,

took rickshaws, and went out to a nursery in the suburbs. They found the tree, and started to return, but the Chinese rickshaw men were slow, and the time for the departure of the ship rapidly approaching; so they left the rickshaw and engaged a carriage, paying the rickshaw men for two hours, although they had not been out so long. But the rickshaw men were not satisfied, and held the horses attached to the carriage. The situation was becoming critical, when a strange American came along, vigorously kicked the two Chinamen, and the carriage-driver hurried away to the ship.

. . . The Chinese are in the majority at Singapore, and the American boycott is worked there for all it is worth. When a business man wishes to injure his rival, he starts a story that his rival's business is backed by American capital. I saw denials of several such stories in the Singapore papers when I was there. The Singapore street railway was said to be owned by American capital, and business at once fell off, so the manager offered to forfeit a thousand pounds to a Chinese hospital if he could not prove the story untrue. There are so many nationalities and religions here that a business man must be extremely careful. A story was started that a certain brand of condensed milk was made of pig's milk; an absurdity, of course, but extremely religious people are always looking for insults. Certain sects which look upon the pig as unclean, quit buying that particular brand of condensed milk. The manufacturer is in a rage, but he can do nothing. . . . A Chinese play now being presented at Singapore illustrates the Chinese boycott of American goods in a

manner calculated to inflame the passions of the Chinese. The Chinese boycott of American goods, according to business men, is assuming very serious proportions. It began as a retaliatory measure because of the American act excluding the Chinese from American territory. As Chinese commerce is expected to expand rapidly in the near future, American manufacturers are indignant at the boycott of American goods. It is generally believed here that the American exclusion act should be repealed, but of course it will not be. We admit worthless people of other nations, by the million, but will not admit the Chinese, who are always industrious, economical, and well-behaved. The Chinese exclusion act was passed to please the hoodlums of San Francisco, and we shall never get rid of it, although the best people of California say the State is suffering from the loss of Chinese labor. The Chinese are needed in the Philippines, and in many parts of the West, but the politicians are cowardly, and will stand by the exclusion act.

In a Singapore paper I picked up yesterday, I saw a statement that a tiger had been lately killed within a few miles of the town. Thirty or forty years ago, when Singapore was a village, tigers swam across from the mainland of Jaypore, three miles away, gorged themselves on natives, and then returned. In Ceylon, where I expect to be in a few days, they tell a bigger story than that: Some men erected a stockade, ran seventy elephants into it, and captured nearly all of them.

It is not surprising that many men become intemperate in the Orient. To drink water is said to be dangerous nearly everywhere, so people are advised to drink whisky and soda. Wine is said to be heating; wherever you go, you are advised to drink whisky and soda: a stiff drink of Scotch whisky is poured into a tumbler, and then the tumbler is filled with soda-water. . . . I remained up until late last night, and we passed distant lighthouses until nearly midnight. Soon after midnight we met a big ship going in the opposite direction. It was a novel sight to me. As I sat alone on the deck, how I longed for some of the Atthison people to keep me company! . . . I suppose I shall return home quite English: if I remain out here much longer, I suppose I shall wear pajamas and kimonos, drink whisky and soda, play whisky poker and use the broad "a" when I say pass, and put my shoes in frames at night. Out here, most people hire a personal servant when they stop at a hotel, and I suppose I shall do that, too. I saw a man walking on the streets of Singapore yesterday, and an Indian servant was holding an umbrella over his head.

Penang, which we shall reach at two or three o'clock to-morrow morning, is in the Straits Settlements, as is also Singapore. The Straits of Malacca are about three hundred miles long. On one side, Sumatra; on the other, the Malay peninsula. It is said that the Malays, as a race, are dying out, which is also said of the Hawaiians; it is believed that both races, in comparatively few years, will become extinct. . . .

The Chinese are very numerous at Singapore and at Penang, but in Ceylon there are practically no Chinese: the Cingalese work even more cheaply than the Chinese.

The mother and daughter from Kansas City frequently look over maps together, and the mother tries to convince the daughter that certain countries might as well be "cut out," but I notice that the mother seldom has her way. Did you ever know a mother who had her way with a daughter? So they will not return until next October.

I should like to know the truth about finger-bowls: is it proper to use them? On the "Siberia" we had finger-bowls; on the "Simla" they are not used. At some private tables at home you find them; at some first-class hotels they are always brought on, while at other first-class hotels they are banished.

The surface of the ocean was as quiet to-day as is the surface of Bean lake on a hot day in July: the heat is about that of an average July day at home. To-morrow, when we pass into the Indian Ocean, we may pass into rougher water. We left the Pacific at Singapore. The trip to Calcutta from Colombo will be in the Bay of Bengal. Look at a map, and you will be surprised at the interesting countries we are passing without stopping: Siam, Sumatra, Cochin China, etc. To make a trip around the world, and properly see all

there is to be seen, would take several years. We are seeing only the more noted places, and these very briefly.

This has been the very dullest day ever spent at sea, by anybody. This afternoon I made a tour of inspection, and the few passengers who were not asleep, were writing. While I was in the smoking-room, alone, the captain came in, and we talked for half an hour; this was possibly the only conversation going on on board at the time. The captain is an elderly man and very polite, though little is seen of him. I never see him in the dining-saloon: I believe he dines in his cabin. If a bad accident should happen to the "Simla," the captain would be expected to come out strong. If the passengers should be compelled to leave the ship, as the result of fire or any other unexpected disaster, the captain would be the last to leave, if he left at all. When a ship is lost, there is a tradition that the captain should be lost with it—he should stay with his ship, and take the remotest chance of saving hull and cargo. This is one of the traditions of the sea that is seldom violated. If, in case of accident, a captain is not perfectly composed, and brave, and an example to crew and passengers, he is forever disgraced.

It will no doubt occur to the reader that I have grumbled considerably about the missionaries. I do not wish to be unjust to them, but it is true that since my departure from home I have not heard a friendly word for them. Travelers have told me repeatedly

that they were Methodists, or Baptists, or Presbyterians, and had always been friendly to missionaries, but that in future they would not support them. This can be depended upon: the missionaries are very unpopular where they do their "work"; this unpopularity is one of the surprises of Oriental travel. There are many worthy pastors of Protestant churches in the Orient, but the missionaries proper do not enjoy the respect of travelers. These men have not accomplished any beneficent result in China, where they have done most of their "work"; they have only irritated the Chinese, and brought on international trouble. Japan, which has progressed most, has known least of missionaries, and Japan's progress has been along lines of war, relic of barbarism.

The money-changers catch travelers "going and coming," as they say in Kansas. At Singapore, a money-changer came on board as soon as the ship arrived, and charged a profit for Straits Settlements money. When the ship departed, the money-changer was still on hand, and what Straits Settlements money the passengers had left after their day on shore, they parted with at a discount.

Dinner is ready on the "Simla" at 7 p. m. The meal does not begin until all the passengers are in their seats, and as the passengers come in later every evening, by the time we reach Colombo dinner will not be served until 8 o'clock.

SATURDAY, December 23.

The ship arrived at Penang at 2 o'clock this morning, and took on and unloaded freight until 7:30 A. M., when it departed. As a result, no one found opportunity to go on shore. The steam winches were going from 2 A. M. until 7, and there was very little sleep on board.

We have passed the half-way point in our journey, and after reaching Colombo, mail will be sent by way of London: it is probable that this letter will reach Atchison before the letters mailed at Singapore several days ago. . . . I heard a man say this morning that the country between Shanghai and Bombay probably contains more than half the population of the earth. Look at the map and you will find the area indicated rather small, as compared with the other portion. In China and India people are almost as numerous as flies, and human life almost as valueless.

At about noon to-day we passed one of the lonely bird islands occasionally met with in the ocean: a great, bare rock where countless millions of birds live. These islands are visited by sailing-ships, and the guano is collected for fertilizing. At Honolulu there is a big establishment devoted to the manufacture of fertilizer for the sugar plantations, and the basis of it is guano from the islands of the Pacific.

The tutor who has four American boys on board is having trouble with at least one of them. I heard the

young man cursing the tutor to-day; he said he would shoot him if he had a pistol. There is a good deal of talk on deck about the affair. The rebellious boy is about seventeen, and is the one whose father married a second wife as soon as the boy was out of the way.

One of the passengers told me to-day that he regularly misses all the storms; that he has never been in one at sea, although he has traveled a great deal. Turn about is the rule with me: if I have a pleasant voyage, I expect the next one to be rough, and am seldom disappointed.

Two travelers came on board at Singapore, and they are doing their best to make me regret that I didn't visit the Island of Java. They not only visited Java, but Cochin China, and Siam, the most beautiful places, they say, the sun ever shone upon. But these men will not succeed in making me regret I did not stop at Java, Siam, and Cochin China. Indeed, I told them to-day I regretted I had not met them earlier, and heard them tell about Honolulu, and Japan, and Manila, and thus been saved the trouble of a personal visit. . . . Some men are crazy on the subject of travel. They cannot attract attention except by talking of their travels, and become great bores, they are so anxious to talk. I know one man I run from, he has traveled so much. . . . I have heard these two men tell their Java-Siam-Cochin China story a dozen times. At Siam, they attended a dinner given by the king. When I pinned them

down, they admitted that the king was not present. (Another traveler I met boasted of attending a garden party given by the Mikado of Japan, but when I pinned him down, he admitted that the Mikado was not present.) They were invited through the American minister. How the American ministers must be bored by letters of introduction carried by American travelers! No American minister or consul has been bored by me; this much at, least, may be said to my credit.

It is only a question of time when Englishmen traveling at sea will eat breakfast in their pajamas. They now sit about the deck, wearing pajamas, as late as 8:30, and my guess is that next year the English will eat breakfast in their pajamas and bare feet. In five years there will be an English law against what we call night-gowns. I met an American from Toledo, Ohio, yesterday, and he confessed that while he had started out with night-gowns, he had been compelled to abandon them and substitute pajamas. I should as soon sleep in my clothes as pajamas, which are not unlike trousers and coat.

SUNDAY, December 24.

The Indian Ocean is acting up to-day, and the "Simla" seems determined to beat the "Teau" as a roller. . . . The captain wears a white suit and gilt straps on both shoulders, but the chief officer, the man next in command, wears only one shoulder-

strap: on the right shoulder. That's another entirely new idea. The crew was inspected this morning, and the sailors dressed in as many gay colors as women.

I have stated elsewhere that the dining-room waiters and room stewards are Indians. It turns out that this is a mistake: they are half-caste Portuguese. Major Bishop told me while in the Philippine Islands, that while he never struck one of his Filipino servants, they thought he was likely to strike them at any time; that whenever they ceased to fear a blow from him, he discharged them. I imagine this is true of the Portuguese: they are a truculent lot, and will do nothing for you unless afraid of you. The steward who attends my room is afraid of Mr. Moffatt, and works for him all the time. I heard Mr. Moffatt say he intended giving the beggar a tip of five shillings, whereas I, who have had no attention at all, intended giving him \$2. If you should be so foolish as to travel in the Orient, don't be considerate of servants; they cannot understand anything but the Big Stick. Every time I go to my room I find the beggar brushing up Mr. Moffatt's clothes, or putting his shoes in frames, but he does nothing for me. I made the mistake at the start of having some consideration for him. When I get my "man" in India, I propose to make him carry me up hotel stairways, when there are no lifts. Then he will respect me and find joy in being my slave.

This is what I think I will do. As a matter of fact, I shall be under the domination of my "man" the

day I hire him. The fact is, I am a good deal of a slave myself; I am a slave to the habit of waiting on myself: I would rather move my chair from one side of the deck to the other than wait for the deck steward to do it. I would rather wait on myself in every way than wait for the P. & O. servants. Mr. Moffatt can make them hurry, but they won't hurry for me.

I have become pretty well acquainted with one of the two passengers who have been to Java. His name is I. W. Copelin, and he is an oil man from Toledo, O.: a man of some means in addition, for he told me last night that he owns some of Atchison's bonds. He told me of an experience he had on the "Bengal," another P. & O. steamer, that interested me. He traveled on the "Bengal" from Hong Kong to Singapore, and the "Bengal" didn't please him: his room didn't suit him, and his seat at the table didn't suit him. So he refused to go to the dining-room, and ordered his meals sent up on deck. But the deck steward said he was not allowed to serve meals on deck, and Mr. Copelin said the deck steward might go to the devil: he would not eat anything between Hong Kong and Singapore, and would leave the ship at Singapore. So five days he sulked and didn't eat anything, and wasn't missed from the dining-room, the head steward and the head waiter and the stewards in general were so busy waiting on the Englishmen. He knew he was cutting off his nose to spite his face, but was willing to do it. At Singapore he left the "Bengal," and went to Java: that is how he happened to visit

Java. . . . I was interested in Mr. Copelin's story because I am that sort of a fool myself: I often cut off my nose to spite my face. . . . It turns out that Mr. Copelin did not go to Siam and Cochin China, but his traveling companion (a Mr. Webster, from Spokane) did visit those places. When Mr. Copelin is telling me about the beauties of Java, he becomes very modest when Mr. Webster, who has been to Siam and Cochin China, comes up. . . . Soon after Mr. Webster arrives, he begins talking in an enthusiastic strain about a beautiful thing he has seen: the most beautiful and wonderful in the world, perhaps.

"But that was in Siam," he will say to Mr. Copelin. "You didn't go to Siam. It's a pity."

In just that way Mr. Copelin had been talking to me about Java before Mr. Webster's arrival.

MONDAY, December 25.

Christmas day, and a very miserable one. When I was a boy, twelve years old, I went to Gallatin, Mo., to work in a printing-office. It was my first experience away from home, and I shall never forget how homesick I was. I have been as homesick all day to-day as I ever was at Gallatin when twelve years old. . . . Last night some men went through the hallways of the ship singing Christmas carols, and they did them in wretched fashion. As I lay in bed, I recalled that I had never before heard a Christmas carol: I did not recognize any of the airs. . . .

This morning I found a Christmas present in my room: a Japanese calendar, sent by Mrs. Williamson, whom I have known since leaving San Francisco. I learned from the accompanying card that her first name is Lily. The card read: "Wishing you a jolly Christmas. Lily Williamson. At sea, December 25, 1905." . . . At breakfast we found the dining-room very prettily decorated with flags and bunting, and an artificial holly they have over here. . . . It has been the dullest day of the trip. When I went on deck this morning, the passengers said: "Merry Christmas." And I said: "Thank you; the same to you," as they say in Kansas. . . . A very elaborate Christmas dinner was served at 7 o'clock, but as I had a cold and was feeling grumpy, I did not go to the dining-room: indeed, I ate but one meal to-day: breakfast. So I did not have any Christmas dinner at all. It was as bad a day as I have spent in years.

As nearly as I can make out, I shall spend from nine to ten weeks at sea during this trip. I have traveled too rapidly; I should have spent more time on land to recover from the discomforts of the ocean. For an ocean voyage is a discomfort; always bear that in mind. I should have remained on land at Hong Kong at least a week; then I should have been more "fit," as the English say, for the long journey to Colombo. Instead of resting at Hong Kong a week, I was there only a day, and began this voyage before recovering from the misery of the "Teau"

and the China Sea. If you should ever undertake a long journey, bear in mind that you should travel leisurely, and rest up on land a good deal before going on the water.

As a result of my not being "fit," I have had curious dreams at night. Here is a nightmare I rode last night: I dreamed I returned to Atchison, but knew all the time it was in a dream. I thought a church festival was being held in THE GLOBE office, and that I talked to those present, but I understood, and they understood, that I was there in a dream! I said to them:

"I am due in Ceylon in a little while. Isn't it wonderful that I can be transported here in a flash, and back there in a flash? But it is a genuine pleasure to be at home again, if only for a few minutes."

Among those present was a friend of mine who died several years ago. I was particularly glad to see him, of course, and was about to say:

"It is an unexpected pleasure to meet ——"

But I thought that might be an untactful remark, so I refrained from it.

Last night I gave Mr. Moffatt, my room-mate, a Christmas present of a box of cigars. He is already suspecting the steward of stealing them. As I do not like the steward, I encourage this impression by smoking Mr. Moffatt's cigars. The last thing I heard before going to sleep was Mr. Moffatt arranging to cane the beggar.

TUESDAY, December 26.

Two months ago to-day I left home. . . . I learn this morning that exercises were held in the dining-room last night, during dinner. A toast was offered to England, and the Captain responded. A toast was offered to America, and Mr. Webster, of Spokane, responded. (Mr. Webster is the man who has been to Java, Cochin China, and Siam.) After dinner there was dancing on deck. I was in bed, and missed it all; but I do not fancy I missed much. Anyway, I have no regrets.

There has been a bad sea to-day, and the passengers have been sneaking off to their rooms, one by one. Few become so accustomed to the ocean that a good deal of motion will not send them to bed.

An Englishman to-day seated himself on deck and called the barber to cut his toenails. This is no worse, however, than the English custom of running around on deck in pajamas, and barefooted. If there is anything uglier than a man's bare foot I do not know what it is. Women know how ugly their own feet are, and do not show them. Think it over, you men: did you ever see a woman in her bare feet?

The captain and doctor dined to-day in the second cabin; a custom on P. & O. boats. The food over there is said to be about as good as in the first cabin, and the cabins about the same, except that they are aft, and there is more motion. Indeed, I have heard

a good many of the first-cabin passengers threatening to travel in the second cabin in future, in order to escape the fuss and feathers—the dressing for dinner; the sitting around on deck in pajamas and bare feet; the trimming of toenails on deck, and other evidences of high life. These things do not suit me; it seems they do not suit a few others.

Since noon we have been in sight of land; we expect to arrive at Colombo at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning. Soon after dark the passengers collected in front and said they could detect a cinnamon smell from the island of Ceylon. I tried to make it out, but couldn't.

The pilot was looking for a certain light in front, and I saw him discover it. A sailor climbed to a very high place in the rigging, and sat there until the light appeared. It is wonderful how a ship can be steered for a distant point and not miss it: when we came in sight of the first light of Yokohama, after being ten days at sea, the ship's nose was pointing directly toward it.

WEDNESDAY, December 27.

When I awoke this morning the "Simla" was lying at anchor in the harbor at Colombo, with the usual noise outside from men and boys anxious to dive for small silver pieces thrown into the water. They will not dive for copper coins. The Cingalese divers pad-

dle around in the crudest boats I have yet seen; boats that are little more than rafts. The divers are only lightly dressed. Indeed, they wear nothing at all except a piece of cloth about the loins, but this is the usual costume worn by men of the lower class in the tropics. The divers gathered around the "Simla" and kept saying: "All right, all right," in very good English, and every little while some of them would break into an American song: "Ta-ra boom de aye." Several of them climbed up the ship's side, and, standing on the rail, offered to dive into the water for a small silver coin. But a ship's officer appeared and they all dived for nothing. As soon as the ship's officer disappeared, they were back on the rail again, offering to dive for a small consideration. In all the tropical ports we find these divers; they were particularly numerous at Singapore, where sharks are said to be very bad.

When we leave a boat, or take a boat, the young lady always insists that I am ready too early, although I am ready just at the hour advertised. This morning, she had her way, and as a result we came ashore in a row-boat intended for baggage; when the Princess was ready, the launch had gone. After passing through the custom-house, we saw our baggage loaded on a two-wheeled cart drawn by a circus ox. The cart was covered with thatch like a native's hut. Some of these vehicles are used to haul passengers to and from hotels. Oxen are so generally used here that I have been wondering: do we Americans neglect a good

work animal at home when we neglect the ox? When I go on my farm, I may use oxen instead of mules. By the way, I have resolved to call my place "Potato Hill," instead of "Cedar Crest," or "Oak View," or "Maple Ridge," or "Elmhurst."

We are at the Galle Face Hotel, which is on the sea-shore, a mile from the landing. Isn't that a name to conjure boarders with—Galle Face? In one of the Indian wars in the West, a noted Sioux chief took part who was known as Gall Face, but Galle Face is a new one in my dictionary. . . . Crows seem to be sacred here. I saw thousands of them in the harbor, and hundreds of them surrounded the Galle Face Hotel. A sign in my room reads: "IMPORTANT.—Visitors are requested not to leave articles of jewelry on the dressing-table, or near the open windows, as they are liable to be carried away by the crows." Before going away, I intend to ask the proprietor why he doesn't hire a man with a shotgun to settle the crow nuisance.

I liked the Japanese hotels, and got along very well with Japanese ways, but the English way of doing things is rapidly driving me to distraction. At the Galle Face Hotel a great number of servants are employed, but they do not do anything, and do not know anything except to blackmail the guests. The place seems to be operated not for the comfort of guests, who pay a heavy charge for entertainment, but to afford native servants opportunity to exact money from

bewildered travelers, and to annoy them as much as possible. When I registered at the Galle Face, the clerk gave me a ticket, with the number of my room. A servant was expected to take this ticket and show me to my room, but the servants were too busy black-mailing departing guests to pay any attention to new arrivals, so I complained at the office. The clerk found a native servant, one wearing a woman's comb in his hair, and this man Maria started out to find my room, but he didn't know how to find the rooms in the hotel, and I followed him upstairs and down. Finally a woman-servant saw my predicament, and showed me to my room. The man-servant who led me aimlessly about will certainly expect a tip when I depart, and if I do not pay it no doubt I shall be haled before the English consul. . . . A Gentleman of the Bedchamber, a tremendously important-looking swell, wearing a woman's comb in his hair, takes care of my room, but he has underlings who do the work. Every little while the Gentleman of the Bedchamber comes in, followed by a groveling slave. The Gentleman of the Bedchamber indicates what the groveling slave is to do, and the groveling slave does it. I suppose this Gentleman of the Bedchamber has two or three wives, and possibly is the prophet of a religion. Possibly the hotel employs him for twenty cents a day, but the Gentleman of the Bedchamber expects a half-dollar tip every time he does anything for one. At some hotels the servants not only work for nothing, but pay a good price for the privilege. This has been established in court, by the testimony of servants. It is little wonder that stay-

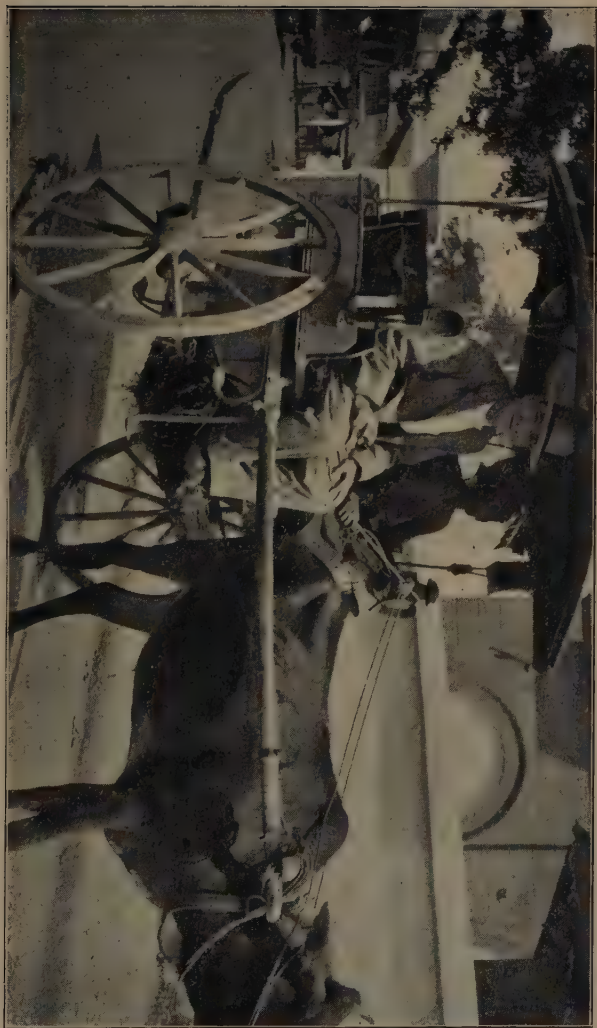
ing at a "modern" hotel in the Orient is worse than camping out in the woods. After my return home I shall have less sympathy for the people of the tropics than I had before. If they want to remain here and die of fever and plague and cholera, that is their affair: a country with winter in it is good enough for me. I once had a longing to escape winter, and go to a country where there was no cold weather. I had my thoughts fixed on Honolulu, the "Paradise of the Pacific," but I find hot weather on the 27th day of December is unnatural; now that I have it, I do not care for it. A man who has spent his life in a country where summer and winter alternate, would not be either comfortable or healthy without winter. This trip has at least taught me one thing: I shall be content to spend my winters at "Potato Hill," and not long for Florida, southern California, Honolulu, or Ceylon.

Ceylon is said to be the prettiest tropical island in the world, yet I am spending the day lounging about the hotel, I so much enjoy escape from the imprisonment on shipboard. To-morrow I shall stir about, and give the innocent children of the tropics a chance to blackmail and annoy me.

THURSDAY, December 28.

Colombo, island of Ceylon, is equal to its reputation: it is said to be one of the prettiest cities in the tropics.

Of the island of Ceylon, it is said that it is the prettiest in the world. The Galle Face Hotel is situated at the end of a fine drive along the ocean-front, and on this drive may be seen carriages pulled by meek little oxen, and carriages pulled by high-stepping horses. Before some of the carriages, natives run; behind others, natives ride, standing. Instead of dogs, many of the ladies carry pet monkeys, and a man appeared in front of the hotel where I was sitting to-day, and wanted to sell me a snake. But the queerest things seen on the street are the carts drawn by oxen. Imagine a cart with very high wheels, and a covering of thatch. The covering is as big as a native hut, and the ox always a very little one. . . . Everywhere are cocoanut trees: very tall and slender, with not a twig until the top is reached, where there is a bunch of leaves and cocoanuts. Other palms are also very large and very numerous. In many places the trees form an arch over the streets; to-day I saw a double-track street railway running under such an arch. Many of the trees, some of them as tall as our largest elms, bear flowers: usually a bright red, but sometimes a pale yellow. . . . This sight always attracts me: a large grove of tall and very green trees, and in spots trees bearing bright red flowers at the top. Such a grove, on a hillside, looks like an immense green carpet with a bright red figure. The island of Ceylon is said to resemble a vast garden, for here it is not necessary to replant every spring: the trees and other vegetation grow all the time. At home we have a plant known as "elephant's ear," which grows very



IN CEYLON.

rapidly during the summer if well watered, but wilts with the first frost. Imagine elephants' ears growing wild, and never being nipped by frost, and you can form a faint idea of the tropical vegetation in Ceylon.

Speaking of elephants, I have not yet seen one, but it would not surprise me to run into a livery-stable where elephants are kept for hire. This seems like an enchanted land, but the inhabitants are not so polite as they are in Japan, although they always call you "Master." The people seem to have a perfect mania for overcharging. For years they have been very poor; and now that they have a crop of tourists who do not know the ways of the country, or the price of things, they want to get rich too fast. They are so greedy that you forget their picturesqueness, and curse their utter lack of conscience.

The First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, the native chief who has charge of my room, is piling up a fine bill of costs against me, or thinks he is. Every time I wash my hands the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber knows it, and in he marches, followed by a meek lackey. The lackey empties the water in which I have washed my hands, and carries it out, the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber scolding him all the while. The First Gentleman, etc., wears a queer costume, but I find no time to look at it, his hair interests me so much. He has hair as long as a woman's, and this he wears in a knot at the back of his head. On top of his head he wears a circular tortoise-shell comb. The comb is not pushed down into his hair, but sur-

mounts his head like a crown. The First Gentleman of the Bedchamber has already brought in the washer-woman, the tailor, and three or four other individuals with things to sell; he is trying hard to create the impression that he is working himself to death to see that I enjoy my stay in Colombo; his object being, of course, a liberal tip. . . . You have heard, no doubt, of the chameleon, which is able to change its spots. I saw two of them on the walls of my room just now, busily engaged in catching flies. They are welcome to my flies; also to my mosquitoes.

At the Galle Face Hotel I met a traveler I had known on the ship as "the Major." He highly recommended the Grand Oriental, and I was somewhat surprised to find him at the Galle Face.

"It is easily explained," he said: "I intended going to the Galle Face, so I recommended the Grand Oriental. All the others went to the Grand Oriental, and I therefore had choice of rooms at the Galle Face."

The queer name of the hotel, by the way, is due to the fact that a point of land runs out into the ocean, and this is known as Galle (pronounced gall). Point Galle is a province in Ceylon.

Mr. Moffatt, my room-mate on the "Simla," is staying at the Grand Oriental, and last night we invited him and Mrs. Williamson up to dinner. Mr. Moffatt was much interested in the head waiter, who wore a metal device bearing the letters, "H. W." Mr. Moffatt

called the "H. W." over to our table and found out a good deal about the combs the men wear. They form a sort of halo; Mr. Moffatt thinks that maybe the halo we are familiar with in paintings originated in this way. A native band played during the dinner, and afterward for dancing. While we were seated on the veranda watching the dancers, a real Indian juggler, of whom I have heard so much, appeared and offered to make a mango tree grow from the nut for a rupee (about 33 cents.) So we repaired to the garden and saw the "wonderful" trick. It is very commonplace. I have seen much better tricks in the Atchison theater. The man caused a shrub a foot high to appear from a pile of sand; I could have done it myself with an hour's practice. At home, we hear that the Indian jugglers cause a great tree to grow, and that a boy climbs the tree and disappears. This is the exaggeration of travelers: the Indian jugglers don't do it. India is only sixteen hours from Ceylon, and Indians are numerous here.

Mr. Moffatt, when he arrived at the hotel, paid the driver of the carriage what he thought was right. When the driver expostulated, Mr. Moffatt prepared to cane him. Mr. Moffatt interests me because he always gets his way. I find that he has lived in India and in South Africa; I cannot find out much about him, except by piecing together bits of information he drops at intervals. He is a real Englishman—a good fellow, but he insists on his rights. He says that in South Africa where he has hunted, he has

seen lions and deer go down to the water-holes together; but that after the lions and the deer have filled up on water, the deer had better look out, or the lions will eat them. He also says that there is a tribe of men in India who are professed thieves. Mr. Moffatt once had some of these thieves out hunting with him; as they are true sportsmen, they enjoyed the sport so much that they would not take pay for beating up the game. I do not know whether the story is true or not; and I don't care. . . . The guests at the dance last night had a very tame evening, I thought, but they made all sorts of pretenses. They reminded me of guests at a "reception" at home; and nobody at home has a good time at a "reception." If you are disposed to pay any attention to what I say, let me impress this on your mind: there is nothing in "travel" as entertaining as you have been led to believe. I am going up into the mountains to-morrow to rest up for the hot, miserable ocean trip to Calcutta. And when I get home, there will be no more travel for me and no longing for it.

During the Gay Festivities attending the hotel ball last night, the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber came to me mysteriously, as I sat on the veranda, and said that thrice during the afternoon had he driven the crows out of my room. "He looks," Mr. Moffatt said, "not unlike King Edward."

From my room at the Galle Face Hotel, I can hear old ocean thundering against the shore. To-morrow

I shall move, to get rid of the sound; in future, the gentle ripple of the Missouri river will satisfy the craving of my nature for the sound of water.

I went out walking before breakfast this morning, as breakfast is not served until 9 o'clock. A rickshaw man attended me constantly, trying to rent me his rig. People here do not seem to understand that a man may occasionally want to walk for exercise. You can't enjoy Ceylon, the natives bother you so much, trying to get money out of you. The Cingalese are the best salesmen in the world: they can sell you an article and look as though they were losing money, whereas, they are really selling at a big profit. They are born merchants. . . . During my walk this morning I saw the following notice posted on a fence: "THE FEZ QUESTION.—A Mass Meeting of the Moham-medans of Ceylon will be held at Morandana mosque, Dec. 31, at 4 P. M., to consider the advisability of memorializing His Majesty, King Edward, with reference to above subject. Eminent speakers from Bombay will be present." . . . At home it would be about equally important should a mass meeting be called to consider the question of wearing straw hats after September 20.

You hear it said that good coffee cannot be obtained in Atchison. The best coffee I ever drank was in Atchison; the poorest, at the leading hotel in Colombo, island of Ceylon, where coffee is grown. They say all the good Kansas beef is shipped away; I am in-

clined to believe that all the good coffee produced in Ceylon is shipped to America. . . . Not so much coffee is grown in Ceylon as formerly. An insect appeared some years ago that ruined many coffee planters. But the pluckiest of them engaged in tea-growing, and are again prospering. This morning I was shown tea worth \$100 a pound, although a very fair article can be purchased here for forty cents a pound. Tea at a hundred dollars a pound is rank foolishness. I cannot tolerate tea at any price. . . . In running around to-day, I saw at a public market the jungle-fowl. The roosters look exactly like the red domestic roosters we have at home, while the hens look very much like our prairie-chickens. The jungle-fowl is a wild game bird here, much sought after by sportsmen. There is a great deal of game in Ceylon: deer, elks, bears, leopards, wild boars, jungle-fowls, etc. In the districts where the buried cities are found, elephants still run wild and are hunted. It seems that the island of Ceylon is so old that it has an extinct civilization; it has cities so old that they have been abandoned, forgotten, and covered up by the dust of ages. These buried cities are found in the most inaccessible portions of the island, which is upwards of 500 miles long, and here wild elephants are found. When you visit these buried cities, you stop, not at hotels, but at rest-houses, where only a roof is provided: you must take your own food, your own bedding, and your own servants. After you have been at a rest-house twenty-four hours you are turned out, if another traveler arrives, and there is no room for him.

The same rule is practiced in the most inaccessible portions of India.

When I realize how lazy I am becoming, I am alarmed: I doubt if I shall be able to resume habits of industry. I have done nothing to-day but drive around and look at things. You dare not walk in Colombo: if you do, the beggars and tradesmen will surround you, and you cannot proceed. Out in the Wyoming cattle country, a man is all right if he is on horseback; but if he is on foot, the cattle run over him. It is the same way here: no one respects a man on foot.

The Christmas holidays are taken more seriously here than elsewhere: the banks have been closed several days, and will not reopen until Monday, but the office of Thos. Cook & Sons is open every day. If the traveler wants anything in this country, he goes to Thos. Cook & Sons for it. They are excursion agents, bankers, etc., and their employees are always polite. What a happy thought that was: for Thomas Cook & Sons to insist upon their clerks being polite! Let us hope that the success of Thos. Cook & Sons will set the business people of the Orient to imitating their methods.

A good many of the Cingalese chew a nut which causes their lips to look red. And the women are not so modest as I could wish: I have seen dozens of them to-day, naked from the waist up.

FRIDAY, December 29.

Colombo has 150,000 people. The Cingalese, or natives, are first in importance, of course; then come the Mohammedans, and then the Indians. I visited a native market to-day, and found many fruits and vegetables I had never heard of. I found nothing at all I was familiar with, except possibly cocoanuts. The cocoanut tree bears four crops a year, and is very valuable: a cocoanut tree is said to be worth five dollars annually to its owner. The natives prepare a delicious dish from the milk of the unripe nut. . . . Tomatoes, onions, cabbage, carrots, cucumbers, pumpkins and sweet potatoes were offered for sale in the market, but they looked unnatural: they were not like the vegetables of similar name I am familiar with. The oranges were perfectly green in color, and not yellow, though they seemed to be ripe. There were no watermelons and no cantaloupes, but many fruits strange to me. The market was crowded, and I believe it was the most mixed-up lot of human beings I have ever seen together: as dense a crowd as I saw in Japan or China, and of many different races. Later we visited a fish market, and saw the same medley of races over again. One quarter of Colombo is Hindu; another Mohammedan; another native; and the modern city is English in architecture, although the strange black and brown people crowd the streets: only a few English or Americans are seen anywhere.

It developed that the native guide we had employed was a Buddhist. He took us to see a Buddhist temple,

and a Hindu temple, but we were not permitted to enter the latter, and I was sincerely glad of it, for I am tired of temples. The guide says there are fifty Hindu temples great and small, in Colombo: probably the same number of Buddhist temples, and twenty Mohammedan mosques. The Catholics have several churches; the guide estimated the number at a dozen, including the cathedral, and there are Catholic schools and colleges. We saw one sign which read: "Buddhist English school." English is taking hold in the Orient. We saw a few Protestant churches, of different denominations. . . . The guide says there are five commandments in his religion: 1—Do not kill any living thing; 2—Do not take that which is not given; 3—Do not commit adultery; 4—Do not lie; 5—Refrain from the use of intoxicants. The guide says there are many backsliders from the Buddhist faith, and that the younger people are careless about religious matters. The guide is not supposed to eat meat, but he does; after an ox is dead, the guide says he cannot see the sin in eating a beefsteak; after a fish has been caught by profane hands, it will spoil, the guide says, unless eaten. The guide attended an English school twelve years, and speaks excellent English. It is his opinion that all of the religions of the Orient are weakening; the mingling of the people with Europeans has rendered them careless about religious duties they formerly thought sacred. Even the Mohammedans are changing, he says, and everyone familiar with India reports that the people are forgetting much of their former religious fanaticism. Even

caste is not the terrible thing it formerly was in India.
 The guide was married when he was sixteen, to a girl of twelve.

The Cingalese have caste, as well as the people of India. There are seven different castes among the people of Ceylon. The guide says he permits certain of his neighbors, of lower caste, to cook for him, but he will not eat with them. It seems to me we have the same thing at home: we permit the negro women to cook our meals, but we do not permit them to eat with us. People everywhere are very much alike. "Your religion," said the guide to me, "seems queer to me." I tried to do a little missionary work with the Buddhist, greatly to the amusement of a certain young person in the carriage, but the Buddhist was stubborn, and would not yield to reason. When he dies, you all know where he will go. But he cannot say he was not warned: I warned him, myself.

As illustrating the different varieties of men found in Colombo I mention the dining-room waiters at the Galle Face Hotel. Some of them wear long hair, done up in a knot at the back of the head, and with a curved tortoise-shell comb on top. (By the way, the women say these combs cost all the way from eleven to twenty-five dollars. The old Missouri river pilot used to invest his entire fortune in a watch chain; the Cingalese waiter invests his entire fortune in a tortoise-shell comb.) Other waiters in the same room wear white turbans on their heads, while still

others wear red turbans. But all are alike in one respect: all are barefoot, including the magnificent H. W. (head waiter). Some of the waiters who have large bunches of hair at the back of their heads are perfectly bald on top; not enough hair to hold their \$20 combs. . . . Dinner is an important function throughout this country. There is nothing going on in the evening, so dinner does not begin until 7:30 or 8, and lasts an hour or more. Everybody dresses for dinner: "the dressing-bell rings at seven," is stated on the card of rules at the Galle Face Hotel. At some places, unless you dress for dinner, you are seated in an obscure corner, and neglected; at others, you are not admitted at all. But some of the guests are not very impressive; some of the gowns worn by the women are old-fashioned, and do not fit. The tourists always amuse me, and they may be seen at their best at the offices of Thos. Cook & Sons, tourist agents, bankers, etc. Most of the men are old fellows or young fellows; none of them seem to be active business men who have anything to do at home. Many women travel in parties of two or three, and they are not very attractive women. They play cards very seriously, and read very seriously. Altogether, I do not like the company I keep.

I do not know how it is with other travelers, but the servants make me miserable trying to extort money from me. I do not object to paying, so much as I object to their standing around watching me, as if wondering when I shall disgorge and how much

I shall disgorge. The First Gentleman of the Bedchamber informed me to-day that he would be compelled to leave me: he paid me so much attention that the management had noticed it, and transferred him to another floor. Now how much should I have given this slave to my comfort? I gave him a half-crown. A half-crown is a swollen English half-dollar; worth about sixty-two cents, I believe, in gold. These half-crowns are always slipping out of my pockets for two-shilling pieces; I thus swindle myself. There are three kinds of money current in Ceylon: English money, rupees, and native silver money.

The new First Gentleman of the Bedchamber on my floor has appeared. He is an elderly man: the manager of the hotel was careful to put an old man on my floor; a man so old he could not be fascinated by me, and cruelly overworked.

From the windows of my room, this morning, I had a good view of a native hired girl. Below my windows is a pretty fair native residence, and the hired girl was seated in the passageway between the main building and kitchen; evidently breakfast was in progress, and there being a dull moment, the girl was resting. She was rather good-looking, barring her bare feet, and, as she rested, she chewed the betel-nut, and spat a red juice around as a railroad brakeman off duty squirts tobacco-juice. As the girl chewed and spat the red juice about her, she lazily scratched her feet. And the girl was rather young and good-

looking: she would attract attention at a native Grand Ball.

They tell of a remarkable tree here: the talipat, or fan-palm. It is very useful during a long life, one of its points of excellence being that it answers very well as a tent, as it sheds rain perfectly. But at fifty years it begins to show signs of old age. A huge bud forms at the top, and, with a loud report, bursts, displaying a white flower twenty feet high. As soon as the flower withers, the palm begins to die rapidly of old age.

Everything is lazy in this country, including the trees; all the trees, of whatever variety, lean over in a lazy way, as though looking for a prop of some kind to rest against. The mosquitoes and flies are also indolent: you can kill them without an effort—it is not necessary to strike them quickly.

If you must see the tropics, see Honolulu, and quit at that; there is a good deal of duplication after you pass Honolulu—you can easily imagine the rest. If you are very adventurous, go on to Japan. But in the name of all that is sensible, do not go beyond Japan.

SATURDAY, December 30.

During our drive to-day, the guide took us to his house. The house was a poor affair with three rooms,

in a poor quarter, and he pays three rupees (\$1) a month rent. He has four very pretty children, and what do you think their names are? Their names are Sammy, Patrick, Victor, and Trixie! The last named is a girl, and the baby. Think of such names in a Buddhist household! . . . Our visit to the guide's home attracted a crowd of the neighbor women and children, and they looked at us with as much curiosity as a crowd of Atchison people would look at two strangers from Ceylon. When we came to the guide's neighborhood, he yelled "Sammy!" and his son appeared from a crowd of boys playing in the street. Patrick and Victor also appeared, and brought their friends with them. Patrick and Victor were as naked as the day they were born, but Sammy is going to school now, and wore a piece of cloth around his loins. The children were handsome; children everywhere are, but the old people in foreign countries are usually ugly. The guide's mother lives with him, his father being dead; also, his two brothers. One of the brothers works in a native printing-office, which led me to say:

"I am a printer."

"New York *Herald*?" the guide inquired, with all sincerity.

"No," I replied, with equal sincerity: "I am Edward Bok, and I am the owner and editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which has a circulation of a million and a half."

But "it never touched him," as the young men say at home; that is, he was not at all impressed. Next

time I will claim to be Theodore Roosevelt, and see what that will get me.

I am afraid the guide is not very thrifty. An Arab was loafing about his house, and I asked what he was doing there. He explained that the Arabs buy things for five rupees, and sell them to poor people for ten rupees, on the installment plan. The guide, in short, owed a payment, and the Arab wanted his money.

"Suppose you don't pay?" I asked.

"Well, he fights you, and then he goes to law," the guide replied.

The guide is a high-caste man, mind you; but his house doesn't look it. His father, however, was a government official: things were different when his father was alive, the guide told me. The father was a policeman.

We also visited a fishing village. We saw the fisherman land, in their queer boats, each with an outrigger, and carry their fish to a little hut, where they were auctioned off. The bidders were men who took the fish downtown to sell again. As near as I could make out, the fish brought from twelve to fourteen cents a pound; fish are not cheap here by any means. Fishing is hard and dangerous work; the men I saw coming in at 4 o'clock had been out since daylight. There were three men in a boat, and some of the boats had six or eight fish weighing from two to five pounds each. Similar places where fish are sold at auction, are numerous along the coast.

The guides usually allow you to be annoyed by beggars. At the fishing village, a man walked about with us, talking volubly; English is spoken here much more commonly than it is in the Philippines. The man's object was to get money from me. I finally told him I had one guide, and didn't need another. I then read the riot act to the guide, and told him I wanted him to protect me from annoyance, or go home. After that, he did a little better. Wherever we went, fat children ran beside the carriage, and patting their stomachs, cried, "Me very hungry, master." Several of the children sang "Ta-ra boom de aye," hoping the familiar air would bring a copper or two.

On the road to the village we met a Buddhist funeral procession: four men carrying a blue coffin. About a dozen friends and relatives of the deceased walked with the coffin-bearers.

I have spoken of the little oxen which are worked to carts here. They are no taller than a three months' old Kansas calf, but heavier. The sprightliest of these little oxen are driven to sulkies, and entered in trotting races. At the smaller towns in Ceylon, all the public carriages are drawn by these oxen.

The Cingalese are fond of going to law. It is estimated that every native has an average of five law suits pending in the petty courts. This is also the rule in India, which is not far away.

In driving about the country in Ceylon, you are always in sight of cocoanut and banana trees. The cocoanut tree is represented on the native money. A favorite picture in Ceylon is a cocoa grove on the seashore. The cocoa is as typical of Ceylon as the sunflower is of Kansas. Sunflowers are also common here. . . . In every Ceylon front yard you find cocoanut trees; and it is not a bad idea for the trees in the front yard to pay the family expenses. Our elm trees produce nothing but worms. However, the cocoa has its pest: a rat climbs the trees and gnaws off the young nuts. This is prevented as far as possible, by encircling the trees with a ring of tar.

When I first saw the water buffalo in Honolulu it was a novel sight, but I have seen so many of them since—in Japan, in China, in the Philippines, and in Ceylon—that I am tired of them. They think over here that rice cannot be raised without the water buffalo, although the people in our Southern States manage very well with mules. In the rice-fields here, the men work naked, and this is also true of India.

SUNDAY, December 31.

I have just returned from a trip to Kandy, the old mountain capital of Ceylon. We left the hotel at 7 A. M., and the station a half-hour later. It should be understood that Ceylon is very old; the buried cities I have referred to were in flourishing condition

two thousand years ago. Now they are ruined, deserted, and almost covered up by the dust of ages, and the country surrounding them is so wild that big game is hunted in it. Kandy is seventy-five miles from Colombo, in the mountains, and the old Cingalese kings had their capital there. . . . As a matter of curiosity I will give a list of my expenses on the trip. I took a native servant along; if you do not travel with a native servant here, the other natives will run over you. The servant also acted as guide. We left at 7:30 and arrived at Kandy at 11:30. Taking a carriage, we drove about for three hours, and returned to Colombo at 6:30 P. M. On our way up, we had a compartment to ourselves; a compartment intended for eight. The servant had a seat in a third-class compartment in the same carriage, and at every stop was at our window pointing out things, and looking after us generally.

Here is what the trip cost: Telegram to Kandy ordering a carriage to meet us at a station convenient to the botanical garden, 10 cents. Telegraphing is very cheap here, about a cent a word. This telegram was sent by the servant the night before.

Carriage from hotel to station, 33 cents. The hotel porter who has charge of trains worked me for as much more, although I did not need his services, as the servant rode with us in the carriage and looked after everything.

Two first-class tickets to Kandy and return, and one third-class, \$4.65. This rate was especially low, owing to the Christmas holidays. The first-class tickets cost \$2 each, and the third-class 65 cents.

Two breakfasts in the dining-car, \$1.50. The dining-car breakfast was queer: coffee was charged for extra, and a salad, and chicken pie, were served. The servant agreed to pay his own expenses, but I gave him 33 cents for breakfast and dinner, as he looked hungry.

Tip to guide in botanical garden, 33 cents, but it was worth it: the garden is the finest in the world. In one little space I saw growing nutmegs, cloves, dates, cinnamon, pineapples, vanilla, and the nut from which cocaine is made: also, rubber trees, banyan trees, and innumerable palms and foliage plants.

Carriage in Kandy, \$1.65.

Tiffin at hotel in Kandy, \$1.50.

Trip to Buddhist priest who showed us an old temple, 33 cents. The priest looked like one of the boys from town, but wore a yellow robe, which distinguishes them all.

Carriage to hotel in Colombo, on our return, 33 cents.

Incidentals, probably 75 cents.

About \$10 gold, altogether, which is not bad, considering that I had three in my party, but it should be remembered that I was paying my regular bill at the hotel in Colombo, and that I have put down nothing for the servant's wages. However, he works cheap: sixty cents a day, and boards himself (or agrees to).

There is nothing to see at Kandy, except the botanical garden, maintained by the government, but the

town is in the mountains, and its numerous hotels are well patronized by people from the sweltering lowlands. The railroad trip was interesting, but the mountain scenery cannot be compared with that in the Rocky Mountains. The tea for which Ceylon is famous is grown in the mountains, and the tea planters may be seen swaggering around Kandy. When they have a prosperous season they come to Colombo and shoot up the town, as the cowboys used to do in Dodge City until Bat Masterson was made town marshal, and started a graveyard. Most of the tea planters are Englishmen; young Englishmen, who have been sent out here to get rich or get killed. They go in for polo, which is shinny on horseback, and wear very unusual clothes around Kandy; they are almost as curious as the natives, as to clothes. One of their fads is to wear two hats. . . . One day satisfied me with Kandy, although, as I have said, the trip through the mountains was interesting. At several places, three engines were attached to the train. But an American needn't come over here to see mountain scenery, or marvelous railroad engineering: our country leads all others in these things.

The Cingalese never smile: they are so intent on robbing travelers that they haven't time to smile. Of all the people I know anything about, I think least of the Cingalese. There is nothing of "benevolent assimilation" in the policy of the English toward the Cingalese. The English use the Big Stick in governing Ceylon. I have no doubt the English are as kind as pos-

sible, and that the English rule is better than any other the Cingalese know anything about, but there is none of the sentimental foolishness about it that distinguishes the American policy in the Philippines.

In the country here you find the same flimsy thatched huts you find in the Philippines and in other tropical countries; you cannot form much idea of a country unless you get out of the towns. In every stream and lake we passed to-day, we saw natives and water buffalo, bathing, one as naked as the other. . . . It is claimed that Ceylon is the original Garden of Eden: a mountain-peak we passed to-day is known as "Adam's Peak," and Eve also figures in local "folk-lore." (NOTE.—Folk-lore is always tradition: it is never history. The same stories are folk-lore in many countries. The Swiss story of William Tell's shooting an apple off his son's head, to save his life, is found in the folk-lore of other countries. We laugh at the stories told by the Germans. Exactly the same stories are French folk-lore. The superstitions current among ignorant people everywhere are always much the same; additions are made, as they occur to the chiefs. In the very earliest times, every tribe of wild men had a different superstition. The chiefs found this inconvenient in governing, so they agreed on one superstition, and taught the people that all others were heresy. Folk-lore is no more reliable than a ghost story).

If you want to picture the country to yourself, imagine cocoanut trees and banana trees everywhere; in

the lowlands, rice swamps; in the highlands, tea plantations, with banana trees growing among the tea plants. As for the women, imagine a dark mulattress wearing a red tablecloth; the men are either naked or wear a string about their loins. There are no great vacant places in Ceylon, answering to our prairies, but there is a dense tropical growth everywhere, except in the rice-fields, and these are in the narrow valleys between the mounds and mountains.

The wagon roads are fine, but think of the ages the people have been building them! Many generations of men have worn themselves out building these roads; in three or four thousand years, Kansas may have good roads. It is probable that Ceylon is as typical of the tropics as any country that may be found.

To an American of my type—possibly I am not very representative—everything is wrong here. Meals are at the wrong hours, wrong things to eat; the customs are all opposed to your habits. In an American town, your way is the right way; here, your way is wrong. If you try to live as you have always lived, people look at you in surprise. The English you hear is not the English you have been accustomed to; people seem to be finding fault with your pronunciations to your face. You are denied the liberty of walking about in peace. The moment you appear, you are surrounded by beggars and hawkers, who annoy you so much that there is little enjoyment in looking at the strange sights.

You are looked upon as a curious sort of animal who has money; the natives call you master, not because they respect you, but because they have found the word a good one to conjure with.

In the railroad yards to-day I saw a freight car labeled: "Coolies from Razama," as we might label a car: "Hogs from Solomon Rapids."

END OF VOLUME I.

[*Volume II contains travels in Ceylon,
India, Egypt, Palestine, and Europe.*]

